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CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY;

FROM

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,

TO

THE UNION OF THE CROWNS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY,

BY J. SIBBALD.

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere.—HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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CHRONICLE

CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY.

QUEEN MARY, 1542—1567.

JAMES THE FIFTH *being a man of pleaſantry, and a writer of verſes, the learned* clerks *about his Court were naturally led to pay their addreſſes*

" with heich ingyne to Muſes nyne,"

as the ſureſt road to favour and preferment. During the minority of his unfortunate daughter, their minds were occupied with affairs of greater moment. There was a general out-cry againſt the licentiouſneſs, ignorance, and rapacity of the Clergy; and treatiſes on Theology were the chief productions of the Scottiſh preſs. The Queen's Advocate compoſed a work on Juſtification; another gentleman wrote Meditations on the Lord's Prayer; a third, On the Conſcience of a Chriſtian man; John Knox *thundered abroad his Admonitions to the profeſſors of God's truth; and the voice of the Muſes was drowned amid the groaning complaints of the Congregation of the faithful. The only metrical compoſitions of any importance that can be aſſigned to this period, are* SIR DAVID

LINDSAY'S Dialogue on the miſerable ſtate of the warld, *and his* Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton. *The firſt is a tedious account of what are called the Four Ancient Monarchies; commencing with the creation of the world, and ending with the day of Judgment. Without injury to the fame of* SIR DAVID, *this narrative may be ſuffered to repoſe in peace. We find, however, ſome animated digreſſions, interſperſed through the work, which well deſerve a place in a Collection of this nature. Theſe, with the* Beaton's Tragedy, *will compleat the works of* LINDSAY.

The firſt edition of the Dialogue *was printed in* 1552, "at the expences of Dr. Machabeus in Copmahouin," *—an ambiguous expreſſion, intended to conceal the name of the printer. For, although Dr. Machabeus, a Scottiſh refugee, certainly was in Copenhagen about that time, the book is more likely to have been printed ſomewhere in Scotland by John Scot, who in* 1558 *publiſhed in the ſame ſize, and with the ſignatures commencing where thoſe of the Dialogue ended, the* Tragedy of the Cardinal, *and various other pieces of* Lindſay. *To this edition, (probably that which was ordered to be burnt by the eccleſiaſtical council* 1558,) *Scot muſt allude in his preface* 1568, *where he ſays, "the mair pairt of them hes bene ſindrie times in ſindrie places imprentit,* as heir in Scotland, *quhilk yet war not ſa correct as neid requirit."*

PROLOGUE TO THE MONARCHIES, AND INTRODUCTORY CONVERSATION BETWEEN EXPERIENCE AND THE AUTHOR, UNDER THE CHARACTER OF A COURTEOUR.

[*Prologues deſcriptive of the ſcene of action, commonly a wood, park, or garden, are favourite themes of our ancient poets. Several of them are to be found in the firſt volume of this Collection*; *as by* Robert Henryſon, p. 90; *by* Dunbar, p. 253, *and by* Douglas, p. 386. *The ſingular nature of the Invocation ſhows the taſte of the times in a ſtriking point of view. Inſtead of Parnaſſus our Poet chuſes Mount Calvary, and his Helicon is the ſtream which flowed from our Saviour's ſide on the croſs, when he was wounded by the fictitious* Longias, *as recorded in the Goſpel of Nicodemus; a name impoſed upon him from the weapon which he uſed. Under the character of the* Courteour, LINDSAY *ſeems to allude to ſome of the leading circumſtances of his own hiſtory: In his pourtrait of* EXPERIENCE *may be diſcerned a reſemblance to that of Eſop by* Henryſon.

MUSING and mervelling on the miſerie,
From day to day in eirth quhilk dois incres,
And of ilk ſtait the inſtabilitie,
Proceding of the reſtles beſines,
Quhairon the maiſt part dois thair mind addres
Inordinatlie on hungrie covetice,
Vain gloir, diſſait, and uther ſenſual vice.

Bot

Bot tumbling in my bed I micht not lie ;
Quhairfoir I fuir furth in ane May morning,
Comfort to get of my melancholie,
Sumquhat before freſh Phæbus up-ryſing,
Quhair I micht heir the birdis ſweitly ſing :
Intill ane park I paſt for my pleſure,
Decorit weil be craft of dame Nature.
How I reſſevit comfort naturall
For to deſcrive at lenth it war to lang,
Smelland the hailſum herbis medicinall ;
Quhairon the dulce and balmy dew doun hang,
Lyke orient perlis on the twiſtis lang ;
Or how that the aromatik odouris,
Did proceid from the tender fragrant flouris.
Or how Phæbus, that king etheriall,
Swiftly ſprang up into the orient,
Aſcending in his throne imperiall,
Quhais bricht and beriall bemis reſplendent,
Illuminat all unto the occident,
Comfortand evrie corporal creature.
Quhilk formit war on eirth be dame Nature.
Quhais donk impurpurit veſtment nocturnal,
With his imbrowderit mantil matutine,
He left intill his regioun aurorall,
Quhilk on him waitit quhen he did decline,
Towart his occident palice veſpertine ;
And rais in habite gay and glorious,
Brichter nor gold or ſtainis precious.
Bot Cynthia the hornit nichtis Quene,
Scho loiſt hir licht, and led ane lower ſaill,
From time that ſcho hir ſoverane Lord had ſene,
And in his preſence waxit dirk and paill,
And ouer hir viſage keſt ane miſtie vaill.
Sa did Venus, the Goddes amorous,
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Richt ſa the auld intoxicate Saturne,
Perſaving Phæbus powre his bemis bricht
Abuve the eirth, than maid he no ſudgeorne,
Bot ſuddanlie did lois his borrowit licht,
Quhilk he durſt never ſchaw bot on the nicht.
The pole Artik, Urſis, and ſterris all,
Quhilk ſituat ar in the ſeptentrionall.
Till errand ſchippis, quhilkis ar without all gyde,
Convoyand thame upon the ſtormie nicht,
Within thair froſtie circle did thame hyde;
Howbeit that ſterris have na uther licht
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht.
That day durſt none into the hevin appeir,
Till he had circuit all our hemiſpheir.
Methocht it was ane ſicht celeſtiall
Till ſee Phæbus ſa angell lyke aſcend
Intill his fyrie chariot tryumphall,
Quhais bewtie bricht I culd not comprehend;
All warldlie cure did from me wend,
Quhen freſche Flora ſpred furth hir tapeſtrie
Wrocht be dame Nature queynt and curiouſlie.
Depaint with monie hundreth hevinlie hewis,
Glaid of the ryſing of thair Royal Roy,
With blomes brekand on the tender bewis,
Quhilk did provoke my hart to natural joy;
Neptune that day and Eoll held thame coy,
That men on far micht heir the birdis ſound,
Quhais noyis did to the ſterrie hevin redound.
The pleſand powne prunyeand his fedren fair,
The mirthful maveis maid greit melodie;
The luſtie lark aſcending in the air,
Numerand hir natural notis craftelie;
The gay goldſpink, the merle richt merilie,
The noyis of the nobill nichtingaillis
Redoundit throw the montanis, meidis, and vaillis.

Contempling

Contempling this melodious harmonie,
How everilk bird dreſt thame for til advance
To ſalut Nature with thair melodie,
That I ſtude gazing halflinges in ane trance,
To heir thame mak that naturall obſervance
Sa royallie, that all the roches rang,
Throw repercuſſion of thair ſuggarit ſang.
I lois my time, allace! for to reheirs
Sic unfrutefull and vane deſcriptioun;
Or wryte into my raggit rurall vers,
Mater without edificatioun.
Conſidering how that mine intentioun,
Bene till deploir the mortall miſereis,
With continuall cairfull calamiteis,
Conſiſting in this wretchit vaile of ſorrow.
Bot ſad ſentence ſuld have ane ſad indyte,
So termis bricht I liſt not for to borrow;
Of murning mateir men hes na delyte,
With rouſtie termis thairfoir will I wryte,
With ſorrowfull ſiches ryſing from the ſplene,
And bitter teiris diſtelling from mine ene.
Without onie vane invocatioun,
To Minerva or Melpomene;
Nor yet will I mak ſupplicatioun,
For help to Cleo, or Calliope,
Sic marrit Muſes ma mak na ſuppé,
Proſerpine I refuſe, and Appollo,
And richt ſa Euterpe, Juppiter, and Juno,
Quhilkis bene to pleſand poetis comforting.
Quhairfoir becaus I am nocht one of tho,
I do deſyre of thame na ſupporting,
For I did never ſleip on Parnaſo,
As did the poetis of lang tyme ago;
And ſpeciallie the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I never with Heſiodus.

Of

Of Grece the perfite poet ſoverane,
Of Helicon the ſource of eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous freſche fontane.
Quhairfoir to thame I awe na reverence,
I purpois not to mak obedience
To ſic miſchaunt Muſes, na Mahumetrie,
Afoir time uſit into poetrie.
Ravand Rhamnuſia, goddes of deſpyte,
Micht be to me ane Muſe richt convenable,
Gif I deſyrit ſic help for till indyte
This murning mateir, mad and miſerable.
I muſt go ſeik a Muſe moir comfortable;
And ſic vane ſuperſtitioun to refuſe,
Beſeikand the GREIT GOD to be my Muſe:
Be quhais wiſdome all maner of thing bene wrocht,
The hie hevins with all thair ornamentis,
And without mateir maid all thing of nocht.
Hell in myd center of the elementis,
That hevenlie Muſe to ſeik my haill intent is,
The quhilk gaif ſapience to King Salomon,
To David grace, ſtrenth to the ſtrang Sampſon.
And of puir Peter maid ane prudent preichour,
And be the power of his Deitie,
Of cruell Paul he maid ane cunning teichour.
I mon beſeik richt lawlie on my knie,
His heich ſuper-excellent Majeſtie,
That with his hevinlie ſpreit he may inſpyre,
To write na thing contrarie his deſyre.
Beſeikand als his ſoverane ſone Jeſew,
Quhilk wes conſavit of the Halie Spreit,
Incarnit of the purifyit virgine trew,
And in quhome the prophecie was compleit,
That Prince of peice, maiſt humbill and manſweit,
Quhilk under Pilate ſufferit paſſioun
Upon the croce for our ſalvatioun.

And

And be that cruell deith intollerabill,
Lowſit we war from bandes of Beliall,
And mair-attouir, it was ſo profitabill,
That to this hour cum never man, nor ſall,
To the triumphant joy imperiall
Of life, howbeit that thay war neuer ſa gude,
Bot be the vertew of his precious blude.

Quhairfoir, inſteid of the mont Pernaſo,
Swiftlie I ſall go ſeik my Soverane
To mont Calvarie the ſtraicht way mon I go,
To get ane taiſt of the moſt freſche fontaine.
That ſorſe to ſeik, my hart may not refraine,
Of Helicon, that was baith deip and wyde,
That Longias did grave into his ſyde.

From that freſche fountane ſprang a famous flude,
Quhilk redolent river throw the warld rinnis,
As chriſtall cleir, and mixit bene with blude;
Quhais ſound abufe the hieſt hevinis dinnis;
All faithfull pepill purging fra thair ſinnis.
Quhairfoir, I ſall beſeik his Excellence
To grant me grace, wiſdome, and eloquence.

And bathe me with thay dulce and balmy ſtrandis,
Quhilk on the croce did ſpedelie out-ſpring
From his maiſt tender feit, and hevinlie handis.
And grant me grace to write nor dite na thing
Bot to his heich honour, and loude loving.
But quhais ſupport thair may na gude be wrocht
Till his pleſure, gude warkis, word, nor thocht.

Thairfoir, O Lord! I pray thy Majeſtie,
As thow did ſchaw thy heich power divine,
Firſt planely into Cane of Galilé,
Quhair thow convertit cald water in wyne,
Convoy my mateir to ane fructeous fyne,
And ſave my ſayingis baith from ſchame and ſin.
Tak tent, for now I purpois to begin.

INTILL'

INTILL that park I ſaw appeir
Ane ageit man quhilk drew me neir,
Quhais beard was neir thre quarters lang:
His hair did ouer his ſchulders hang,
The quhilk as ony ſnaw was quhyte,
Quhome to behold I thocht delyte.
His habit angel-like of hue,
Of colour like the ſappheir blue;
Under a holin he repoſit,
Of quhais preſence I was rejoiſit.
I did him ſalute reverently,
So did he me richt courteouſly,
To ſit doun he requeſtit me,
Under the ſhadow of the tree,
To ſaif me from the ſunnis heit,
Amang the flowris ſoft and ſweit,
For I was wearyit with walking,
Then he begouth to fall in talking:
I aſked his name with reverence:
E. I am, ſaid he, *Experience*.
C. Then ſir, ſaid I, you cannot fail
To give a deſolait man counſail;
You do appeir ane man of fame,
And ſith Experience is your name,
I pray you, father venerable,
Give me ſome counſel comfortable.
E. Quhat bene, ſaid he, thy vocatioun,
Makand ſuch ſupplicatioun?
C. I have, ſaid I, been to this hour,
Sen I could ryde, ane Courteour;
But now, father, I thynk it beſt,
With your counſel, to leif in reſt:
And from hyneforth to tak mine eis,
And quyetly my God to pleis,

And renounce curioſitie,
Levyng the court, and learn to die.
Oft haif I ſailit ouer the ſtrandis,
And travalit throuch divers landis,
Both ſouth and north, and eaſt and weſt,
Yet can I neuer find quhair reſt
Doith mak her habitatioun,
Without your ſupportatioun.
Quhen I believe to be beſt eiſit,
Moſt ſuddantlie I am diſpleiſit:
From troubyll quhen I faſteſt fly,
Than find I maiſt adverſity;
Schaw me, I pray you, hartfully,
How I may leif moſt pleaſantly.
To ſerve my God of kingis King,
Sen I am tyrit of travelling;
And learn me for to be content,
Of quiet life and ſober rent;
That I may thank the king of gloir,
As gif I had ane mylleoun moir.
Sen everilk court been variant,
Full of invy, and inconſtant;
Micht I but trubbyll leif in reſt,
Now in auld aige I think it beſt.
E. Thou art ane greit fuil, ſon, ſaid he,
That to deſire quhilk may nocht be.
Yarning to have prerogatyve
Above all creatures that live.
Sen father Adam create been
Into the camp of Damaſcene,
Might no man ſay unto this hour,
That euer he found perfect pleaſour,
Nor never ſall, till that he ſee
God in his divine majeſty.
Quhairfore prepare thee for travell,
Sen mannis life been but battell.

All

All men beginnis for to die,
The day of their nativitie;
And journally they do proceed,
Till Atrops cut their fatall threed;
And in the breif time that they have
Betwix their birth on to the grave,
Thou ſeis quhat mutabilities,
Quhat miſerable calamities,
Quhat trubbyl, travel, and debate,
Seeſt thou in every mortal ſtate.
Begin at puir law creaturis,
Aſcending ſyne to ſenatouris,
To great princes and potentatis,
Thou ſall nocht find in non eſtaitis,
Sen the beginning generallie,
Nor in our time now ſpeciallie,
But tiddious, reſtleſs beſineſs,
Withoutten ony ſickerneſs.

C. Prudent father, ſaid I, allace,
You tell to me ane cairful cace:
You ſay, that no man to this hour,
Hes found on earth perfyte pleaſour,
Without infortunate variance.
Sen we been thral on ſic miſchance
Quhy do we ſet our whole intentis
On riches, dignity, and rentis,
Sen in the earth been no man ſure,
One day but trouble till endure.
And worſt of all, quhen we leiſt ween,
The cruel death we mon ſuſtene.
Gif I your father-heid durſt demand,
The caus I wald fain underſtand.
And als, father, I you implore,
Schaw me from trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more have patience.

Marrowis,

Marrowis in tribulatioun,
Been wretches conſolatioun.
E. Quod he: after my ſmall cunning,
To thee I ſall mak anſwering.

After deſcribing the creation of the world, our author proceeds to ſhew how

Firſt ringyt kings of Aſſerianis,
Secoundly ringyt kings of Perſianis;
The Greikis *thridlie* with ſwerd and fyre
Perfors obtainit the thrid empyre.
The *fourth* Monarchie, at I heir,
The Romanis keipit monie a yeir. . . . .
Theſe Monarchies (I underſtand)
Pre-ordinat wer be command
Of God the Salvator of all
For to doun thring, and to maik thrall,
Undauntyt pepil vicious;
And ſeke for to be gracious
To thame quhilk verteous wer and gude,
As Daniel hath done conclude.
At length into his prophecie,
The ſecund chapter, as you may ſie. . . . .
Sum haif this mateir done indyte
Mair ornatlie than I can wryte;
Quhairfoir of it I ſpeik no moir,
Onlie to God be laud and gloir.

EXCLAMATIOUN.

EXCLAMATIOUN TO THE REIDAR, TUITCHING THE WRYTING IN VULGARE AND MATERNALL LANGUAGE.

By the firſt Act of Parliament paſſed during the regency of the Earl of Arran. (15th March 1542-3,) liberty was given to the Queen's "lieges to haif the Halie Writ in the vulgar toung, in Inglis or Scottis, *"of ane gude and true tranſlatioun;" and, upon the nineteenth, an order was iſſued to the Clerk Regiſter, (Sir James Foulis of Colington,) to cauſe this act "anent the* New Teſtament *to be proclaimed at "the market croſs of Edinburgh, and thereafter to "give forth the copies thereof to all thaim that deſyre "the ſamyn." In leſs than a yeur, however, after this proclamation, the Regent being drawn over to the party of the Catholicks, another act was paſſed, "exhortand all Prelatis to proceid according to law a-"gainſt thoſe heretikis quha circulated thair dampna-"ble opinionis in contrair the faith and lawis of halie "kirk." The indulgence was thus in effect withdrawn; readers of "*Halie Wrytt" *in the vulgar tongue were again threatened with fire and ſword, and thoſe who had favoured the new opinions were "compellit, by threats of being hangit, to leave the "court of the Governor." Among this number was* Sir David Lindsay. *It is eaſy, therefore, to perceive under what impreſſions this Exclamatioun, and indeed the whole of the* Dialogue *was compoſed.*

GENTILL.

GENTILL reidar, have me at na deſpite,
Thinkand that I preſumpteouſlie pretend
In vulgar toung ſo hie ane mater to write.
But quhair I mis, I pray the til amend,
To the unlernit I wald the caus wer kend,
Of our maiſt miſerabill travel and torment,
And how in eirth na place be permanent.

Howbeit that divers devot cunning clerkis,
In Latyn toung have written ſindrie buikis,
Our unlearnit knawis litill of thair werkis,
More than they do the raving of the ruikis:
Quhairfoir to collyearis, carters, and to cuikis,
To Jock and Thom my ryme ſalbe direckit,
With cunning men howbeit it wil be leckit.

Thoch every Commoun may not be a clerk,
Nor has na leid, except thair toung maternal,
Quhy ſuld of God the mervellus hevinly werk
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal.
The father of hevin quhilk was, and is eternal,
To Moſes gave the law on mont Sinay,
Not into Greik nor Latine, I heir ſay.

He wrait the law on tabils hard of ſtone,
In their awin vulgare language of Hebrew,
That all the barnis of Iſrael every one
Micht knaw the law, and ſo the ſame enſew.
Had he done write in Latine or in Grew,
It had to thame bene bot ane farileſs jeſt;
You may weil wit God wrocht al for the beſt.

Ariſtotle nor Plato, I heird ſane,
Wrait nocht thair hie philoſophie naturall,
In Dutche nor Dence, nor toung Italiane,
But in thair moſt ornate toung maternal,

Quhais fame and name dois reigne perpetual.
Famous Virgill, that prince of poetrie,
Nor Cicero, that flowr of oratrie,
  Wrait not in Caldic language, nor in Grew,
Nor yit into language Saracene;
Nor in the natural language of Hebrew,
But in the Roman toung, as may be ſene,
Quhilk was thair proper language, as I wene.
Quhen Romanis raug, dominatouris indeid,
The ornate Latine was thair proper leid.
  In the mein time, quhen thir bald Romance
Ouer all the warld had the dominioun,
Maid Latine ſculis thair gloir for to avance,
That thair language micht be ouer all commoun;
To that intent, by my opinioun,
Traiſting that thair empire ſuld ay indure;
Bot of fortune alway thay war not ſure.
  Of languages the firſt diverſitie,
Was maid by Goddis maledictioun,
Quhen Babylon was buildit in Caldie,
Thay buldaris gat none uther afflictioun.
Afoir the time of that punitioun,
Was bot ane toung, quhilk Adam ſpak himſelf,
Quhair now of toungis thairin threeſcoir and twelf.
  Notwithſtanding, I think it greit pleſour,
Quhair cunning men hes languages anew;
That in thair youth, be diligent labour,
Hes leirnit Latine, Greek, and auld Hebrew:
That I am not of that ſort ſoir I rew;
Quhairfoir I wald all buikis neceſſare
For our faith wer intill our toung vulgare.
  Chriſt efter his glorious aſcenſioun,
To his diſcipyles ſent his halie ſpreit
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun,
That being all of languages repleit
Throw all the warld, with wordis fair and ſweit,

To every man the faith they ſuld furth ſchaw,
In thair awin leid delyverand thame the law.
Thairfoir I think ane greit deriſioun,
To heir the Nunnis and ſiſteris nicht and day,
Singand and ſayand pſalmes and oriſoun;
Nocht underſtanding quhat thay ſing or ſay:
But like ane ſtirling, or ane popinjay
Quhilk learnit ar to ſpeik be lang uſage,
Them I compare to birdis in ane cage.
Richt ſa children and ladyis of honouris
Prayis in Latine, to thame ane uncouth leid:
Mumland thair matynis, even-ſangs, and thair houris,
Thair Pater-noſter, Ave, and thair Creid.
It wer als pleſand to thair ſpreit indeid,
God have mercie on me! for to ſay thus,
As to ſay, *miſerere me Deus*.
Sanct Herome in his proper toung Romane,
The law of God trewlie he did tranſlate
Out of Hebrew and Greik, in Latine plane,
Quhilk hes bene hid from us lang time, God wait,
Untill this time. Bot efter my conceit,
Had Sanct Herome bene born into Argyle,
In Iriſch toung his buikis he had done compyle.
Prudent Sanct Paul dois mak narratioun
Tuitching the divers leid of everie land,
Sayand thair bene mair edificatioun
In fyve wordis that folk dois underſtand,
Than to pronounce of wordis ten thouſand
In ſtrange language, ſyne wait not quhat it menis,
I think ſic pratting is not worth twa prenis.
Unleirnit pepill on the halie day
Solempnitlie thay heir the Evangel ſoung,
Not knawing quhat the preiſt dois ſing or ſay,
But as ane bell quhan that thay heir it roung;
Yet wald the preiſtis in thair mother toung,

Pas

Pas to the pulpit, and that doctrine declair
To lawit pepill, it war mair neceſſair.
I wald prelatis and doctouris of the law
With us lawit pepil wer not diſcontent,
Thoch we in our toung vulgare did knaw
Of Chriſt Jeſus the life and teſtament,
And how that we ſuld keip commandement:
Bot in our language lat us pray and reid
Our Pater-noſter, Ave, and our Creid.
I wald ſome prince of greit diſcretioun,
In vulgare language planelie gart tranſlate,
The neidful lawis of this regioun,
Than wald there not be half ſo greit debait,
Amang us pepil of the law eſtait;
Gif everie man the verity did knaw,
We neidit not to treit thir men of law.
To do our neichtbour wrang we wald bewar,
If we did feir the lawis puniſchment:
Thair wald not be ſic brawling at the bar;
Nor men of law loup to ſic royal rent.
To keip the law gif all men wer content,
And ilk man do as he wald be done to,
The judges wald get lytill thing ado.
The prophet David king of Iſraell,
Compyld the pleſand pſalmes of the pſaltair
In his awin proper toung, as I heir tell;
And Salomon quhilk was his ſon and air,
Did mak his buik into his toung vulgair.
Quhy ſuld not thair ſayings be till us ſchawin
In our language, I wald the caus wer knawin.
Let doctoris write thair curious queſtiounis,
And argumentis ſawin full of ſophiſtrie;
Thair logic, and thair heich opiniounis,
Thair dark judgementis of aſtronomie,
Thair medicine, and thair philoſophie.

Let poetis ſchaw thair glorious ingyne,
As euer thay pleiſe, in Greik or in Latyne;
Bot let us have the buikis neceſſair
To commoun-weal, and our ſalvatioun,
Juſtly tranſlatit in our toung vulgair.
And als I mak you ſupplicatioun,
O gentil reidar, have na indignatioun,
Thinkand I mell me with ſa hie matair.
Now to my purpois forwart will I fair.

P. 17.—Tranſlait the neidful lawis; *that is*, the Scottiſh laws prior to thoſe of James I. after whoſe reſtoration in 1424 the ſtatutes were all written in the vulgar tongue; while thoſe of England continued to be written in French until the year 1484. It is likely, however, that Lindſay alludes in part to the canons of the provincial councils, otherwiſe called the Lawis of Haly Kirk; which, during the minority of Queen Mary, were not leſs intereſting than the old acts of Parliament, eſpecially to Sir David Lindſay, and other ſuch labourers in the great work of reformation; the purpoſe of moſt of them being to check its progreſs, by gradually correcting acknowledged abuſes, and by inforcing rigorouſly the puniſhment of heretics.

The word *Scottis*, in Arran's firſt ſtatute, leads one naturally here to enquire whether there was, about this time, any tranſlation of the Old or New Teſtament different from thoſe of Tyndall and Coverdale.—Keith reports, upon the authority of Sir James Balfour, that the Earl of Arran then entertained in his houſe a friar Guilliam, or Williams, (born near Elſtonford, in Eaſt Lothian) who tranſlated the New Teſtament into the vulgar tongue. Can this be the tranſlation alluded to in the Act? Lewis, in his Hiſtory of Tranſlations, ſays, nearly under this period, that three editions of the New Teſtament appeared, without the name of printer or place; and ſeems to think they were printed in Scotland. They are not, however, mentioned by Ames; nor does Lewis ſay that they were different from Tyndall's.

ANE EXCLAMATIOUN AGANIS IDOLATRIE,

In honour of St. GILES, *the tutelar ſaint of the city of Edinburgh, an annual feſtival was celebrated on the firſt of September, when the ſtatue of* Egidius *was carried through the ſtreets in ſolemn proceſſion; attended, as it would ſeem, by the principal inhabitants. Such a flagrant act of Idolatry could not well eſcape the notice of* SIR DAVID; *who, no doubt, ſet forth this* "Exclamatioun," *for the purpoſe of kindling the reſentment of the people againſt the harmleſs repreſentative of their ancient guardian and defender. And it did not fail at laſt to produce the deſired effect; for, on* St. Giles's *day* 1558, *when ſome perſons convicted of hereſy were to make a public recantation, the populace roſe tumultuouſly, broke the ſtatue to pieces, diſſipated the proceſſion, and reſcued the criminals. On the other hand, the Clergy ventured to take their revenge, by ordering* SIR DAVID'S *works to be called in, and publicly committed to the flames.*

IMPRUDENT pepill, ignorant and blynd,
Be quhat reſſoun, law, or authoritie;
Or quhat authentik ſcripture can ye find
Lefum for till commit idolatrie?

Quhilk

Quhilk bene to bow your bodie, or your knie,
With devote humbill adoratioun,
Till ony ydol maid of ſtane or trie,
Gevand thame offerand or oblatioun.
Quhy do ye give the honour, laud, or gloir
Pertenand God quhilk maid all thing of nocht,
Quhilk wes, and is, and ſalbe evirmoir,
Till ymagis be mennis handis wrocht?
O fulifche folk! quhy have ye ſuccour ſocht
Of thame quhilk can nocht help you in diſtres?
Yet reſſonabil revolfe into your thocht,
In ſtock nor ſtane can be na halines.
In the deſert the pepill of Iſraell,
Moſes remaning on the mont Sinay,
Thay maid ane moltin calf of fine metell,
Quhilk thay did honour as thair God verray.
Bot quhen Moſes diſcendit, I heir ſay,
And did conſider thair ydolatrie,
Of that pepill thré thouſand gart he ſlay,
As the ſcripture at lenth dois teſtifie.
Becaus the halie propheit Daniell,
In Babylon ydolatrie reprevit,
And wald not worſchip thair fals idol Bell,
The haill pepill at him wer ſa agrevit,
To that effect that he ſuld be myſchevit,
Deliverit him to rampand lyounis ſevin;
Bot of that dangerous den he was relevit,
Throuch myrakle of the greit God of hevin.
Behald how Nabuchadonozor king,
Into the vail of Duran did prepair
Ane image of fyne gold, ane marvellous thing,
Threſcore of cubits heich, and ſax in ſquair,
As moir cleirlie the ſcripture dois declair;
To quhom all pepill be proclamatioun,
With bodyis bowit, and on thair kneis bair,
Richt humblie maid thair adoratioun.

Ane greit wounder that day was ſene alſo,
How Nabuchadonozor in his yre,
Tuik Sydrach, Myſech, and Abednago,
Quhilk wald not bow thair knie at his deſire
Till that idoll; gart caſt thame in the fyre
For to be brynt, or he ſterrit off that ſteid.
Quhen he belevit thay wer brynt bone and lyre,
Was nocht conſumit ane ſmall hair of thair heid.
The angel of the Lord was with thame ſene
In that het furnace, paſſing up and down,
Intill ane roſy garth as thay had bene:
No ſpot of fyre diſtainyng cote nor gown,
Of victorie thay did obtain the crown,
And wer to thame that made adoratioun
To that idoll, or bowit thair body down,
Ane witneſſing of thair dampnatioun.
Quhat wes the caus, at me thow may demand,
That Salomon uſit none ymagerie
In his triumphand tempil for tyll ſtand,
Of Abraham, Iſac, Jacob, nor Jeſſe,
Nor of Moſes, thair ſaifgaird throw the ſie,
Nor Joſua thair valyeant champioun?
Becaus God did command the contrarie,
That thay ſuld uſe ſic ſuperſtitioun.
Behald how the greit God Omnipotent,
To preſerve Iſraell from idolatrie,
Directit thame ane ſtrait commandement
That thay ſuld mak nane carvit imagery,
Nouther of gold, of ſilver, ſtane nor trie,
Nor give worſchip till ony ſimilitude,
Beand in hevin, in eirth, nor in the ſie,
Bot onlie till his ſoverane Celſitude.
The propheit David planelie did repreve
Idolatrie to thair confuſioun,
In graven ſtok or ſtane that did beleve,
Declaring thame thair greit abuſioun,

Speakand

Speakand in maner of derisioun,
How deid idolis by mennis handis wrocht,
Quhom thay honourit with humbil orisoun,
War in the market daylie fauld and bocht.
The devillis seand the evill conditioun
Of the Gentillis, and thair unfaithfulnes,
For till augment thair superstitioun,
In those idoles thay maid thair entres,
And in thame spak, as storyis dois expres.
Then men belevit of thame to get releif,
Askand thame help in all thair besines.
Bot finallie that turnit to thair mischeif.
Traist weill, in thame is na divinitie,
Quhen reik and roust thair fair colour dois faid;
Thoch thay have feit, on foot thay can not flie,
Howbeit the tempil birn abuve thair heid.
In thame is nouther freindschip nor remeid.
In sic figuris quhat favour can ye find?
With mouth, and eris, and ene thoch thay be maid,
All men may sé thay ar dum, deif, and blind.
Howbeit thay fall doun flatlingis on the flure,
Thay have na strenth thair selfe to rais agane.
Thoch rattonis ouer thame rin, thay tak na cure:
Howbeit thay brek thair neck, thay feil na pane.
Quhy suld men psalmis to thame sing or sane,
Sen growand treis that yeirlie beiris frute,
Ar mair to prais, I mak it to thé plane,
Nor cuttit stockis, wanting baith crop and rute?
Of Edinburgh the greit idolatrie,
And manifest abhominatioun,
On thair feist day all creature may sie:
Thay beir ane auld stok image throuch the toun,
With talbrone, trumpet, schalme and clarioun,
Quhilk have bene usit mony ane yeir bygone,
With preistis and freiris iuto processioun,
Sic like as Bell was borne throw Babylon.

Eschame

Eſchame ye not ye ſeculare prieſtis and freiris,
Till ſa greit ſuperſtitioun till conſent?
Idolateris ye have bene mony yeiris,
Expres aganis the Lordis commandement.
Quhairfoir brether, I counſel yow repent;
Give na honour to carvit ſtok nor ſtone,
But laude and gloir give God Omnipotent,
Allanerlie, as wiſelie writtis Johne.
Fy on yow freiris that uſis for to preiche,
And dois aſſiſt to ſic idolatrie.
Quhy do ye not the ignorant pepill teich,
How ane deid image carvit of ane trie,
As it wer haly, ſuld not honourit be,
Nor borne on burges backis up and doun?
But ye ſchaw planelie your hypocriſie,
Quhen ye pas formoſt in proceſſioun.
Fy on yow foſtareris of idolatrie,
That till ane deid ſtok dois reverence,
In preſence of the pepill publikelie.
Fear ye nocht God to commit ſic offence?
I counſel yow do yit your diligence,
To gar ſuppreſs ſic greit abuſioun.
Do ye nocht ſo, I dreid your recompence
Sall be nocht els bot clein confuſioun.
Had St. Francis bene borne out throw the toun,
Or St. Dominic, thoch ye had not refuſit
With thame for till have paſt in proceſſioun,
Intill that caſe ſum wald have yow excuſit.
Now men may ſé how that ye have abuſit
That nobill toun throw your hypocriſie.
The pepill trowis that thay may richt weill uſe it,
Quhen ye pas with thame into companie.
Sum of yow hes bene quyet counſallouris,
Provokand princes to ſched ſaikles blude,
Quhilk never did your prudent predeceſſouris;
But ye like furious Phariſeis denude

Of

Of cheritie, quhilk rent Chriſt on the rude,
For Chriſtis flock, without malice or ire,
Convertit fragill faultouris, I conclude
By Goddis word, withoutten ſword or fire.
Reid ye not how that Chriſt hes gevin command
Gif thy brother dois ocht thee to offend,
Then ſecreitlie correct him hand for hand
In friendlie maner, or thow farther wend,
Gif he will nocht heir thee, than mak it kend
To ane or twa by trew narratioun.
Gif he for thame will not his mis amend,
Declare him to the Congregatioun.
And gif he yit remanis obſtinate,
And to the halie kirk incounſelabill,
Than like ane Turk hald him excommunicate;
And with all faithful folk abhominabill,
Baniſching him that he be na mair abill
To dwell amang the faithfull companie.
Quhen he repentis, be not unmerciabill,
Bot him reſſave agane richt tenderlie.
Bot our dum doctouris of divinitie,
And ye of the laſt found religioun!
Of puir tranſgreſſouris ye have na pitie,
Bot cryis to put thame to confuſioun,
As cryit the Jowis for the effuſioun
Of Chriſtis blude into thair birnand ire,
Crucifige! ſa ye with an unioun,
Cryis, Gar caſt the faultour in the fyre.
Unmercifull memberis of the Antichriſt!
Extolland your human traditioun,
Contrair the inſtitution of Chriſt,
Effeir ye not divine punitioun?
Thoch ſome of yow be gude of conditioun,
Reddy for to reſſave new recent wyne,
I ſpeik to yow auld boſſis of perditioun,
Return in time, or ye rin to rewyne.

As

As ran the perverſt propheitis of Baell,
Quhilkis did conſent to the idolatrie
Of wicked Achab king of Iſraell,
Quhoſe number war four hundreth and fyftie,
Quhilkis honourit that ydol opinlie.
But quhen Elias did preve thair abuſioun,
He gart the pepill ſlay them cruellie:
So at ane hour came thair confuſioun.

I pray yow prent in your remembrance,
How the Reid frieris for thair idolatrie,
In Scotland, England, Spane, Italy and France,
Upon ane day war puniſſit piteouſlie.
Behald how your awin brethren now laitly,
In Dutchland, England, Denmark, and Norroway,
Are trampit doun with thair hypocriſie,
And as the ſnaw ar molten clene away.

I marvel that our biſchopis thinkis na ſchame,
To give yow frieris ſic pre-eminence,
Till uſe thair office to thair greit defame,
Preiching for them in opin audience.
Bot micht ane biſchop eik to his awin expence,
For ilk ſermoun ten ducatis in his hand;
He wald, or he did lack that recompence,
Ga preich himſelf baith into burgh and land.

I traiſt to ſé gude reformatioun,
From time we get ane faithfull prudent king
Quhilk knawis the truth, and his vocatioun:
All publicanis, I traiſt, he will doun thring,
And will not ſuffer in his realm to ring
Corruptit ſcribes, nor falſe Phariſience,
Aganis the treuth quhilk planelie dois maling;
Till that king cum we muſt tak patience.

Now fareweill friendis, becaus I cannot flyte.
Howbeit I could, ye man hald me excuſit,
Thoch I aganis idolatrie indyte,
Or them deſpyte that will not yit refuſe it,

I pray to God that it be na mair uſit
Amang the rewlaris of this regioun,
That common pepill be na mair abuſit,
Bot gif him gloir that bure the cruell croun ;
Quhilk teichit us, be his devine ſcripture,
Till richt prayer the perfite reddy way,
As writes Matthew in his ſaxth chapture,
In quhat maner, and to quhome we ſuld pray,
A ſchort compendeous oraſione everie day,
Maiſt profitable baith for body and ſaull :
The quhilk is nocht directit, I heird ſay,
To Johne, nor James, to Peter, nor to Paul ;
Nor to nane uther of the apoſtles twelf,
Nor to na ſanct, nor angell in the hevin ;
Bot only till our Father God himſelf,
Quhilk oriſone it dois contain full evin,
Maiſt profitable for us petitiounis ſevin ;
Quhilk we lawick folk the *Pater-noſter* call ;
Thoch we ſay pſalmis nine, ten, or elevin,
Of all prayeris this bene the principall;
By reſſoun of the Maker quhilk it maid,
Quhilk was the Sone of God our Saviour ;
Be reſſoun als to quhom it ſuld be ſaid,
To the Father of hevin our Creatour,
Quhilk dwellis nocht in tempil nor in towre.
He cleirly ſeis our thocht, will, and intent.
Quhat neidis us at utheris ſeik ſuccour,
Quhen in all place his power bene preſent ?
Ye prynces of the preiſtis, that ſuld preiche,
Quhy ſuffer ye ſa greit abuſioun ?
Quhy do ye not the ſimple pepill teiche,
How, and to quhome to dreſs thair oriſoun ?
Quhy thole ye them to rin from town to town,
In Pilgramage till ony imageries,
Hopand to get there ſum ſatisfactioun,
Prayand to them devotlie on thair kneis ?

This

This was the practik of sum Pilgramage,
Quhen fillokis into Fyfe began to son;
With Jock and Thom than thay tuke thair veyage,
In Angus to the field chapell of Dron.
Than Kittok there as keadzy as ane cone,
Without regard outher to sin or schame,
Gave Lowrie leif at lasure to lowp on:
Far better bene till have tarryit at hame.
I have sene pas ane marvellous multitude,
Young men and women flingand on thair feit,
Under the form of fenyit sanctitude,
For till adore an image in Lawreit:
Mony cum with thair marrowis for to meit,
Committand thair foul fornicatioun.
Sum kiffit the claggit taill of the hermeit.
Quhy thole ye this abhominatioun?
Of fornicatioun and adulterie,
Appeirandlie ye tak but littil cure,
Seeand the mervellous infelicitie,
Quhilk hes so lang done in this land indure,
In your defalt, quhilk hes the charge and cure.
This bene of treuth, my lordis, with your leve;
Sic pilgramage hes maid mony ane hure,
Quhilk, gif I pleisit, planelie I micht preve.
Quhy mak ye not the scriptures manifest
To puir pepill tuitching idolatrie?
In your preiching quhy have ye nocht exprest
How mony kingis of Israell cruellie
War puneist by God sa rigorouslie?
As Jeroboam, and mony ma, bot dout,
For worschipping of caryit imagerie,
War from thair realmis rudelie rutit out.
Quhy thole ye under your dominioun,
Ane craftie priest, or fainyeit fals hermeit,
Abuse the pepill of this regioun,
Only for thair particular profeit?

And ſpeciallie that hermit of Lawriet,
He pat the commoun pepill in beleve,
That blind gat ſicht, and crookit gat thair feit,
The quhilk that pallyard na way can appreve.
Ye maryit men that hes trim wanton wyfis,
And luſtie douchters of young and tender age,
Quhais honeſtie ye ſuld lofe as your lyfis,
Permit them nocht to pas in pilgramage,
To ſeik ſupport of ony ſtok image;
For I have wittin gude wemen pas fra hame,
Quhilk hes bene trappit with ſic luſtis rage,
Hes done returnit baith with ſin and ſchame.
Get up, thow ſleipis all to lang, O Lord,
And mak ane haſtie reformatioun
On them quhilk dois tramp doun thy gracious word;
And hes ane deidly indignatioun
At them quhilk makis treu narratioun
Of thy goſpell ſchawing the veritie!
O Lord, I mak thee ſupplicatioun,
Support our fayth, our hope, and cheritie.

John Knox, in one of his "merie ſtories," gives the beſt illuſtration of this poem. "At this time (1558) the brethrein keipit thair conventiounis, and held counſaullis with ſick graivitie and cloſenes, that the enemies tremblit. The images war ſtollen away in all partis of the cuntrey; and in Edinburgh was that greit idoll, callet *Sanct Geill* firſt drownit in the North-loch, and ſyne brunt; which raiſed no ſmall trubill in the toun, for the freiris roopit like ravenis upoun the biſchoppis, and the biſchoppis ran upoun the Quein Regent, quho thocht it culd not ſtand with hir advantage to offend ſic a multitude as than tuk upoun them the defens of the Evangell. Yet wald not the preiſtis and frearis ceis to haif that grit ſolempnitie and manifeſt abhominatioun whiche they accuſtomablie had upon St Geill's day; to wit, thay wald have that idoll borne, and thairfore was all preparation deuly made. A marmorſet idoll was borrowed from the Greay frearis, and was faſt fixed with iron nailles upoun a barrow called their fertour. Thare aſſemblit preaſtis, frearis, chanonis, and rottin papiſtes, with tabournis and trumpetis,

trumpetis, baneris and bagge pypes: and quho was thare to lied the ring but the Quein Regent herſelf, with all her ſchavelings for honour of that feiſt! Weſt about goes it, and cummis down the hie ſtreet, and down to the comone croſſe. The Queen Regent was to dyne that day in *Sandie Carpytynis* hous, betwix the bowis; and ſo quhan the idoll was to returne back again, ſche left it, and paſt in to her denner. The heartes of the brethrein war wonderouſlie inflamit, and ſeing ſic abhominatioun ſo manifeſtlie manteined, war decreit to be revenged. Some of thoſe that war of the interpryis drew ney to the idoll as willing to help to bear him, and getting the ferteour upon their ſchouldeours, began to ſchuder, thinking that thareby the idoll ſould have fallen; but that was provided and prevented by the iron nailles; and ſo began ane to cry, Down with the idoll, down with it! and ſo without delay it was pulled down. Sum braggis maid the preaſtis patrounis at the firſt, bot they ſone ſaw the febilneſs of thair God; for one tuik him by the heallis, and dadding his heid to the calſay, left Dagon without heid or handis, and ſaid, *Fy upon the, thow young Sanct Geill, thy father would have taryed four ſuch.* The preiſtis and freiris fled faſter than thay did at *Pinkie cleuch.* Down went the crocis; off went the ſurplyſes, round capis, and cornet with the crownis. The gray freiris gaiped, the black freiris blew, the preiſtis panted and fled, and happy was he that firſt gat the hous".

P. 24. "Ye of the laſt founde religioun." Lindſay perhaps alludes to the Commiſſion appointed after the Reformation by Edward VI. *anno* 1549, to ſearch after and examine hereticks; that is, contemners of the Engliſh book of Common Prayer; who, in caſe of obſtinate perſeverance in error, were to be excommunicated, and delivered over for farther puniſhment to the ſecular power. The firſt victim of this Commiſſion was a woman named Joan of Kent, who was condemned, and actually burnt for her heretical opinions; and, in April 1551, another perſon was burnt in Smithfield for a ſimilar offence. Sir David's expreſſion of "new founde religioun" ſhews that the opinions of the Scottiſh reformers, even at this early period, did by no means coincide with thoſe of the Engliſh church.

P. 25. "How the reid freiris ——————————
—————————— wer puniſſit piteouſlie."

Several different orders of Monks and Friars were diſtinguiſhed by the name of Red Friars; as, the Knights Templars, the Knights of St John of Jeruſalem, otherwiſe called of Malta, or Hoſpitallers, and the Mathurins or Trinity Friars. The firſt and laſt of theſe wore a red croſs upon a white cloak; the Hoſpitallers originally a white croſs upon red field. Neither to theſe nor to the Mathurines did ever any particular diſaſter befall; but the order of Templars, to uſe the words of Speed, under the year 1312, "was, upon proof of their general odious

ſinnes,

ſinnes, and ſcarce credible impieties, utterly aboliſhed through Chriſtendome." Philip the Fair, of France, cauſed fifty-four of their order, together with their great Maſter, to be burnt at Paris in one day; and their lands and revenues were every where annexed to the order of Knights Hoſpitallers, or of Malta. Their principal poſſeſſions in Scotland were Tullach, Aboyne, Inchynan, Maryculter, with the hoſpitals of St Germans, Balantrodoch, and Kilbartha, beſides many houſes in Edinburgh and Leith, ſome of them to this day diſtinguiſhed by a croſs on the top of the roof. To this ſuppreſſion of the Templars, Lindſay, no doubt, here alludes; the other two orders continuing in a flouriſhing ſtate down to the time of the Reformation. The term "Red friars" was, however, always more generally appropriated to the Mathurines than to any other order.

P. 25. "Ane faithful prudent king." Lindſay ſeems ſtill to have had in view the much deſired union of the crowns of Scotland and England by the marriage of Queen Mary with the "prudent and faithful" Edward VI.; he might, however, apply theſe epithets to the Dauphin of France, Henry II. being at that time (1552) the principal ally of the princes of the proteſtant league.

P. 27. "Field chapell of Dron." In the pariſh of Dron, county of Perth, are the remains of two ſmall chapels; one in the eaſt, the other in the weſt part of the pariſh; which laſt bears the name of *Eccleſiamagirde*. No account is given of the origin of this name; but ſome have ſuppoſed it to be a corruption of the church of St Magdalene. It belonged to the abbey of Lindores. One of theſe is probably the chapel here mentioned. *Lawreit* means the chapel of Loretto, at the eaſt end of Muſſelburgh. In a preceding part of the poem, Kerrail is Crail, on the eaſt coaſt of Fife, where there was formerly a collegiate church belonging to the priory of Haddington, and containing no fewer than nine altars dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St Catharine, St Michael, St James, the two St Johns, St Stephen, St Nicholas, and the high altar. In a caſtle which overlooks the harbour, David I. is ſaid to have frequently reſided; and, (according to Sir R. Sibbald and others,) probably alſo died, rather than at Carliſle. It was anciently called Carryle, which, by ſome tranſcriber of Aldred, may have been miſtaken for Carliſle.

OF THE FIFTH, OR PAPAL MONARCHIE.

After a long and laboured account of the "Aſſerianis, Perſianis, Grekis, and Romanis," LINDSAY *gives a deſcription of the riſe and progreſs of the* Papal ſee, *from ſimple and humble beginnings, to an enormity of ſpiritual tyranny; and expoſes its various modes of extortion in language that muſt have made a conſiderable impreſſion upon the public mind. He then, like a true politician, proceeds to foretell what he anxiouſly deſires,—a ſpeedy emancipation from eccleſiaſtical tyranny; with a view of introducing which prophecy, it is probable that* LINDSAY'S *Dialogue was ſolely compoſed. The firſt ſolemn bond or covenant* "to forſake and renounce the congregation of Sathan" *was ſigned on the 3d of December* 1557.

Now haif I ſchawin thé, as I can,
How *Papal Monarchie* began;
Aſcendand up ay gré be gré,
Abufe the Empriouris Majeſtie.
Swa quhan thay gat amang thair handis,
Of Italie all the Empriours landis,
After that into ilk countrie
Sprang up thair temporalitie,
With ſik grit ryches and ſik rent,
That thay gan to be negligent,
In making miniſtratioun,
To Chryſtis trew congregatioun;

And

And tuk na mair payne in their preiching,
And far les travel in their teiching;
Changing thair ſpritualitie
In temporall ſenſualitie.
C. Father! think ye that they are ſure,
That thair Empyre ſall lang endure?
E. Appearantlie it may be kend,
Quoth he, thair gloir ſall have ane end.
I mein thair temporall monarchie,
Sall be turnit in humilitie.
Thruch Goddis word, without debait,
Thay ſall turn to thair firſt eſtait;
As in Daniel's prophecy appearis,
Thereto ſhall not be many yearis,
Albeit Chriſtis fayth ſhall never fail,
But more and more it ſhall prevail,
Though Chriſtis true congregatioun
Suffers great tribulatioun.
C. Father, ſaid I, by quhat reaſoun,
Sould Papal Monarchie come doun,
Conſiderand thair pre-eminence?
E. Said he, For diſobedience;
Abuſing the commandement
Quhilk Chriſt left in his Teſtament;
Uſing thair own traditioun,
Contrair Chriſtis inſtitutioun.
Chriſt in his laſt conventioun,
The day of his aſcenſioun,
To his diſciples gaif command,
That thay ſuld paſs to every land,
To teche and preche with true intent,
His law and his commandement.
No other office he to thame gaif;
He did not bid thame ſeik nor craif
Corps-preſents, nor offerandis,
Nor yet lordſhips, nor temporal landis.

But

But now it may be hard and ſene,
Baith with thine earis, and thine ene,
How prelatis in every land,
Take little cure of Chriſtis command,
Neither into thair deids nor ſawis,
Neglecting thair awn canon lawis.
Uſing themſelves contrarious,
For the maiſt part, to Chriſt Jeſous.
Chriſt thocht no ſchame to be ane prechour,
And to all pepill of truth ane teachour.
A Pope, Biſchop, nor Cardinal,
To teche and preche will nocht be thral.
They ſend forth friers to teche for thame,
Quhilk garris the pepill mock for ſchame.
Chriſt wald nocht be ane temporal king,
Richly into no realm to ring,
But fled temporal auctoritie,
As in the ſcripture thow may ſie.
All men may know how Popis ringis
In dignity abuve all Kingis,
As well of temporalitie,
As into ſpiritualitie.
Thou may ſee be experience,
The Pope's princely pre-eminence,
In chronicles if thou liſt to luke,
How Carion wryttis in his buke,
Ane notabill narratioun;
The year of our ſalvatioun,
Eleven hundreth ſix and fyftie,
Pope Alexander preſumptuouſlie,
Quhilk was the thrid Pope of that name,
To Fredrike Empriour did diffame.
In Veneis, that triumphand town,
That nobyll Empriour gart ly down
Apone his wambe, with ſchame and lak,
Syne tred his feit apone his bak,

In toknyng of obedience.
Thare he ſchew his preheminence,
And cauſit his Clergy for to ſing
Thir wordis efter following:

Super aſpidem et baſiliſcum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem et draconem.

Than ſaid this humyll Empriour,
I do to Peter this honour.
The Pope anſwerit with wordis wroith,
Thow ſall me honour, and Peter boith.
Chriſt, for to ſchaw his humyll ſpreit,
Did waſche his puir diſciplis feit.
The Popis holynes, I wys,
Wyll ſuffer kyngis his feit to kys.
Birdis had thare neſtis, and toddis thare den,
Bot Chriſt Jeſus, ſaiffer of men,
In eirth had nocht ane penny breid
Quhareon he mycht repoſe his heid.
Howbeit, the Popis excellence
Hes caſtellis of magnificence;
Abbottis, Byſchoppis, and Cardinallis,
Hes pleſand palyces-royallis;
Lyke Paradyſe ar thoſe prellattis places,
Wantyng no pleſoure of fair faces.
Johne, Androw, James, Peter, nor Paull,
Had few houſis amang thame all.
From tyme thay knew the veritie,
Thay did contempne all propertie,
And wer rycht hertfullie content
Of meit, drynk, and abilyement.
To ſaif mankind that wes forlorne,
Chriſt bure ane creuell crown of thorne;
The Pope thré crownis for the nonis,
Off gold poulderit with pretious ſtonis.
Off gold and ſylver, I am ſure,
Chriſt Jeſus tuke bot lytill cure;

And

And left nocht, quhen he yald the ſpreit,
To by himſelf ane wynding ſcheit.
Bot his ſucceſſoure, gude Pope Johne,
Quhen he deceiſit in Alvinione,
He left behynd hym ane treaſloure,
Of gold and ſylver by meſoure,
Be one juſt computatioun,
Weill fyve and twentye myllioun,
As dois indyte Palmerius.
Reid hym, and thow ſall fynd it thus.
Chriſtis diſciplis wer weill knawin
Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be thame ſchawin;
In ſpeciall fervent charitie,
Gret pacience and humytie.
The Popis floke, in all regiounis,
Ar knawin beſt be thare clyppit crownis.
Chriſt, he did honour matromony
Into the Cane of Galaly;
Quhare he, be his power divyne,
Did turne the walter into wyne;
And als cheſit ſum maryit men
To be his ſervandis, as ye ken;
And Peter, duryng all his lyfe,
He thocht no ſyn to haif ane wyfe.
Ye ſall nocht fynd in no paſſage,
Quhare Chriſt forbiddeth marriage;
Bot leiffum tyll ilk man to marye
Quhilk wantis the gift of chaiſtitye.
The Pope hes maid thé contrar lawis
In his kingdome, as all men knawis.
None of his preiſtis dar marye wyfis,
Under no leſs pane nor thare lyfis.
Thocht thay haif concubines fyftene,
Into that cace thay ar ouerſene.
Quhat chaiſtitye thay keip in Rome,
Is weill kend ouer all Chriſtendome.

Chriſt

Chriſt did ſchaw his obedience
Onto the Empriouris excellence,
And cauſit Peter for to pay
Trybute to Ceſar for thame tway.
Paull biddis us be obedient
To Kingis as the moſt excellent.
The contrair did Pope Celiſtene
Quhen that his ſanctitude ſerene
Did crown Henry the Empriour,
I thynk he did him ſmall honour,
For with his feit he did him crown,
Syne with his fute the crown dang down;
Sayand, I haif auctoritie
Men tyll exalt to dignitie,
And to mak Empriouris and Kyngis,
And ſyne depryve thame of thair ryngis.
Peter, be my opinioun,
Did neuer uſe ſic dominioun.
Apperandlye, by my jugement,
That Pope red neuer the New Teſtment.
Gif he had lernit at that lore,
He had refuſit ſic vane glore
As Barnabas, Peter, and Paull,
And rycht ſo Chriſtis diſciplis all.
The Capitaine Cornelius,
Quhen Sanct Peter cum tyll his hous,
Tyll worſchip him, fell at his feit;
Bot Sanct Peter, with humyll ſpreit,
Did rais him up with diligence,
And did refuſe ſic reverence.
Richt ſo Sanct Johne, the Evangeliſt,
The angellis feit he wald haif kiſt,
Bot he refuſit ſic honoure,
Sayand, I am bot ſervitoure;
Rycht ſo thy fallow and thy brother,
Gyff glore to God, and to none other.

Alykewyis

Alykewyis Barnabas and Paull
Sic honoure did refuſe at all.
In Lyſtra, quhare thay wroucht gret werkis,
The preiſt of Jupiter, with his clerkis,
And all the pepill, with thare avyſe,
Wald haif maid to thame ſacrifyſe.
Of quhilk thay wer ſo diſcontent,
That thay thair clothyng raif and rent;
And Paull amang thame rudely ran,
Sayand, I am ane mortall man;
Gyf glore to God, of kyngis kyng,
That maid hevin, erth, and every thing.
Sen Peter and Paull vaine glore refuſit,
With Popis, quhy ſuld ſic glore be uſit?
Peter, Androw, Johne, James, and Paull,
And Chriſtis true diſciplis all,
By Goddis word thair faith defendit;
To burn and ſcald thay neuer pretendit.
The Pope defendis his traditioun
By flammand fyre without remiſſioun.
Howbeit men break the law divyne,
Thay are nocht put to ſo great pyne,
For huredome, nor idolatrie,
For inceſt, nor adulterie.
Or quhen young virginis are deflorit,
For ſic things men are nocht abhorrit.
But quho that eatis fleſche into Lent,
Are terribly put to torment.
And gif ane preiſt happen to marrie,
Thay do him baneis, curſe and warie,
Thoch it be nocht aganis the law
Of God, as men may clearly knaw.
Betwix thir two quhat difference bene,
By faithful folke it may be ſene.
Sic antitheſes many mo,
I micht declare, quhilk I let go.

And

And may nocht tary to compyle,
Of ilk order the ſtaitly ſtyle.
The ſeily nun will think great ſchame,
Without ſhe callit be, madame.
The puir prieſt thinkis he gets no rycht,
Be he nocht ſtilit like ane knycht,
And callit, Schir, afore his name,
As Schir Thomas, and Schir Willame.
All monkry, ye may hear and ſie,
Are callit deans for dignitie.
Albeit his mother milk the cow,
He muſt be callit dean Androw,
Dean Peter, dean Paul, dean Robert.
With Chriſt thay tak ane painful part,
With doubbyll clething from the cald,
Eatand and drinkand quhen thay wald.
With curious countryng in the queir,
God wait gif thay buy heavin full deir.
My lord abbet rycht venerabyll,
Ay marſhallit upmoſt at the batyll.
My lord biſchop moſt reverent,
Sittis abuve earls in parliament.
And cardinallis durand thair ringis,
Fallows to princes and to kingis;
The Pope exaltit in honour,
Abuve the potent Empriour.
The proud parſon I think treulie,
He leads his lyfe rycht luſtilie;
For quhy he hes no uther pyne,
Bot tak his teind, and ſpend it ſyne;
Bot he is obligit by reaſoun
To preche unto his pariſhoun;
Thoch thay lack preaching ſeventeen year,
He will nocht lack a peck of bear.
Sum perſons hes at thair command
The wantoun wenchis of the land.

Als thay have great prerogatyves,
That thay may depart with thair wyves,
Without divorce or ſummonding,
Syne tak another without wodding.
Sum man wald think it luſtie lyfe,
Ay quhen he liſt to change his wyfe,
And tak another of more beautie;
But ſeculars lack that libertie,
The quhilk are bound in mariage.
Bot thay like rammis into thair rage,
Unpiſſellit, rinnis amang the yowis,
So lang as nature in thame growis.
And als the vicar, as I trow,
He will nocht fail to tak ane cow,
And umaiſt claith, thoch babes thame ban,
From ane puir ſelye huſband-man,
Quhen that he lieth for tyll die,
Havand ſmall bairnis two or three;
That hath three ky withoutten mo,
The vicar muſt have one of tho;
With the grey cloke that happis the bed,
Albeit that he be puirly cled.
And gif his wyfe die on the morne,
Thoch all the babes ſuld be forlorne,
The uther kow he cleiks away,
With the puir coit of roploch gray.
And gif within two years or three,
The eldeſt chyld happnis to die,
Of the thrid kow he will be ſure.
Quhen he thame hath all under cure,
And father and mother baith are deid,
Beg muſt the babes without remeid.
Thay hald the corps at the kirk-ſtyle,
And there it muſt remain a quhile,
Till thay get ſufficient ſouertie
For thair kirk rycht and dewitie.

Then

Then comes to the landis lord perforce,
And cleikis to him ane horſe.
Puir labourers wald theſe lawis war doun,
Quhilk neuer was foundit by reaſoun.
I heard thame ſay under confeſſioun,
That law was brother to oppreſſioun.

In this and various other parts of the *Monarchies*, LINDSAY quotes *Cario's Chronicle*, *Palmerius*, the *Faſciculus Temporum*, and the *Chronica Chronicarum*. Cario's Chronicle was originally compoſed about the beginning of the ſixteenth century, by Ludovicus Cario, an eminent Mathematician, and improved or written anew by Melancthon. Matthew Palmerius wrote a general Chronicle from the fifth century to his own times, which was firſt printed at Milan about the year 1475. The Faſciculus Temporum is a Latin Chronicle, written about the end of the fifteenth century, by Wernerus Rolewinck, a Weſtphalian, and firſt publiſhed in the year 1478. The Chronica Chronicarum, written by Hardmannus Schedelius, a phyſician at Nuremburgh, and from which Lindſay evidently took his philoſophy in his DREME, was printed at Nuremburgh in 1493, and is at preſent a great curioſity, as Mr Warton obſerves, to thoſe who are fond of wonders conveyed in black letter and wooden cuts. Lindſay alſo quotes a tranſlation (probably the French) of Oroſius, an early Chriſtian hiſtorian, who had the honour of being tranſlated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, an edition of which has lately been publiſhed. For the ſtory of Alexander the Great, our author ſeems to refer to a MS. poem on that ſubject, written by Adam Davie in the reign of Edward the Second. He likewiſe occaſionally mentions Polydore Virgil, St Jerome, Avicen the Arabic phyſician, Joſephus, Valerius Maximus, Livy, Heſiod, and Homer. W.

OF THE COURT OF ROME.

This diviſion is merely a continuation of the former ; but in a different ſtanza, and alluding more particularly to the celibacy of the Clergy, a ſyſtem which was originally introduced, as Lord Hailes obſerves, by ſome ſuperſtitious refinement on the laws of God and nature. "*Could men have been kept alive, (continues* "*his Lordſhip,) without eating and drinking, as well* "*as without marriage, the ſame refinements would* "*have prohibited eccleſiaſtics from eating and drink-*" *ing, and thereby elevated them ſo much nearer to* "*the ſtate of angels. In proceſs of time, however,* "*this fanatical interdiction became an inſtrument of* "*worldly wiſdom ; and thus, as frequently happens,* "*what weak men began, politicians completed. The* "*Scottiſh Clergy, in obedience to their ſuperiors, ſub-*" *mitted to the laws of celibacy. The conſequences* "*are well known :* ſuis ut ipſa Roma viribus ruit."

Courteour.

Father, ſaid I, quhat rewl keip thay in Rome,
Quhilk hes ſpirituall dominioun,
And monarchie abufe all Chriſtendome ?
Schaw me, I mak you ſupplicatioun.

Æ. My ſone, I wald mak trew narratioun,
Said he : To Peter and Paul thoch thay ſucceid,
I think thay preve nocht that into thair deid.

For Peter, Androw, and Johne, wer fiſharis fine
Of men and women to the Chriſtian faith :
But thay have done ſpreid thair net with huik and line
On rentis riche, on gold and uther graith ;
Sic fiſching to neglect thay will be laith.
For quhy thay have fiſchit ouerthort the ſtrandis,
Ane greit part trewly of all temporall landis.
With the tent part of all gude movabill,
For the uphalding of thair digniteis :
Sa bene thair fiſching verray profitabill,
On the dry land as weill as on the ſeis :
Thair hely water thay ſpred in all countries,
And with thair hois net daily drawis to Rome,
The maiſt fine gold that is in Chriſtendome.
I dar weill ſay, within this fiftie yeir,
Rome hes reſſavit furth of this regioun,
For bullis and benefice quhilk thay buy full deir,
Quhilk micht full weill have payit ane kingis ranſoum.
But wer I worthy for to wear ane croun,
Preiſtis ſuld na moir our ſubſtance ſa conſoum.
Sending yeirly ſa greit riches to Rome.
Into thair tramalt net thay fangit ane fiſche
Mair nor ane quhale, worthy of memorie,
Of quhom thay have had mony dainty diſche,
Be quhilk thay ar exaltit to greit glorie,
That marvellous monſtour callit Purgatorie.
Albeit to us it be nocht amiabill,
It hes to thame bene very profitabill,
Lat thay that fruteful fiſche eſchape thair net,
Be quhilk thay have ſa greit commoditeis,
Ane mair fat fiſche I traiſt thay ſall nocht get,
Thoch thay ſuld ſeirch ouirthort the oceiane ſeis ;
Adew the daily dolorous dirigeis.
Seillie puir preiſtis may ſing with hart full ſorie,
Lack thay that paneful palace Purgatorie.

Fareweill

Fareweill Monkrie, with chanoun, nun, and freir,
Allace, thay will be lightleit in all landis.
Cowlis will na mair be kend in kirk nor queir,
Lat thay that frutefull fiſche eſchape thair handis.
I counſall thame to bind him faſt in bandis,
For Peter, Androw, nor Johne, culd never get
Sa profitabill ane fiſche into thair net.
Thair merchandice into all natiounis,
As prentit leid, thair walx and parchement,
Thair pardounis and thair diſpenſatiounis,
Thay do exceed ſum temporall princes rent;
In ſic traffike thay ar nocht negligent.
Of benefice thay mak gude merchandice,
Throw Symonie, quhilk thay hald lytill vice.
Chriſt did command Peter to feid his ſcheip,
And ſa he did feid thame full tenderlie.
Of that command thay take but lytil keip,
Bot Chriſtis ſcheip thay ſpulye peteouſlie,
And with the woll thay cleith thame curiouſlie.
Like gormand wolfis thay tak of thame thair fude,
Thay eit thair fleſche, and drinkis baith milk and blude.
For that office thay 'ſerve bot lytill hyre.
I think ſic paſtouris ar nocht for till priſe,
Quhilk can nocht gyde thair ſcheip about the myre,
Thay ar ſa beſy in thair merchandiſe.
Thocht Peter was porter of Paradice,
That pleſand paſſage craftelie thay clois;
Throw thame richt few gettis entres, I ſuppois.
Chriſt Jeſus ſaid, as Mathew dois report,
Wo be to the Scribis and Phariſience,
The quhilkis did clois of Paradice the port,
Of thame we have the ſame experience.
To enter thair thay mak ſmall diligence,
Thay tak no cure of temporall beſines,
Richt ſa from us thay ſtop the plane entres.

Theſe ſpiritual keis quhilkis Chriſt to Peter gaif,
Thair cullour cleir with reik and rouſt is fadit;
Unoccupyit thay hald thame in thair naif,
Of that office thay 'ſerve to be degradit;
With Goddis word, without that thay remeid it.
Oppening the port quhilk lang tyme has bin cloſit,
That we may enter with thame, and be rejoſit.
Contrair till Chriſtis inſtitutioun,
To thame that deis in habite of ane freir,
Rome has thame grantit full remiſſioun
To pas till Hevin ſtraucht way withouttin weir,
Quhilk bin in Scotland uſit mony ane yeir.
Be thair ſic vertew in ane freiris hude,
I think in vane Chriſt Jeſus ſched his blude.
Wald God the Pope, quhilk has pre-eminence,
With advice of his counſall generall,
That thay wald do thair detfull diligence
That Chriſtis law micht keipit be ouir all,
And trewlie preichit baith to greit and ſmall;
And geve to thame ſpirituall authoritie,
Quhilk culd perfitelie ſchaw the veritie.
Quha cannot preiche, ane preiſt ſuld not be namit,
As may be previt be the law devyne;
And be the canon law thay are defamit
That takis preiſtheid but onely to that fyne.
Till all vertew thair hartis thay ſuld inclyne,
In ſpeciall to preiche with trew intentis,
And miniſter the neidful Sacramentis.
As for thair monkis, thair chanonis, and thair freiris,
And luſtie ladyis of religioun,
I know not quhat to thair office effeiris,
Bot men may ſé thair greit abuſioun.
Thay ar not like into concluſioun,
Neither into thair wordis nor thair warkis,
To the apoſtolis, prophetis, nor patriarkis.

Gif

Gif preſentlie thir prelatis cannot preiche,
Than let ilk biſchop have ane ſuffragane,
Or ſucceſſoure, quhilk can the pepill teiche,
On thair expenſis yeirlie to remane,
To caus the pepill from thair vyce refrane.
And quhare ane prelate hapnis to deceace,
Than put ane perfite prechour in his place.
Do thay not ſa, on thame ſall be the charge,
Gevand unabill men authoritie;
As, quha wald mak ane ſteirman till ane barge,
Of ane blind borne quhilk can na danger ſé.
Gif that ſchip droun, gude ſuith, I ſay for me,
Quha gaif that ſteirman ſic commiſſioun,
Suld of the ſchip mak reſtitutioun.
The human lawis that ar contrarious,
And nocht conforming to the law divyne,
Thay ſuld expell, and hald thame odious,
Quhen thay perſave thame cum to na gud fyne,
Inventit bot be ſenſuall mennis ingyne.
As that law quhilk forbids mariage,
Cauſing yong clarkis birn in luſtis rage.
Difficill is chaſtitie till obſerve,
But ſpeciall grace, labour, and abſtinence.
Intill our fleſche ay rignis till we ſterve,
That firſt originall ſin concupiſcence,
Quhilk we throw Adamis inobedience
Hes done incur, and ſall indure for ever,
Quhill that our ſaull and bodie deith diſſever.
Quhairfoir God maid of mariage the band
In Paradyce, as ſcripture dois record.
In Galilee, richt ſa I undirſtand,
Was mariage honourit be Chriſt our Lord.
Auld law and new, thairto thay do concord.
I think for me, better thay had ſleipit,
Nor till have maid ane law, and never keip it.

Tuke

Tuke not Chriſt Jeſus his humanitie,
Of ane virgine in mariage contractit,
And of hir fleſche cled his dignitie?
Quhy then have thay that blisfull band dejectit
In thair kingdome? Wald God it war correctit,
That yong prelatis micht marie luſtie wyfis,
And nocht in ſenſuall luſt to leid thair lyfis.

Did nocht Chriſt cheis, of honeſt maryit men,
Als weill as thay that keipit chaſtitie,
For to be his diſcipulis, as ye ken?
As in the ſcripture cleirlie thow may ſee,
Thay keipit ſtill thair wyfis with honeſtie,
As Peter and his ſpouſit brethren all
Obervit chaſtitie matrimoniall.

Bot now appeiris the prophecie of Paull,
How ſum ſuld riſe into the latter age,
That from the trew faith ſuld depart and fall,
And ſuld forbid the band of mariage,
As thow ſall find into that ſame paſſage.
Thay ſuld command from meitis till abſtene,
Quhilk God creat, his pepill to ſuſtene.

Bot ſen the Pape, our ſpirituall prince and king,
He dois ouerſé ſic vices manifeſt,
And in his kingdome ſufferis for to ring,
The men be quhome the veritie bin ſuppreſt,
I excuſe not himſelf mair than the reſt.
Allace! How ſuld we memberis be weill uſit,
Quhen ſa our ſpirituall heidis bene abuſit.

The famous ancient Doctor Avicene,
Sayis, quhen evil rewme diſcendis from the heid,
Into the members generis mekill pene,
Without thair be maid haſtelie remeid.
Quhen the cald humour dounwart dois proceid,
In ſennounis it cauſis Arthetica,
Richt ſa in the handis the cramp Cheragra.

Of

Of maledyis it generis monie mo,
Bot gif men get ſum ſoverane preſerve,
As in the theis Sciathica paſſio,
And in the breiſt ſum tyme the ſtrang Caterve,
Quhilk cauſis men richt haiſtelie to ſterve;
And Podagra, difficul for to cure,
In mennis feit quhilk lang time dois indure.
Sa to this maiſt triumphand court of Rome,
This ſimilitude full weill I may compair,
Quhilk hes bene herſchip of all Chriſtindome,
And to the warld ane evill exemplair,
That umquhil was leid ſterne and luminair,
And the maiſt ſapient ſait of ſanctitude:
Bot now, allace, bair of beatitude.
Thair kingdome may be callit Babylone,
Quhilk umquhile was ane bricht Jeruſalem,
As planelie menis the apoſtil Johne,
Thair maiſt famous citie hes tint the fame,
Inhabitaris thairof, thair nobill name;
For quhy? thay have of Sanctis habitakle
To Symon Magus made ane tabernakle;
Ane horrible vail of everilk kinde of vice,
Ane laithlie loch of ſtinkand licherie,
Ane curſit cove, corrupt with covatice,
Bordowrit about with pride and ſymonie;
Sum ſayis, ane ciſtern full of ſodomie,
Quhais vice in ſpeciall, gif I wald declair,
It war eneuch for till perturbe the air.
Of treuth, the haill Chriſtian religioun
Throw thame ar ſcandalizat and offendit.
It can not faill bot thair abuſioun
Befoir the throne of God it is aſcendit.
I dreid, but dout, without that thay amend it,
The plagues of Johnes Revelatioun
Sall fall upon thair generatioun.

O Lord,

O Lord, quhilk hes thehartis ofeverie king
Into thy hand, I mak thé ſupplicatioun,
Convert that Court, that of thy grace bening,
Thay wald mak general reformatioun
Amang thame ſelfis in everie natioun,
That thay may be ane halie exemplair
Till us, thy puir lawit commoun populair
Houngarit, allace! for want of ſpirituall fude,
Becaus from us bene hid the veritie.
O Prince! for us quhilk ſched thy precius blude,
Kendill in us the fyre of cheritie,
And ſave us from eternal miſerie,
Now labouring into thy kirk militant,
That we may all cum to thy kirk tryumphant.

CONCLUSION.

Off our talkeing now latt us mak ane end;
Behald quhow Phebus dounwart dois diſcend,
Towart his palyce in the occident.
Dame Synthea, I ſé, ſcho dois pretend
Intyll hir wattry regioun tyll aſcend.
With viſſage paill up from the orient
The dew now dounkis, the roſſis redolent:
The mareguldis that all day wer rejoſit,
Off Phebus heit now craftelly ar cloſit.
The blyſsful byrdis bownis to the treis,
And ceiſſis of thare hevinlye armoneis;
The corne-craik in the croft, I heir her cry;
The bak, the howlat, febill of thair eis,
For thare paſtyme now in the evinnyng fleis:
The nychtyngaile, with mirthfull melody,
Hir naturall notis perſith throw the ſky,
Tyll Synthea makand hir obſervance,
Quhilk on the nycht dois tak hir dalyance.

I ſé Pol-artike in the north appeir,
And Venus ryſſing with hir bemis cleir;
Quharefor, my ſonne, I hald it tyme to go.
Wald God, ſaid I, ye did remane all yeir,
That I mycht of your hevinly leſſonis leir.
Of your departyng I am wounder wo.
Tak pacience, ſaid he, it mone be ſo.
Perchance I ſall returne with diligence.
Thus I departit frome Experience,
And ſped me home, with hert ſyching full ſore,
And enterit in my quyet oritore.
I tuk this paper, and there began to wryte,
This Miſerie, as ye haif hard afore.
All gentyll redaris, hertlye I implore
For tyll excuſe my rurall rude indyte.
Thouch Phareſeis wyll haif at me diſpyte,
Quhilkis wald not that thare craftynes wer kend.
Lat God be juge, and ſo I mak ane end.

QUOD LYNDESAY 1552.

Quod Lindeſay 1552.] Thus reads the commonly called Copmahouin edition, denoting the time when Lindeſay finiſhed the compoſition; the date of the printing being undoubtedly 1553, as appears by a computation of years which he introduces in his deſcription of the day of Judgment:

Of quhilk ar by gone ſickerlye,
Fyve thouſand fyve hundreth thrê and fiftye,
And ſo remains to cum but weir,
Four hundreth with ſewin and fourtye yeir.

In moſt of the ſubſequent editions down to that of Andrew Hart in 1623, theſe lines were altered to ſuit the date of the impreſſion; ſince which time, Hart's edition has continued to be the ſtandard copy; not only in this date, but in the orthography.

P. 42. Peter, Androw, &c. were fiſharis fine.] It is probable that Stavely had this chapter in his eye when he wrote his Romiſh Horſeleech. "According to the doctrine of the Church of Rome, ſays he, Jeſus Chriſt gave to Peter and his ſucceſſors not only a power to fiſh

for men, but for money; and for that purpoſe conferred on them a right to fiſh in all ſecular ponds and rivers. "For the kings of the earth, ſays Jeſus Chriſt, from whom do they receive tribute?—Not ſurely from us, for we are free. But go thou to the ſea, and caſt forth a hook, and take the firſt fiſh that cometh up; and when thou haſt opened its mouth, thou ſhalt find a piece of money; that take." Hereby a fiſhing right, they contend, was eſtabliſhed to fiſh in all waters, that is, among all people and nations: and the expreſſion "Launch out into the deep," ſignified, "Go up to Rome," which had a vaſt dominion, and from whence therefore they might ſpread their nets over all the world. To the ſame purpoſe David exclaims, Thou haſt put all things under his feet; all ſheep, that is Chriſtians; and oxen, or Jews; yea, and the beaſts of the field, or Pagans; the fiſh of the ſea, that is, ſouls in purgatory; and the fowls of heaven, or bleſſed ſpirits and angels.—Such is the magical nature of quotations from the Holy Scriptures! Venerable Bede has left us a curious picture of the pains of Purgatory in a ſtory of a certain Monk of Mailros, (Melroſe,) who, after being ſome hours dead, aroſe again to life, and related many remarkable things which he had ſeen, particularly Purgatory, which he deſcribed as a vale of great breadth, and infinite length; on the left, it appeared full of dreadful fire and flames; the other ſide was no leſs horrid, on account of tempeſtuous hail and ſnow continually flying about in all directions. Both lakes were brim-full of ſouls, who had no other relief but in leaping out of the one lake into the other, as if they had been toſſed about by a tremenduous hurricane, &c. It is eaſy to conceive, that whoever believed in this horrible chimera, would endeavour to ſecure for himſelf, upon any terms, ſomething like a comfortible birth in it; or, at leaſt, a ſhorter period of purgation. Hence the vaſt number of Monaſteries, Abbies, Nunnerys, free chaples, chanteries, &c. which were founded all over Chriſtendom. Even although a perſon had many children to provide for, or many debts to pay, it was common to neglect all conſiderations of that ſort, and to lay out his whole fortune in the appointment of Maſſes, Diriges, Placebos, Requiems, &c. to be performed at ſtated times for the benefit and eaſe of his poor unhappy ſoul. Hence alſo the practice of burying in Monaſteries, upon a preſumption that the departed ſouls would in ſome degree be relieved by the prayers of the godly.

THE EPISTILL NUNCUPATORY OF SIR DAVID LYNDESAY ON HIS DIALOG OF THE MISERABILL ESTAIT OF THE WARLD.

We ſhall now diſmiſs Lindſay's "*Dialogue of the Monarchies*" *with his* "Epiſtle Nuncupatory," *which, as it appears only in the oldeſt* 4*to. editions, and has ſome reference to the ſtate of the country in* 1553, *may by ſome readers be eſteemed a curioſity.*

THow lytill quair of mateir miſerabill !
Weill aucht thow coverit for to be with ſabill ;
Renunceand grene, the purpour, reid and quhite ;
To delicate men thow art nocht delectabill,
Nor yit till amorous folkis amyabill.
To reid on thé thay will have na delite.
Warldly pepill will have at thee deſpite,
Quhilk fixit has thair hart and haill intentis
On ſenſual luſt, on dignitie and rentis.
We have na king, thee to preſent, allace !
Quhilk to this cuntrie bene ane cairfull cace.
And als our Quene of Scotland heritour,
Scho dwellis in France, I pray God ſave hir grace.
It war too lang for thee to ryn that race ;
And far langer or that yong tender flour
Bring haim to us ane King and governour :
Allace ! thairfoir, we may with ſorrow ſing
Quhilk muſt ſa lang remane without ane King.
I not quhome to my ſimplenes to ſend.
With cunning men, from time that thow be kend,
Thy vaniteis na way thay will avance,
Thinking thé proud, ſic thingis to pretend,
Notwithſtanding the ſtraucht way ſall thow wend,

To

To thame quhilk has the realme in governance,
Declair thy mind to them with circumſtance.
Ga firſt to James our Prince and protectour,
And his brother our Spirituall Governour,
And Prince of preiſtis in this natioun,
Efter reverend recommendatioun,
Under thair feit thow lawlie thee ſubmit,
And mak thame humbill ſupplicatioun,
Gif thay in thé find wrang narratioun,
That thay wald pleis thy faltis to remit;
And of thair grace gif thay doe thé admit,
Than ga thy way quhair euer thow pleiſis beſt,
Be thay content, mak reverence to the reſt.
To faithfull prudent paſtouris ſpirituall,
To nobill Erles and Lordis temporall,
Obedientlie till thame thow thee addres,
Declairing them this ſchort memoriall,
How mankinde bene to miſerie maid thrall.
At lenth to thame the caus planelie confes,
Beſeikand them all lawis to ſuppres,
Inventit be mennis traditioun
Contrair to Chriſtis inſtitutioun.
And caus them cleirlie for till underſtand,
That for the briking of the Lordis command,
His thrinfald wand of flagellatioun
Hes ſcurgit this puir realme of Scotland
Be mortall weiris baith be ſey and land,
With monie terribill tribulatioun.
Thairfoir mak to them true narratioun,
That all our weiris, this derth, hunger and peſt,
Was not bot for our ſinnis manifeſt.
Declair to them how in the time of Noy,
Alluterlie God did the warld deſtroy.
As halie ſcripture makis mentioun,
Sodom, Gomor, with thair regioun and Roy,
God ſpairit nouther man, woman, nor boy,
Bot all wer brint for thair offenſioun.
Jeruſalem, that maiſt triumphant toun,
Deſtroyit was for thair iniquitie,
As in the ſcripture planelie thow may ſé.

Declair

Declair to them this mortall miſerie,
Be ſword and fyre, derth, peſt and povertie,
Proceidis of ſyn, gif I can richt deſcryve,
For laik of faith, and for idolatrie,
For fornicatioun, and for adulterie
Of Princes, prelatis, with monie ane man and wyve.
Expell the caus, than the effect belyve
Sall ceis: quhen that the pepill dois repent,
Than God ſall ſlaik his bow quhilk yit is bent.

Mak them requeſt quhilk hes the governance,
The ſynceir word of God for till avance,
Conforme to Chriſtis inſtitutioun,
Without hypocriſie or diſſimutance,
Cauſing Juſtice hald evinlie the ballance,
On publicanis making punitioun,
Commending them of gude conditioun.
That being done, I dout not but the Lord
Sall of this cuntrie haye miſericord.

Thocht God, with monie terribill effrayis,
Hes done this cuntrie ſcurge be divers wayis,
Be juſt judgement, for our grevous offence,
Declair to them thay ſall have merie dayis
Efter this trowbill, as the Propheit ſayis:
Quhen God ſall ſé our humbill repentence,
Till ſtrange pepill thocht he hes geven licence
To be our ſcurge induring his deſire,
Will, quhen he liſt, that ſcurge caſt in the fire.

Pray them that thay put not thair eſperance
In mortall men onelie them till avance;
Bot principallie in God omnipotent,
Then neid thay not to charge the realme of France,
With gunnis, galayis, nor uther ordinance.
Sa that thay be to God obedient
In thir premiſſes, be thay not negligent
Diſplayand Chriſtis banner hie on hicht,
Thair enemies of them ſall have na micht.

Ga hence, puir buik! quhilk I have done indyte
In rurall ryme, in manner of deſpyte,
Contrair the warldis variatioun
Of rethorike, here I proclaim thé quhyt.
Idolatouris I feir ſall with thé flyte,

Becaus of them thow makis narratioun.
Bot cure thow not the indignatioun
Of hypocritis, and fals Pharifience,
Howbeit on thé thay call ane loud vengence.
Requeſt the gentill reidar that thé reidis,
Thocht ornate termis into thy park not ſpreidis,
As thay in thé may have experience,
Thocht barrane feildis beiris nocht bot weidis,
Yet brutal beiſtis ſweitlie on thame feidis.
Deſire of them nane uther recompence,
Bot that thay wald reid thé with patience;
And gif thay be in onie way offendit,
Declair to them it ſall be weill amendit.

It has already been obſerved that the Scottiſh reformers diſcovered very early a preference to ſome plan of Church Government different from that which had been adopted in England; for which Warton in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry endeavours thus to account: "the pomp and elegance of the catholick worſhip made no impreſſion on a people whoſe devotion ſought only for ſolid edification; and who had no notion that the interpoſition of the ſenſes could with any propriety be admitted to co-operate in an exerciſe of ſuch a nature, which appealed to reaſon alone, and ſeemed to exclude all aid of the imagination. It was therefore natural that ſuch a people in their ſyſtem of ſpiritual refinement, ſhould warmly prefer the ſevere and rigid plan of Calvin."

Probably the true reaſon of this preference is rather to be found in the circumſtance of the Scots being, at the time of the Reformation, under what was then called the *monſtrous regiment of women*. England had acknowledged Henry VIII. as the head of the Church; but it was impoſſible for the Scottiſh Reformers to follow her example. Their monarch was a young woman educated in France according to the ſtricteſt Catholic form. To have placed a perſon of that deſcription at the head of the Scottiſh Kirk, would, in the language of Knox, have been "repugnant to nature, an abomination before the Lord, and a "thing moſt contrarious to his revealed and approved ordinance, which "expreſsly ordains, that "*in the Congregation Women muſt keep ſilence.*"

THE TRAGEDIE OF THE UMQUHILE MAIST REVEREND FATHER DAVID, BE THE MERCY OF GOD, CARDINAL AND ARCHEBISCHOP OF SANCT ANDROIS, &c.

Thoſe who wiſh to be informed of the particulars of the life of Cardinal Betoun, *or* Bethune, *may conſult* "Crawford's Officers of State," *or any of the general hiſtories of Scotland, where he makes a conſpicuous appearance from* 1528 *to his untimely death in* 1546; *the manner of which is detailed by* John Knox *with a ſavage minuteneſs.* Sir David Lindſay *too in this performance rakes together every circumſtance that can ſerve to ſtain the Cardinal's memory. If it was publiſhed, as ſaid by* Ames, *in* 1546, *it ought, in ſtrictneſs of arrangement, to have preceded the* Monarchies, *which was erroneouſly ſuppoſed to have been a prior compoſition, as not the ſlighteſt alluſion to the fate of* Bethune *is therein to be found, although in one of the chapters he treats expreſsly of the downfall of ambitious men.— Probably by the publication of this* Tragedie *he had given ſome offence to his kinſman and Chief,* David *the maſter of* Crawford, *who a few weeks before the Cardinal's murder had married his daughter; and therefore our poet might ſee cauſe to avoid the ſubject entirely in his* Monarchies.

From ſimilar appearances a ſuſpicion here ariſes that the hiſtory of Squire Meldrum *was alſo written after this Tragedie of* Cardinal Bethune.

Mortales cum nati ſitis, ne ſupra Deum vos exeritis.

THE PROLOG.

Not lang ago, efter the hour of prime,
Secreitlie ſitting in my oratorie,
I tuke ane buke till occupy the time,
Quhair I fand monie tragedie and ſtory
Quhilk Johne Boccas had put in memory;
How monie princes, conquerouris and kingis
War dulefully depoſit from thair ringis.

How Alexander the potent conquerour
In Babylon was poyſonit piteouſly;
And Julius, the michtie Empriour,
Murdreſt at Rome, cauſles and cruelly.
Prudent Pompey in Egypt ſchamefully
He murdreiſt was: Quhat neidis proces moir
Quhais tragedies wer petie till deploir?

I ſitting ſa upon my buke reiding,
Richt ſuddanely afoir me did apeir
Ane woundit man aboundantlie bleiding,
With viſage pail, and with ane deidly cheir,
Semand ane man of twa and fyftie yeir;
In raiment reid clothit full curiouſlie,
Of velvet and of ſatyne crammoſie.

With febill voice, as man opreſt with pane,
Softlie he maid me ſupplicatioun,
Saying: My friend, ga reid and reid agane,
Gif thow can find, be trew narratioun,
Of onie pane like to my paſſioun.
Richt ſure I am, wer Johne Boccas on lyve,
My tragedy at lenth he wald deſcryve.

Sen he is gane, I pray thé till indyte,
Of my iufortune ſum remembrance.
Or at the leiſt my tragedie to wryte,
As I to thé ſall ſchaw the circumſtance,
In termis breve of my unhappy chance,
Sen my beginning till my fatall end,
Quilk I wald till all creature wer kend.
I not, ſaid I, to mak ſic memoriall,
Bot of thy name I had intelligence.
I am David that cairful Cardinall,
Quhilk dois apeir, ſaid he, to thy preſence,
That umquhile had ſa greit pre-eminence.
Than he began his deidis til indite,
As ye ſall heir, and I began to write.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CARDINAL.

I David Betoun, umquhile Cardinall,
Of nobill blude be lyne I did diſcend.
During my time, I had na peregall;
Bot now, allace! is cum my fatall end.
In gré be gré upwart I did aſcend,
Sa that into this realme did never ring
Sa greit ane man as I under ane king.
Quhen I was ane yong joly gentilman,
Princes to ſerve I ſet my haill intent.
Firſt till aſcend, at Arbroith I began
In ane abbacie of greit riches and rent.
Of that eſtait yit was I not content.
To get mair riches, dignity, and gloir,
My hart was ſet; allace, allace thairfoir.

I maid ſic ſervice to our Soverane King,
He did promote me to mair hie eſtait.
Ane Prince above all preiſtis for to ring,
Archebiſchope of Sanct Androis conſecrait.
To that honour quhen I was elevait,
My prydefull hart was nocht content at all
Till that I creat was ane Cardinall.
Yit preiſſit I till have mair authoritie,
And finally was choſen Chancellair.
And, for uphalding of my dignitie,
Was maid Legate; than had I na compair.
I purcheſt, for my profite ſingulair,
My boxis and my treſour to avance,
The biſchoprick of Merapois in France.
Of Scotland I had the governall.
But my aviſe concludit was na thing.
Abbot, biſchop, archebiſchop, cardinall,
Into this realme na hier culd I ring,
Bot I had bin Paip, Empriour, nor King.
For ſchortnes of the time, I am not abill
At lenth to ſchaw my actis honourabill.
For my maiſt princelie prodigalitie,
Amang prelatis in France I bure the price;
I ſchaw my lordlie liberalitie
In banketting, playing at cartis and dice.
Into ſic wiſdome I was haldin wiſe,
And ſpairit not to play with King nor Knicht,
Thré thouſand crownis of gold upon a nicht.
In France I maid four honeſt voyages,
Quhair I did actis digne of remembrance.
Throw me war maid tryumphand mariages,
Till our Soverane baith profite and pleſance.
Quene Magdalene, the firſt dochter of France,
With greit riches was into Scotland brocht;
That mariage throw my wiſdome was wrocht.

After

After quhais deith in France I paſt agane;
The ſecund Quene homewart I did convoy,
That luſtie Princeſs Marie de Lorane,
Quhilk was reſſavit with greit triumph and joy.
Sa ſervit I our richt redoutit Roy.
Sone efter that, Henrie of Ingland King,
Of our Soverane deſirit ane commoning.

Of that meiting our King was weil content;
Sa that in York was ſet baith time and place:
Bot our prelatis and I wald neuer conſent
That he ſuld ſie King Henrie in the face.
Bot we wer weil content, howbeit his Grace
Had ſailit the ſey, to ſpeik with onie uther
Except the King, quha was his mother-brother.

Quhairthrow thair rais greit weir and mortal ſtrife,
Greit heirſchipis, hounger, derth, and deſolation:
On ather ſide did monie lois thair life.
Gif I wald mak ane trew narration,
I cauſit all that tribulation.
For to mak peice I never wald conſent,
Without the King of France had bin content.

During this weir wer taken preſoneiris,
Of nobil men, fechting full furiouſlie,
Monie ane Lord, Barroun, and Bacheleiris.
Quhairthrow our King tuk ſic ane melancholie,
Quhilk draif him to the deith richt dulefullie.
Extreme dolour ouirſet did ſa his hart,
That fra this life, allace! he did depart.

Bot efter that baith ſtrenth and ſpeeche was leiſit,
Ane paper blank his Grace I gart ſubſcrive;
Into the quhilk I wrait all that I pleiſit,
Efter his deith quhilk lang war to deſcryve.
Throw that wryting I purpoſit belyve,
With ſupport of ſum Lordis benevolence,
Into this regioun to have pre-eminence.

As

As for my Lord, our richteous Governour,
Gif I wald ſchortly ſchaw the veritie,
Till him I had na maner of favour.
During that time I purpoſit that he
Suld never cum to nane authoritie.
For his ſupport, thairfoir, he brocht amang us,
Furth of Ingland, the nobill Erle of Angus.
Than was I put abak from my purpois,
And ſuddanely caſt in captivitie,
My pridefull hart to dant, as I ſuppois,
Deviſit by the heich Divinitie.
Yit in my hart ſprang na humilitie;
Bot now the word of God full weill I knaw,
Quha dois exalt himſelf, God fall him law.
In the mein time, quhen I was ſa ſubjectit,
Ambaſſadouris war ſent into Ingland,
Quhair thai baith Peice and Mariage contractit;
And, mair ſurelie for till obſerve that band,
War promeiſt dyvers pledges of Scotland.
Of that contract I was na way content,
Nor never wald thairto give my conſent.
Till capitanis that keipit me in waird,
Giftis of gold I gave them greit plenty.
Rewlaris of Court I richely did rewaird,
Quhairthrow I chaipit from captivitie.
Bot quhen I was frie at my libertie,
Than like ane Lyoun louſit of his cage,
Out throw the realme I gan to reill and rage.
Contrair the Governour and his company,
Oft tymes maid I inſurrectioun,
Purpoſand for to have him haiſtely
Subdewit into my correctioun,
Or put him till extreme ſubjectioun.
During this time, gif it war weil decidit,
This realme be me was uterlie devidit.

The

The Governour purpoſing for to ſubdew,
I raiſit ane hoiſt of mony bauld Barroun,
And maid a raid that Lithgow yit may rew,
For we deſtroyit ane myle about the toun.
For that I gat monie blak maliſoun.
Yit contrair the Governouris intent,
With our young Princeſs we to Sterling went.
For heich contemptioun of the Governour,
I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France;
That luſty Lord levand in greit pleſour,
Did lois that land and honeſt ordinance.
Bot he and I fell ſone at variance,
And throw my counſall was, within ſchort ſpace,
Forfaltit and flemit; he gat nane uther grace.
Than throw my prudence, practik, and ingyne,
Our Governour I cauſit to conſent,
Full quyetly to my counſail incline;
Quhairof his Nobillis war not weill content:
For quhy? I gart diſſolve in Parliament
The band of peice contractit with Ingland,
Quhairthrow cum harme and heirſchip to Scotland.
That peice brokin, arais new mortall weiris
Be ſey and land, ſic reif without releif,
Quhilk to report, my frayit hart effeiris.
The veritie to ſchaw, in termis breif,
I was the rute of all that greit miſcheif.
The South cuntrie may ſay it had bin gude
That my nureis had ſmorit me in my cude.
I was the caus of mekill mair miſchance.
For, uphald of my gloir and dignitie,
And pleſour of the potent king of France,
With Ingland wald I have na unitie.
Bot quha conſider wald the veritie,
We micht full weil have levit in peice and reſt
Nyne or ten yeiris, and than playit lous or faſt.

Had

Had we with Ingland keipit our contrakis,
Our nobil men had leivit in peice and reſt,
Our merchandis had not loiſt ſa monie pakis,
Our common pepill had not bin opreſt;
On ather ſide all wrangis had bin redreſt.
At Edinburgh, ſen ſyne, Leith, and Kingorne,
The day and hour may ban that I was borne.

Our Governour, to mak him to me ſure,
With ſweit and ſubtel wordis I did him ſyle,
Till I his ſone and air gat in my cure.
To that effect I fand that crafty wyle,
That he na maner of way micht begyle.
Than leuch I quhan his lieges did alledge
How I his ſone had gottin into pledge.

The Erle of Angus, and his german bruther,
I purpoſit to gar them lois thair lyfe.
Richt ſa till have deſtroyit monie uther;
Sum with the fyre, ſum with the ſword and knyfe;
In ſpecial monie gentilmen of Fyfe.
And purpoſit till put till greit torment,
All favouraris of the Auld and New Teſtament.

Than everie man thay tuk of me ſic feir,
That time quhen I had ſa greit governance,
Greit Lordis dreiding I ſuld do them deir,
They durſt not cum till Court but aſſurance.
Sen ſyne ther hes not bene ſic variance;
Now till our Prince Barronis obedientlie,
But aſſurance thay cum full courteſlie.

My hope was maiſt into the King of France,
Togidder with the Paipis Halines,
Mair than in God my worchip to avance.
I traiſtit ſa into thair gentilnes,
That na man durſt preſume me to opres.
Bot quhan the day cum of my fatal hour,
Far was from me thair ſupport and ſuccour.

Than

Than to preſerve my riches and my lyfe,
I maid ane ſtrenth of wallis heich and braid,
Sic ane fortres was never found in Fyfe;
Belevand thair durſt na man me invaid.
Now find I trew the ſaw quhilk David ſaid,
Without God of ane hous be maiſter of wark,
He wirkis in vane, thoch it be neuer ſa ſtark.

For I was, throw the hie power divyne,
Richt dulefullie dung doun amang the as,
Quhilk culd not be throw mortall manis ingine.
Bot, as David did ſlay the greit Golyas,
Or Holopherne be Judith killit was,
In myd amang his triumphand armie,
Sa was I ſlene into my cheif cietie.

Quhen I had greiteſt dominatioun,
As Lucifer had into the Hevin empyre,
Cam ſuddanlie my deprivatioun,
Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conſpyre.
Sa cruell was thair furious birnand ire,
I gat na tyme, laiſer, nor libertie
To ſay, *In manus tuas Domine.*

Behald my fatall infelicitie,
I being in my ſtrenth incomparabill.
That dreidful dungeon maid me na ſupplie,
My greit riches nor rentis profitabill.
My ſilver wark, jewellis ineſtimabill,
My papall pompe, of golde my riche treſour,
My lyfe and all I loiſt in half ane hour.

To the pepill was maid ane ſpectakle
Of my deid and deformit carioun.
Sum ſaid it was ane manifeſt merikle,
Sum ſaid it was divyne punitioun
Sa to be ſlane into my ſtrang dungeoun.
Quhen everie man had judgit as him liſt,
Thay ſaltit me, ſyne cloſit me in ane kiſt.

I lay unburyit ſevin monethis and moir,
Or I was borne to cloſter, kirk, or queir,
In ane midding quhilk nane bin till deploir,
Without ſuffrage of channoun, monk, or freir.
All proud Prelatis of me may leſſounis leir,
Quhilk rang ſa lang, and ſa triumphantlie,
Syne in the duſt dung doun ſa dulefullie.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O YE my brether! princes of the preiſtis!
I mak yow hartly ſupplicatioun,
Baith nicht and day revolve into your breiſtis
The proces of my deprivatioun.
Conſider quhat bin your vocatioun.
To follow me I pray yow nocht pretend yow,
Bot reid at lenth this cedull that I ſend yow.

Ye knaw how Jeſus his diſcipulis ſent
Ambaſſadouris till every natioun,
To ſchaw his law and his commandement
To all pepill predicatioun.
Tharefoir, to yow I mak narratioun,
Sen ye to thame are verray ſucceſſouris,
Ye aucht to do as your predeceſſouris.

How dar ye be ſa bauld till tak on hand
For to be herauldis to ſa greit ane king,
To beir his meſſage baith to burgh and land,
Ye beand dumb, and can pronunce na thing,
Lyke menſtralis that can nocht play nor ſing.
Or quhy ſuld men give to ſic hirdis hyre,
Quhilk can not gyde thair ſcheip about the myre.

Eſchame ye not to be Chriſtis ſervitouris,
And for your fee hes greit temporall landis,
Syne of your office can not tak the curis!
Leif haſartrie, your harlatrie, and huris,

Remembring

Remembring on my unproviſit deid,
For efter deith may na man mak remeid.
Ye Prelatis, quhilk has thouſandis to ſpend,
Ye ſend ane ſempill freir for to preiche.
It is your craft, I mak it to yow kend,
Your ſelfis in your tempillis for to preiche.
Bot ferlie not thocht freiris fleiche;
For, an thay planely ſchaw the veritie,
Than will thay want the Biſchopis cheritie.
Quhairfoir bin gevin yow ſic royall rent?
Bot for to find the pepill ſpirituall fude;
Preiching to thame the New and Auld Teſtment.
The law of God dois planely ſa conclude.
Put not your hope into na warldlie gude
As I have done.—Behald, my greit treſour
Maid me na help at my unhappy hour.
That day quhan I was Biſchop conſecrait,
The Greit Bybil wes bound upon my back.
Quhat was thairin, lytill I knew, God wait,
Mair than ane beiſt beirand ane precious pack.
Bot haiſtely my covenant I brak,
For I was obliſſit, with my awin conſent,
The law of God to preiche with good intent.
Brether! richt ſwa quhen ye war conſecrait,
Ye obliſſit yow all on the ſamin wiſe.
Ye may be callit Biſchoppis counterfait,
As gallandis buſkit for to mak an gyſe.
Now think I, Princes ar na thing to pryſe,
Till give ane famous office to ane fule,
As quha wald put ane myter on ane mule.
Allace! an ye that ſorrowful ſicht had ſene,
How I lay bullerand, baithed in my blude;
To mend your life it had occaſioun bene,
And leve your auld corruptit conſwetude.
Tailyeing thairof, than ſchortlie I conclude,

Without ye from your ribaldrie arise,
Ye salbe servit on the samin wise.

TO THE PRINCES.

Imprudent Princes! but discretioun,
Having in eirth power imperiall,
Ye bin the caus of this transgressioun.
I speik to yow all in generall,
Quhilk dois dispone all office spirituall,
Gevand the saullis quhilk bin Christis scheip,
To blind pastouris, but conscience, to keip.
Quhen ye Princes dois want ane officiar,
Ane baxter, browster, or ane maister cuke,
Ane trym tailyeour, ane cunning cordinar,
Ouer all the land at lenth ye will gar luke,
Maist abill men sic offices to bruke.
Ane browster quhilk can brew maist hailsum aill,
Ane cunning cuke quhilk best can sessoun caill;
Ane tailyeour, that fosterit bene in France,
That can mak garmentis of the gayest gyse.
Ye Princes bin the caus of this mischance,
That quhan thair dois vaik onie benefyse,
Ye oucht to do upon the samin wise;
Gar seirch and seik, baith into burgh and lande,
The law of God quha best can understande.
Mak him Bischop that prudentlie can preiche,
As dois pertaine till his vocatioun,
Ane Persone quha has parochin can teiche.
Gar Vicaris mak dew ministratioun;
And als I mak yow supplicatioun,
Mak your Abbottis of richt religious men,
Quhilk to the pepill Christis law can ken.

Bot not to rebaldis new cum from the roiſt,
Nor of ane ſtuffet ſtollen out of ane ſtabill,
The quhilk into the ſcule maid neuer na coiſt,
Nor never was to Spirituall ſcience abill,
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabil.
Of Rome raikeris, nor of rude ruffianis,
Of calſay paikeris, nor of publicanis.
Nor of fantaſtik fenyet flatteraris,
Maiſt meit to gadder muſſillis into May;
Of cowhowbeis, nor yit of clatteraris,
That in the Kirk can nouther ſing nor ſay,
Thoch thay be clokit up in clarkis array,
Like clotit doctouris new cum out of Athenis,
And mummil ouir ane pair of maglit mattenis;
Bot qualefeit to bruik ane benefyis.
Bot throw Sir Symoneis ſoliſtatioun,
I was promovit on the ſamin wyis,
Allace! throw Princes ſupplicatioun,
And maid at Rome throw fals narratioun,
Biſchop, Abbot; bot na religious man.
Quha me promovit I now thair banis ban.
Howbeit I was Legat and Cardinall,
Lytill I knew thairin quhat ſuld be done.
I underſtude na ſcience ſpirituall
Na mair nor did blind Allane of the Mone.
I dreid the King that ſittis heich abone
On yow Princes ſall mak ſair puniſchement;
Richt ſa on us throw richteous judgement.
On yow Princes, for indiſcreit geving,
Till ignorantis ſic offices to uſe,
And we for our inoportune aſking,
Quhilk ſuld have done ſic dignitie refuſe.
Our ignorance has done the warld abuſe
Throw covetyce of riches and of rent.
That euer I was ane Prelate, I repent.

O Kingis!

O Kingis ! mak ye na cair to give in cure
Virginis profeſt into religioun
Intil the keiping of ane commoun hure ?
To mak think ye not greit derifioun,
Ane woman parſone of ane parifchoun,
Quhair thair bin twa thouſand ſaulis to gyde,
That from harlattis can not hir hippis hyde ?
Quhat and King David levit in thir dayis ?
Or out of Hevin, quhat and he lukit doun,
The quhilk did found ſa monie fair abbayis,
Seing the greit abhominatioun
In monie abbayis of this natioun ?
He wald repent that narrowit ſa his boundis,
Of yeirlie rent thré ſcoir thouſand poundis.
Quhairfoir I counſall everilk Chriſtian King
Within his realm mak reformatioun,
And ſuffer na ma rebaldis for to ring
Abuve Chriſtis trew congregatioun.
Failyeing thairof, I mak narratioun,
That ye Princes and Prelatis all at anis,
Sall bureit be in hell, ſaull, blude, and banis.
That euir I bruckit benefice, I rew,
Or to ſic heicht ſa proudlie did pretend.
I mon depart—thairfoir, my friendis, adew !
Quhaireuir it pleiſis God, now mon I wend.
I pray thee till my freindis me recommend,
And failye not at lenth to put in wryte
My Tragedye, as I have done indyte.

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[r] P. 56. "Boccas." The celebrated Boccacio wrote a Latin hiſtory entitled *De Caſibus Virorum illuſtrium*, which was paraphraſtically tranſlated into French about the year 1409. From this French paraphraſe, *Lydgate*, Monk of Bury, formed an Engliſh metrical verſion, about A. D. 1420, under the title of "The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Bochas of all ſuch princes as fell from their eſtates throughe the mutabili-

ty of Fortune, &c."—printed by Wayland in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and, without doubt, well known to Sir David Lindſay, whoſe "Tragedy of Beatoun," is written exactly in the ſame manner, "every perſonage in *Boccace* being ſuppoſed to appear before the Poet, and to relate his reſpective ſufferings," hence called *tragedies* or tragical ſtories.

It has been remarked by Keith that Lindſay makes here no mention of the Cardinal glutting himſelf inhumanly with the ſpectacle of Mr Wiſhart's death, nor of any prophetical intimation made by Wiſhart concerning the fate of Beaton;—from which the hiſtorian infers that both of theſe reports are probably groundleſs.

It may gratify ſome readers to inform them, that the principal vouchers and authorities quoted by Lindſay in his Monarchy and other works are. 1. *Faſciculus Temporum*, a Latin Chronicle written at the cloſe of the 15th century, by Wernerus Rolewinck, a Carthuſian Monk of Cologne. 2. *Chronica Chronicarum*, by Hardmannus Schedlius, a phyſician at Nuremburgh; printed 1493, and now commonly called the Nuremburgh Chronicle. 3. *Cario's Chronicle*, a more rational and elegant work, originally compoſed about the beginning of the 16th century, by Ludovicus Cario, an eminent mathematician, and improved or written anew by Melancthon. 4. *Oroſius*, a Chriſtian Hiſtorian of the fifth century, who had the honour of being tranſlated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, and in that dreſs has lately made his appearance in public. Lindſay mentions a tranſlation of Oroſius, which muſt have been either the French one by Philip Le Noir, printed in 1526, or this by King Alfred; at leaſt no other is known to have exiſted at that time. The other authors mentioned by Lindſay are Avicen, the Arabic phyſician, Polydore Virgil, St Jerome, Diodorus Siculus, Joſephus, Valerius Maximus, Livy, Virgil, and Homer.

To the Quarto edition of Lindſay's Works, printed by Henry Charteris 1592, is prefixed a metrical *Adhortation of all Eſtaitis to the reiding of thir preſent Warkis*; probably by Charteris himſelf, or his brother the Profeſſor: With the following extract from which, we ſhall now take leave of Sir David Lindeſay:

Thairfoir, gude Reidar, I haif travell tane
Intill ane volume, now breiflie for to bring
Of David Lyndeſay the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knicht of the Mount, Lyoun of Armis King,
Quha in our dayis now laithlie did ring;
Quhais oregnant practick, and quhais ornat ſtyle
To be commendit be me neidis na thing.
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he has done compyle.

Thocht Gawyne Dowglas, biſchop of Dunkell,
In ornat meter ſurmount did everilk man;
Thocht Kennedie and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the lang raçe of Rhethorik thay ran;

Yit never poet of our Scottiſch clan
Sa cleirlie ſchew that monſtour with his markis,
The Romiſch God, in quhom all gyle began,
As dois gude David Lyndeſay in his warkis.

Let Lyndeſay now, as he war yet on lyve,
Pas furth to licht, with all his ſentence hie,
Unto all men thair dewtie to diſcryve,
Quhairin thay may ane livelie image ſie,
Of his expreſſit mind in poetrie,
Prentit as he it publiſchit with his pen.
That himſelf ſpeik, I think it beſt for me,
Give gloir to God quhilk gave ſic giftes to men.

EARL

EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

KNOX, *ſpeaking of the cruelties exerciſed againſt the reformers about the end of the reign of James V. and beginning of Queen Mary's, obſerves, that notwithſtanding this perſecution,* "*the monſters and hypocritis* "*the Gray Frears, day by day came farder in con-*
"*tempt: For, not only did the learned eſpye and de-*
"*teſt their abominable hypocriſy, but alſo men in*
"*whom none ſuch graces nor gifts were thought to*
"*have been, began plainlie to paint the ſame forth to*
"*the people, as this ryme made by* Alexander Earl of
"Glencairne, *yet alive,* (*ab.* 1566,) *can witneſs.*"

ANE EPISTLE DIRECTED FROM THE HOLY HEREMITE OF ALLAREIT, TO HIS BRETHREN THE GRAYE FRERS.

I THOMAS, hermite of Lareit,
Sanct Frances ordour hartely greit;
Beſeiking you, with ferme intent,
To be wakryif and diligent.
For thir Lutherans, riſſen of new,
Our ordour dayly dois perſew.
Thir ſmaikis do ſet their haill intent
To read the Ingliſch New Teſtment;
And ſayis we have thame clein diſceyppit,
Therefore in haſt they mon be ſtoppit.
Our Stait hypocriſie they pryiſs,
And us blaſphemis on this wyiſs:

Sayand

Sayand that we are heretykes,
And fals loud lying maſtiſs tykes;
Cummerars and quellers of Chriſtis kirk,
Sweir ſwyngeours that will not wirk,
But idelie our living wynnis,
Devouring woilfis into ſheepe ſkinnis;
Hurkland with huidis into our nek,
With Judas mind to jouke and bek;
Seikand Chriſtis people to devoir,
The doun-thringers of Goddis gloir;
Profeſſors of hypocriſie,
And Doctouris in idolatrie;
Stout fiſcheiris with the feyndis net,
The upcloſers of hevins yett;
Cancart corruptars of the creede,
Humlock ſawers amang gude ſeede;
To trow in trators that men do tyiſt,
The hye way kennand them fra Chryiſt.
Monſters with the beiſtis marke,
Dogges that never ſtintes to barke;
Kirkmen that are to Chriſt unkend,
A ſect that Sathanis ſelfe has ſend;
Lurkand in hoils lyke trator toddis,
Maintainers of idolles and falſe goddis;
Fantaſtike fuiles, and fenyeit fleichers,
To turn fra trueth the verray teachers.
For to declair their haill ſentence,
Wald mekill cumber your conſcience:
To ſay your faith it is ſa ſtark,
Your cord and louſie cote and ſark;
Ye lippin may bring you to ſalvatioun,
And quyte excludis Chryſtis paſſioun.
I dread this doctrine, and it laſt,
Sall outher gar us wirke or faſt.
Thairfore with ſpeede we menn provide,
And not our proffit ovirſlide.

I ſchaip

I ſchaip myſelfe, within ſhort quhile,
To courſe our Ladie in Argyle,
And thair on craftie wyſe to wirk,
Till that we biggit haif ane kirk.
Syne miracles mak be your advice.
The kitterills, thouch they haif bot lyce,
The twa part to us they will bring.
But orderlie to dreſſe this thing,
A Gaiſt I purpoſe to gar gang,
Be counſayll of frear Walter Lang;
Quhilk ſall make certaine demonſtrations
To help us in our procurations,
Your halie order to decoir.
That practick he proved anis befoir,
Betwixt Kircaldie and Kinghorne;
But lymmaris made therat ſic ſkorne,
And to his fame made ſic degreſſion,
Synſyne he hard not Kingis confeſſion.
Thouch at that time he cam no ſpeide,
I pray you tak gude will as deide;
And ſo me amang you reſſave,
As ane worth mony of the lave.
Quhat I obtaine may, throuch his airt,
Reaſon wald ye had your pairt.
Your order handillis na monie;
But for other caſualtie,
As beefe, meale, butter, and cheeſe,
Or quhat we haif, or that ye pleeſe,
To ſend your brethren *& habeté*.
As now nocht ellis but *valete*,
Be Thomas your bruther at command,
A culrunne kythit throuch mony a land.

In various works of Sir David Lindſay, apparently written between 1540 and 1552, the Hermit of Lauriet is mentioned as a perſon of conſiderable notoriety; but no particular memorial of him ſeems now extant or attainable. Laureit, or Allareit, as it is printed in the firſt edition 8vo. of Knox, is undoubtedly Loretto at the eaſt end of Muſſelburgh, where there formerly was a chapel belonging to the abbacy of Dunfermline. Of that building there are now no remains, excepting a ſmall cell, about twelve feet by ten, in the garden of the villa which ſtill bears the ſame name. This cell we may reaſonably ſuppoſe to have been the pretended habitation of the holy hermit friar Thomas, where he carried on his trade of hearing confeſſions, ſelling pardons and indulgencies, and working miraculous cures upon the credulous and ignorant multitude. Lindſay talks of troops of young men and women marching from Edinburgh in pilgrimage "to kiſs the claggit tail of the hermit, and to adore the image" of the Virgin Mary, after the faſhion of the Italian Lady of Loretto of famous memory. And Biſhop Leſley relates that James V. went in pilgramage to this ſhrine after his unſucceſsful attempt in 1534 to pay a viſit to his intended bride in France; no doubt, with the view of ſecuring a more proſperous voyage upon a future occaſion. He accordingly was ſucceſsful in his next viſit; but, whether through the influence of Friar Thomas, it is not neceſſary here to determine. The King probably knew him to be lucky in removing difficulties in affairs of love; for, as Lindſay expreſſes it,

——— into Pilgramage to paſs
Is the ſtraight way to wantonneſs.

Soon after the Reformation, or about the year 1590, the tolbooth of Muſſelburgh (ſays the Statiſtical Account) was built out of the ruins of this chapel, which muſt have been of conſiderable dimenſions. The old ſteps of the ſtair, which was repaired not long ſince, were the baſes of the pillars of the chapel, according to the report of maſons ſtill living. This is ſaid to have been the firſt religious houſe in Scotland whoſe ruins were applied to an unhallowed uſe, for which the good people of Muſſelburgh, till very lately, were *annually excommunicated* at Rome.

Alexander, the fifth Earl of Glencairn, was one of the moſt ſtrenuous promoters of the Reformation, and in particular carried his vengeance againſt images to an unwarranted length. When (in a great meaſure through his means) Queen Mary was driven from the throne, Lord Glencairn, attended by his domeſtics only, haſtened to Holyroodhouſe in a holy phrenzy, tore down the altars of the Royal Chapel, and broke the images to pieces. Soon after this, he obtained a grant of the abbay of Kilwinning for his ſhare of the ſpoil.

SIR

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND,

the ninth Dominus de Thirleſtane, *(in Berwickſhire,) and grandfather of the firſt* Earl of Lauderdale, *ſeems to be the next Scottiſh Poet who claims attention in this chronological ſeries. He was born about* 1496; *is ſaid to have ſerved his country in various public offices, particularly as Lord Privy Seal to Queen Mary, with great fidelity; and was a ſteady friend of the throne, and of the eſtabliſhed religion of the country, as his predeceſſors had always been, and his ſucceſſors have continued to be,* even unto this day. *In the books of Sederunt, his name is found as an extraordinary Lord of Seſſion in* 1553, *by the title of* Lord Lethington; *about which time it has been thought he firſt began to write verſes. That they "have conſiderable merit in every "point of view, and ſhew him to have been a good man "as well as a great ſtateſman," we have the teſtimony of* Mr Pinkerton, *by whom they were firſt drawn from obſcurity, and given to the public in* 1786,—*exactly* 200 *years after the completion of the venerable volumes in which they are preſerved, and which are now commonly diſtinguiſhed by the title of* THE MAITLAND MSS. *Sir Richard was ſeized with blindneſs, apparently about* 1560, *and died in* 1586. *His principal pieces ſhall here be placed according to the order in which we may ſuppoſe them to have been written; being nearly the ſame with that of the Quarto MS. which was tranſcribed during his own life-time, by* Miſs Mary Maitland, *his third daughter.*

SATIRE

SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES.

In the 4to. MAITLAND MS. *almoſt the whole of* Sir Richard's *poems are placed at the beginning of the volume, and apparently not without ſome attention to the chronology. After* ane Sonet *to the author in commendatioun of his buik, we find this Satire as the firſt article, which we may therefore ſuppoſe to be one of his earlieſt productions. Independent of this circumſtance, the nature of the ſubject would have led us to the ſame concluſion. The deſcription of the female dreſs is highly curious, and muſt have been written when the author "had all his eyes about him;" perhaps before the death of James V. at which time* Maitland *was* 46 *years old, and for ſeveral years had been a favourite at Court; probably alſo a votary of the Muſes. The reader may compare it with* Lindſay's "Inveccyd agains ſydes taillis and muſſalit faces;" Vol. II. p. 165. *perhaps written nearly about the ſame time.*

I.

SUM wyfis of the burrouſtoun
Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,
In warld thay wait not quhat to weir:
On claythis thay wair monye a croun;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

II.

Thair bodyes bravelie thay attyir,
Of carnal luſt to eik the fyir.
I fairlie quhy thai have no feir
To gar men deime quhat thay deſyre;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

III.

Thair gouns coiſtlie (full) trimlie traillis;
Barrit with velvout, ſleif, nek, taillis.
And thair foirſkirt of ſilkis ſeir:
Of fyneſt camroche thair fuk ſaillis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir,

IV.

And of fyne ſilk thair furrit cloikis,
With hingeand ſleivis, lyk geill poikis.
Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir
To weir all thing that ſinne provoikis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

V.

Thair wylie coits man weill be hewit,
Broudrit richt braid, with paſments ſewit.
I trow, quha wald the matter ſpeir,
That thair gudmen had caus to rew it,
That evir thair wyfes wair ſic geir.

VI.

Thair wovin hois of ſilk ar ſchawin,
Burrit abone with taſteis drawin:
With gartens of ane new maneir;
To gar thair courtlines be knawin;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

VII.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,
To ſchaw thair wylecot hingeand down;
And ſumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,
To ſchaw thair hois of blak or broun;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

VIII.

Thair collars, carcats, and hals beidis !—
With velvet hats heicht on thair heidis,
Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,
Broudit about with goldin threidis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

IX.

Thair ſchone of velvot, and thair muillis !—
In kirk thai ar not content of ſtuillis,
The ſermon quhen thay ſit to heir;
Bot caryis cuſchings lyik vaine fuillis:
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

X.

I mein of nane thair honour dreidis.—
Quhy ſould thay not have honeſt weidis,
To thair eſtait doand effeir?
I mein of thame thair ſtait exceidis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

XI.

For ſumtyme wyfes ſa grave hes bein,
Lyik giglets cled wald not be ſein.—
Of burges' wyfes thoch I ſpeik heir,
Think weil of all wemen I mein
On vaneteis that waiſtis geir.

XII.

Thay ſay wyfes ar ſo delicat
In feiding, feiſting, and bankat,
Sum not content ar with ſic cheir
As weill may ſuffice thair eſtait,
For newfangilnes of cheir, and geir.

XIII.

And ſum will ſpend mair, I heir ſay,
In ſpyice and droggis, on ane day,
Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir.
Quhilk will gar monye pak decay,
Quhen thay ſa vainlie waiſt thair geir.

XIV.

XIV.

Thairfoir, young wyfis ſpeciallie,
Of all ſic faultis hald yow frie:
And moderatly to leif now leir
In meit, and clayth accordinglie;
And not ſa vainlie waiſt your geir.

XV.

Uſe not to ſkift athort the gait;
Nor mum na chairtis, air nor lait.
Be na dainſer, for this daingeir
Of yow be tane an ill conſait
That ye ar habill to waiſt geir.

XVI.

Hant ay in honeſt cumpanie;
And all ſuſpicious places flie.
Lat never harlot cum yow neir;
That wald yow leid to leicherie,
In houp to get thairfoir ſum geir.

XVII.

My counſell I geve generallie
To all wemen, quhat ever thay be;
This leſſoun for to quin per queir;
Syne keip it weill continuallie,
Better nor onye warldlie geir.

XVIII.

Leif, burges men, or all be loiſt,
On your wyfis to mak ſic coiſt,
Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.—
Scho that may not want wyne and roiſt,
Is abill for to waiſt ſum geir.

XIX.

Betwene thame, and nobils of blude,
Na difference bot ane velvout huid!
Thair camroche curcheis ar als deir;
Thair uther claythis ar als guid;
And thai als coſtlie in uther geir.

XX.

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid
To thair honour, and find remeid;
Thai ſuld thole na ſic wyfes to weir,
Lyk lordis wyfis, lady's weid,
As dames of honour in ther geir.

XXI.

I ſpeik for na deſpyt trewlie,
(Myſelf am not of faultis frie,)
Bot that ye ſould not perſeveir
Into ſic foliſche vanitie,
For na newfangilnes of geir.

XXII.

Of burges wyfes thoch I ſpeik plaine,
Sum landwart ladyis ar als vain,
As be thair clething may appeir;
Werand gayer, nor thame may gain;
On ouir vaine claythis waiſtand geir.

Quod Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun.

St. xii. and xiii. "Anentis the exorbitant *dearth* of victualles and uther ſtuffe for the ſuſtentatioun of mankinde now dailie increaſſand," an Act of Parliament was made, *anno* 1551, ordaining "that na Archbiſhops, Biſhops, nor Earles have at thair meal bot aught diſhes of meat: nor na Abbot, Lord, Priour, nor Deane, but ſex diſhes of meat: nor na Barronne, nor Free-halder have but four diſhes: nor na Burges or uther ſubſtantious man ſall have bot three diſhes, and bot ane kind of meate in everie diſhe: The penalties for the reſpective claſſes being, ane hundreth pound for the firſt, ane hundreth markes for the ſecond, forty poundes for the third, and twenty markes for the fourth.—This increaſing *dearth* of proviſions is again mentioned in Act 41, *anno* 1555, where exportation of victuals is prohibited, with the exception of "baken bread, browen aile, and *aquavitæ (uiſge-beatha* in Erſe, by contraction whiſkey) to the Weſt Iles.—For ſeveral years prior to 1551, the two fertile counties of Berwick and Roxburgh had been unmercifully plundered by the Engliſh, who after the unfortunate battle of Pinkey, kept almoſt un-interrupted poſſeſſion of the forts of Roxburgh, Lauder, Hume, Haddington, and Dunglaſs, to the concluſion of peace in 1550. This circumſtance alone was ſufficient to produce a ſcarcity.

SATIRE

SATIRE ON THE AGE;

(*about* 1548.)

I.

QUHAIR is the blythnes that hes bein,
Bayth in burgh and landwart, ſein
Amang lordis, and ladeis ſchein;
Danſing, ſinging; game, and play?
Bot weil I wait nocht quhat thay mein:
All merrines is worne away.

II.

For nou I heir na wourde of Yule,
In kirk, on caſſay, nor in ſkuil.
Lordis lat thair kitchings cule;
And drawis thame to the Abbay:
And ſcant hes ane to keip their mule.
All houſhalding is worne away.

III.

I ſaw no gyſars all this yeir,
Bot—kirkmen cled lyk men of weir,
That never cummis in the queir.
Lyk ruffians' is thair array;
To preitche and teitche, that will not leir.
The kirk gudis thai waſte away.

IV.

Kirkmen, affoir, war gude of lyf;
Preitchit, teitchit, and ſtaunchit ſtryf;
Thai ſeirit nother ſwerd nor knyf.
For luif of God, the ſuith to ſay,
All honorit thame, bayth man and wyf;
Devotioun wes nocht away.

V.

Our faders wys war, and diſcreit;
Tha had bayth honour, men, and meit.
With luif thai did thair tennents treit;
And had aneuch in preſs to lay.
Thai wantit nother malt, nor quheit;
And merrines was nocht away.

VI.

And we hald nother Yule, nor Pace;
Bot ſeik our meit from place to place.
And we have nother luk nor grace;
We gar our landis dowbil pay:
Our tennents cry 'Alace! Alace!
'That reuth and petie is away!'

VII.

Now we have mair, it is weil kend,
Nor our forbearis had to ſpend;
Bot far les at the yeiris end:
And never hes ane merie day.
God will na ryches to us ſend,
So long as honour is away.

VIII.

We waiſt far mair now, lyk vane fulis,
We, and our page, to turſe our mulis,
Nor thai did than, that held grit Yulis;
Of meit and drink ſaid never nay.
Thai had lang formes quhair we have ſtulis;
And merrines wes nocht away.

IX.

Of our wanthrift ſum wytis playis;
And ſum thair wantoun vane arrayis;
Sum the wyt on thair wyfis layis,
That in the court wald gang ſa gay;
And care nocht quha the merchand payis,
Quhil pairt of land be put away.

X.

X.

The kirkmen keipis na profeſſioun;
The temporale men commits oppreſſioun,
Puttand the puir from thair poſſeſſioun;
Na kynd of feir of God have thai.
Thai cummar bayth the court, and ſeſſioun:
And chaſis charitie away.

XI.

Quhen ane of thame ſuſtenis wrang,
We cry for juſtice,—heid and hang:
Bot, quhen our neichbours we our-gang,
We lawbour juſtice to delay.
Affectioun blindis us ſa lang,
All equitie is put away.

XII.

To mak actis we have ſum feil;
God wait gif that we keip thame weil!
We cum to bar with jak of ſteil,
As we wald boiſt the juge and 'fray.
Of ſic juſtice I have na ſkeil;
Quhair rewle, and order, is away.

XIII.

Our laws ar lichtleit for abuſioun;
Sumtyme ar clokit with coluſioun,
Quhilk cauſis of blude grit effuſioun;
For na man ſparis now to ſlay.
Quhat bringis cuntries to confuſioun,
Bot quhair that juſtice is away?

XIV.

Quha is to wyte, quha can ſchaw us?
Quha, bot our nobils, that ſuld knaw us,
And till honorabil deidis draw us?
Lat never comoun weil decay;
Or els ſum miſchief will befaw us,
And nobilnes we put away.

XV.

XV.

Put our awn laws to executioun ;
Upon treſpaſſes mak punitioun :
To crewel folk ſeik na remiſſioun.
For peax and juſtice lat us pray ;
In dreid ſum ſtrange new inſtitutioun
Cum, and our cuſtome put away.

XVI.

Amend your lyvis, ane, and all ;
Els bewar of ane ſuddane fall.
And pray to God, that maid us all,
To ſend us joy that leſtis ay ;
And lat us nocht to ſin be thrall ;
Bot put all vyce, and wrang, away.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledingtoun, knycht.

From ſtanzas iii. iv. and xv. it may ſafely be inferred that this Satire was compoſed within ſome ſhort time after the murder of Cardinal Beatoun, and while the war with England ſtill continued ; i. e. between the years 1546 and 1550. The Scottiſh Clergy muſt have been, at that time, in a ſtate of conſiderable alarm. The admonition addreſſed to them by Sir David Lindſay through the mouth of Cardinal Beaton could not eaſily be forgotten ; and the object of the war on the part of England appeared to be no leſs than to unite the two kingdoms under one head and one religion, the conſequence of which would be immediate ruin to the Catholic ſyſtem. The counties of Mers and Teviotdale were in a great meaſure ſubjected to the Engliſh yoke, and Henry had even proceeded to aſſign the property of them to the conquerours. The Scottiſh Clergy being evidently ſo much intereſted in the fate of the war, an Act of Parliament was made in 1547, by which great encouragement was held out to ſuch of them as would join the army to defend the country againſt its "auld enemies of England." This accounts for their being "cled lyk men of weir," a ſpecies of dreſs for which Maitland, a Baron of the Mers, ſeems to have entertained no partiality ; his eſtates of Blythe and Lethington being, about that time, probably at the mercy of Engliſh ſoldiers.

ON THE MALYCE OF POETIS,

— *in alluſion, it may be preſumed, to* Sir David Lindſay *and other rhiming declaimers againſt the vices and ignorance of the Clergy ;* WEDDERBURNE, *for example, whoſe Satires under the title of* Gude and Godlie Ballates, *although not collected into a volume by* Robert Smythe *until nearly the end of the century, were doubtleſs publiſhed ſeparately about the middle of this reign. In a Manuſcript hiſtory of the Kirk, written in* 1560, *they are mentioned (meaning the printing and circulation of them) as " the particular means whairby came the knowledge of Goddis truth in the time of great darkneſs :" And chiefly with a view to the author or authors of them the 27th Act of Parliament* 1551 *was made, prohibiting the publication of all ſuch " ballates, ſanges, and tragedies, als weill of Kirkmen as Temporall, without licence, had and obtained fra our ſoveraine Ladie."* Maitland's *verſes were written probably* before *the paſſing of that Act.*

SUM of the poyets and makars, that ar now,
Of grit deſpyte, and malice, ar ſa ſow,
That all leſingis, that can be inventit,
Thai put in writ, and garris thame be prentit ;
To gar the peple ill opinioun taik
Of thame, quhom of thai thair ballatis maik.
With ſclanderous words thai do all thing thai can
For to defame mony gude honeſt man,

In

In ſetting furthe thair buikis, and thair rymes,
Accuſand ſum of improbabil crymes.
And, thoch that ſum thair lybells does allow,
Yit few that will thair awin warks avow.
And thoch that thai bakbytars and blaſphemars,
Now at this tyme, has mony thair mantenars,
The day will cum that thai forthink ſall it
That thai have put ſic leſings into writ.
To ſteill ane manis fame is gritter ſin
Nor ony geir that is this warld within.
Thairfoir repent, ye ralars, and reſtoir
To thame thair fame quhom ye ſklandrit befoir:
To that effect apply your wordes, and deidis,
Ill brute to tak furthe of the peple's heidis.
Cry *toung! I leid*, throw all this natioun:
Mak buiks and rymes of recantatioun.
Sic alteratioun may cum in this land
May gar ane tak ane uther be the hand,
And ſay, *Think on—Ye maid of me ane ballat,*
For your rewarde now I ſall brek your pallat.
Men ſould bewar quhat thing thai ſaid or did,
For it may cum to lycht lang hes bene hid.
Thairfoire na man mak ballats, nor indyte,
Of ill, detractioun, ſklander, nor diſpyte.
Put not in writ that God, or man, may greif.
All vertew love; and all vyces repreif.
Or mak ſum myrrie toy, to gude purpoſe,
That may the herar, and redar bayth, rejoſe:
Or ſum fruitful and gude Moralité:
Or pleſand things, may ſtand with chirrité.
Diſpytful poyets ſould not tholit be
In commounweils, or godlie cumpanie:
That ſorte ar (redie) ay to ſaw ſeditioun;
And put gude men into ſuſpitioun.

Quod Sir R. M. of Ledingtoun.

ON THE NEW YEIR.

(*Perhaps* 1557, *or* 1558.)

I.

O HIE eternal God of micht !
Of thy grit grace, grant us thy licht,
With hairt and mynd ſinceir,
To leif efter thy lawis richt,
Now into this new yeir.

II.

God keip our Quein ; and grace hir ſend
This realme to gyde, and to defend ;
In juſtice perſeveir :
And of *thir warris* mak an end,
Now into this new yeir.

III.

God ſend grace to our Quene Regent,
Be law to mak ſic puniſhment,
To gar lymmars foirbeir
For till oppreſs the innocent,
Now into this new yeir.

IV.

Lord, ſchent all ſawars of ſeditioun ;
Remove all rancour and ſuſpicioun,
Quhilk may this cuntrie deir.
Put all perturbars to punitioun.
Now into this new yeir.

V.

God ſend paſtors of veritie,
Be quham we may inſtructit be
Our God to ſerve and feir.
And to ſet furth his wourd trewlie,
Now into this new yeir.

VI.

VI.

And tak awa the ignorantis
Of tha kirkmen that vyceis hauntis
And leidis us atreir ;
That bayth gud lyf and cunning wantis ;
Now into this new yeir.

VII.

God gif our lordis temporal
Grace to gif ane trew conſal,
This realme to gyd and ſteir ;
To be obedient and loyal,
Now into this new yeir.

VIII.

And tak away all grit oppreſſours,
Comoun mantenars of tranſgreſſours,
Movears of ſtryf and weir,
For theves and revars interceſſours,
Now into this new yeir.

IX.

Lords of the Stait, mak expeditioun,
Gar everilk man mak reſtitutioun
Of wrangus land and geir ;
And we ſall eik *our* contributioun,
Now into this new yeir.

X.

Men of law, I pray yow mend.
Tak na ill quarels be the end
For profeit may appeir ;
Invent na things to gar us ſpend
Our geir in this new yeir.

XI.

God grant our ladeis chaſtitie,
Wiſdome, meiknes, and gravitie :
And have na will to weir
Thir clathing full of vanitie,
Now into this new yeir :

XII.

XII.

Bot for to weir habilyement
According to thair ſtait and rent;
And all thingis foirbeir,
That may thair barnis gar repent
Heirafter mony yeir.

XIII.

God ſend our burgeſs' wit and ſkill
For to ſet furth the commounweil;
With lawtie ſell thair geir;
And to uſe met and meſure leil,
Now into this new yeir.

XIV.

And all vane waiſtours tak away;
Regrattours that tak double pay:
And wyne ſellars our deir;
Dyvours that drinkis all the day;
Now into this new yeir.

XV.

Grace be to the gud burges' wyfis,
That be leifsum lawbour thryvis;
And dois vertew leir;
Thriftie, and of honeſt lyfis,
Now into this new yeir.

XVI.

For ſum of thame wald be weil fed,
And lyk the quenis ladeis cled,
Thoch all thair barnes ſuld bleir.
I trow that ſic ſall mak ane red
Of all thair paks this yeir.

XVII.

God ſend the comouns weil to wirk;
The grund to lawbour, and nocht irk,
To win gude quheit and beir;
And to bring furth bayth ſtaig and ſtirk,
Now into this new yeir.

XVIII.

And tak awa thir ydle lounis,
Cryand wakkars, with cloutit gounis;
And fornars that ar fweir;
And put thame in the galiounis,
Now into this new yeir.

XIX.

I pray all ftaitis and degree
To pray to God continwalie
His grace to grant us heir:
And fend us peax and unitie
Now into this new yeir.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

St. 2. l. 4.—*Thir warris.*] Mr Pinkerton's original edition reads, "her wawis," which poffibly may fignify "her waes;" but Queen Mary experienced no conſiderable afflictions before the death of her huſband the Dauphin in Dec. 1560: beſides, the word is never ſpelt "wawis," but "waes," or "wais." The paſſage ſeeming thus to be erroneous, I have ventured to ſubſtitute "thir warris," weiris or wars, applicable to the firſt of the year (25th March) either of 1557 or 1558; the Eaſt borders being in a turbulent ſtate in 1556, and the Queen Regent having endeavoured to provoke a war with England in 1557.—The "contribution" mentioned in St. 9th favours the laſt of theſe dates, an attempt having been made in ſummer 1557 to eſtabliſh a ſtanding army to be ſupported by a "contribution" of a certain proportion of annual income.

St. 18. l. 2. *Cryand wakkars*, perhaps "clamorous beggars;" but I rather ſuppoſe "cryand" to be an error for Catheran or Ketheren, a word which occurs in Regiam Majeſtatem, and ſeems to denote ſome ſort of idle vagabonds who ſubſiſted chiefly by plunder. See *Gloſſary*.

OF THE WYNNING OF CALICE,

(*Januarv* 1558, "*whereby all the Engliſh footing was loſt in the Continent of France.*")

I.

REJOIS, Henrie, moſt Chriſtine King of Fraunce!
Rejois, all peopill of that regioun!
That with manheid, and be ane happy chance,
Be thy Levetennent trew, of greit renown,
The Duik of Gweis, recoverit Calice towne.
The quhilk hes bene, twa hundreth yeirs begane,
Into the hands of Inglis natioun;
Quha never thocht be force it micht be tane.

II.

But we may ſe that mennis jugement
Is all bot vaine, when God pleſis to ſchaw
His michtie power: quha is omnipotent;
For, quhen he pleſis, he gars princes knaw
That it is he alane quha rewlis aw:
And mannis helpe is all bot vanitie.
Think that it wes his hand that brak the waw:
Thairfoir gif gloir to him eternalie.

III.

Sa hie ane purpois for to tak in hand
Quha gaif that prince ſa grit audacitie?
To ſeige that town, that ſa ſtranglie did ſtand?
And quha gaif him ſic ſubſtance and ſupplie?
And quha gaif him at end the victorie?
Quha bot grit God, the gydar of all things?
That, quhen he pleſis, can princis magnifie:
And for thair ſyn tranſlat realmes and kingis.

IV.

IV.

That nobil king wes gritlie till avance,
Quho, efter that his captanes of renoun
Had tynt ane field, be hasard and mischance,
Yet tynt na curage for that misfortoun:
Bot, lyk ane michtie valyeant campioun,
Be his Levetennent, and nobil men of weir,
Tuik upon hand to seige the strongest toun
Into the deidest tym of all the yeir.

V.

Thairfoir ye all that ar of Scottis blude,
Be blyth, rejois for the recovering
Of that strang toun: and of the fortoun gude
Of your maist tendir freynd that nobil king;
Quhilk ay wes kynd in help and supporting
Of yow, be men, and mony copious:
And in his hand hes instantlie the thing
To yow, Scottis, that is maist pretious.

VI.

Sen ye love God in thingis outwardlie,
In fyris, and processioun generale;
Sua, in your hairtis, love him inwardlie.
Amend your lyves; repent your synnis all:
Do equal ressoun, bayth to grit and small.
And everie man do his vocatioun;
Than God sall grant yow, quhen ye on him call,
Of your fayis the dominatioun.

VII.

Sen God in the begynning of this yeir,
Unto that king sa gude fortoun hes send;
We pray to HIM sic grace to grant us heir,
That we get Berwick our merches for to mend.
Quhilk, gif we get, our bordours may defend
Agains Ingland, with HIS help and supplie.
And then I wald the weiris had an end;
And we to leif in peax, and unitie.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

OF

OF THE QUENIS MARYAGE TO THE DOLPHIN OF FRANCE.

(1558.)

I.

THE grit blythnes, and joy ineſtimabil,
For to ſet furth the Scottis ar nocht abil;
Nor for to mak condigne ſolemnitie,
For the gude news, and tythings comfortabil,
Of the contract of maryage honorabil,
Betwix the Quene's maiſt nobil majeſtie,
And the gritiſt young prince in chriſtentie,
And alſua to us the maiſt profitabil,
Qf France the Dolphin, firſt ſon of King Henrie.

II.

All luſtie wowars, and hardie chevaleris,
Go dreſs your hors, your harnes, and your geiris,
To rin at liſts, to juſt, and to turnay;
That it may run onto your ladeis eiris
Quha in the field maiſt valiantlie him beris.
And ye, fair ladeis! put on your beſt array.
Requeiſt young men to ryd in your lev'ray,
That, for your ſaik, thai may breik twentie ſpeiris
For luf of you, young luſtie ladeis gay.

III.

All burrowſtownis, everilk man yow prayis
To maik bainfyris, fairſeis, and clerk-playis;
And, throw your rewis, carrels dans, and ſing:
And at your croce gar wyn rin findrie wayis:
As wes the cuſtome in our eldars' dayis,
Quhen that thai maid triumphe for ony thing.
And all your ſtairs with tapeſtrie gar hing.

Caſtels,

Caſtels, ſchut gunnis ; ſchippis, and galayis ;
Blaw up your trumpats, and on drummis ding.

IV.

Preiſtis, and clerkis, and men of that profeſſioun,
With devote mynd gang to proceſſioun,
And in your queiris ſing with melodie.
To the grit God mak interceſſioun
To ſend our Princeſs gud ſucceſſioun
With her young ſpous, to our utilitie ;
That eftir hir may governe this cuntrie ;
And us defend from all oppreſſioun ;
And it conſerve in law and libertie.

V.

Ye lordis all, and barouns of renowne,
And all the ſtaitis of this natioun,
Mak grit triumphe ; mak banket, and gud chere.
And everilk man put on his nuptial gowne ;
Lat it be ſein into the burrowſtowne
That in your coffers hes lyn this mony yeir.
Sen that your Quene hes choſin hir ane feir,
Ane potent Prince for to mantein your crown,
And enterteinye yow in peax and weir.

VI.

Lat all the world, be your proceding, ſee
That thair is fayth, and treuthe in your cuntrie ;
Luif, lawtie, law, and a gud conſcience ;
Concord, concurrand in peax and unitie ;
Obedience to the authoritie ;
Foirſicht, proviſioun, and experience ;
Honour, manheid, juſtice, and prudence ;
Quhilk, gif ye have, ye ſall eſtemit be,
And be ilk man haulden in reverence.

VII.

O michtie Prince, and Spous to our Maiſtres !
Reſave this realme in luif and hartlines :

Set

Set furth our laws, mantein our libertie.
Do equal juſtice bayth to mair and les:
Reward vertew; and puniſch wickitnes:
Mak us to leif in gude tranquillitie.
Defend our commouns: treit our nobilitie.
And be thy mein our commounweil incres,
That we tak pleſſour to mak politye.

VIII.

Scottis and French, now leif in unitie,
As ye war brether borne in ane cuntrie,
Without all maner of ſuſpicioun.
Ilk ane to uther keip trew fraternitie,
Defendand uther bayth be land and ſee.
And gif that ony man of evil conditioun,
Betwix yow twa would mak ſeditioun,
Scottis, or French, quhat man that ever he be,
With all rigour put him to the punitioun.

IX.

O nobil Princes, and Moder to our Quein!
With all thy hairt to God lift up thy ein,
And gif him thanks for grace he hes thé ſend;
That he hes maid thë inſtrument, and mein,
With maryage to coupill in ane chein
Thir tua realmis, ather to defend.
Think weil warit the tyme thow hes done ſpend;
And the travale that thow hes done ſuſtein;
Sen it is brocht now to ſa gude ane end.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

This marriage was ſolemnized on the 14th of April 1558, each of the parties being nearly about 15 years of age. The Dauphin aſcended the throne 10th July 1559, and died 5th Dec. 1560. Queen Mary arrived in Scotland 19th Aug. 1561; about 14 months after the death of her mother.

ON

OF THE ASSEMBLIE OF THE CONGREGATIOUN; A POEME MAID AT NEWYEIRISMESS IN THE YEIR OF GOD 1559.

I.

ETERNAL God, O tak away thy ſcourge
From us Scottis for thy grit mercie!
Send us thy help this land to clenge and purge
Of *all* diſcord, and inamitie,
Betwix the legis and authoritie,
That we may leif in peax, withoutin deir;
In lawtie, law; in luif and libertie;
With merrines, now into this new yeir.

II.

Almichtie God, ſend us ſupport and grace!
Of mannis help for we ar all deſparit,
To mak concord that had ſic tym and ſpace;
And nane, as yet, hes thair lawbor wairit;
As na man war that for this country carit.
Bot, and this ſtryf and trouble perſeveir,
He ſall be ſeage that ſall eſcape unſarit,
And nocht thole paine, now into this new yeir.

III.

Think ye nocht ſchame, that ar Scottis borne,
Lordis, and barons of authoritie,
That throw your ſleuth, this realme ſould be forlorne;
Your grund deſtroyit; and your policie?
Sum wraik ſall cum upon yow haſtelie:
That ye ſall ſay, 'Alace! we war our ſweir,
'Quhil we had tym that maid na unitie!'
Amend it yet, now into this new yeir.

IV.

IV.

Trow ye to ly lurk; and to do na mair;
To ſee quhilk ſyd ſall have the victorie?
The quhilk at laſt ſall not help yow ane hair.
Ryis up! Concur all! And thame rectifie,
Quhilk with reſoun will never rewlit be.
Ye [muſt] with force, withoutin fraud or feir,
Mak weir on thame, as comoun inimie;
And thame correct, now into this new yeir.

V.

God grant his grace to the inferiouris
Of this puir realme, thair quiete to conſidder:
And till obey till their ſuperiouris,
That lords and leiges, [as ſiſter and as bridder,]
In peax and luif for to remaine togidder.
Syn we war quyt of all the men of weir;
That all trew folk, from Berwyk to Baquhidder,
May leif in reſt unceſt in this new yeir.

VI.

The Quenis grace, gif that ſcho hes offendit
In hir office, lat it reformat be.
And ye, all leiges, lat your falt be mendit;
And with trew hairt ſerve the authoritie.
And ye, kirkmen, do ye your hail dewtie.
And all eſtaitis, ſyn and vyce forbeir.
The quhilk to do I prey the trinitie
To ſend you grace, now into this new yeir.

VII.

God! mak us now quyt of all hereſie;
And put us anis into the richt way.
In thy law may we ſa inſtructit be,
That we be nocht begylit every day.
Ane ſayis *this*: ane uther ſayis *nay*:
That we wait not quham to we ſuld adheir.
Chriſt ſend to us ane rewle to keip for ay,
Without diſcord now into this new yeir!

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VIII.

God ſend juſtice this land to rewle and gyde;
And put away thift, reif, and all oppreſſioun:
That all trew folk may ſurelie gang, and byde;
Without diſcord had parliament, and ſeſſioun.
To gar trew folk bruik thair poſſeſſioun.
And gif us grace, gud Lord! quhil we ar heir,
To ryis from ſyn, repentand our tranſgreſſioun;
And leif in joy now into this new yeir.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

The title of *The Congregation*, by which the Proteſtants in Scotland were diſtinguiſhed at this period, was firſt uſed by them in the ſolemn bond ſigned by a few of the nobility 3d Dec. 1557, where it does not apparently denote any ſort of political aſſociation, but ſeems rather to have been adopted either in imitation of the Engliſh refugees at Frankfort in 1554; or perhaps as a better tranſlation than "kirk" *(templum)* of the Latin or Greek *eccleſia*, in which ſenſe alſo it had two hundred years before that time been uſed by Wicliff; his definition of "Church" being "the *Congregation* of juſt men, for whom Jeſu Chriſt ſhedd his "blood; of which Church Jeſu Chriſt is the head." This was preciſely the idea of the Scottiſh Reformers. After the Solemn Bond, however, was ſigned, in the courſe of ſummer 1558, by numbers of people all over the kingdom, the *Congregation* came to be conſidered as quite a church militant; relative to whom, Maitland here writeth,

> "Ye muſt with force, withoutten fraud or feir,
> Mak war on thame, as commoun innemie."

St. iv. l. 4. will call to the reader's recollection "a long pull, and a ſtrong pull, and a pull all together," of famous memory in the Parliamentary Chronicle.

St. v. l. 4.—"as ſiſter and as bridder."] This part of the line being illegible in the MS. Mr Pinkerton has ſupplied it with "may na mair mak ſtidder."

ON THE NEW YEIR.

(March 25, 1560.)

In this new yeir I ſie bot weir ;
Na caus to ſing.
In this new yeir I ſie bot weir ;
Na caus thair is to ſing.

I.

I CANNOT ſing for the vexatioun
Of Frenchmen, and the Congregatioun,
That hes maid troubil in the natioun,
And monye bair bigging.
In this new yeir, &c.

II.

I have na will to ſing or dans,
For feir of England and of France,
God ſend thame ſorow and miſchance,
In caus of thair cuming.
In this new yeir, &c.

III.

We ar ſa reulit, riche and puir,
That we wait not quhair to be ſuire,
The Bordour or the Borrow muir,
Quhair ſum perchance will hing.
In this new year yeir, &c.

IV.

And yit I think it beſt that we
Pluck up our hairt, and mirrie be.
For thoch we wald ly doun and die,
It will us helpe na thing.
In this new yeir, &c.

V.

V.

Lat us pray God to ſtaunche this weir;
That we may leif withoutin feir,
In mirrines, quhil we ar heir:
And hevin at our ending.
In this new yeir, &c.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledingtoun, knycht.

Although the *Congregation* had now for about nine months been in a ſtate of open rebellion, the reader will obſerve, that Sir Richard in this new year's ditty ſpeaks of them with leſs acrimony than in the preceding: one reaſon for which, no doubt, was "the fear of England and of France;" by both of whom conſiderable ſupplies of forces had in the month of January been ſent to the aid of the two contending parties; ſo that it was by no means certain at preſent to which of the ſides victory would ultimately incline. But *Maitland* had now another reaſon for expreſſing himſelf in cautious terms. "His ſon William, ſays Knox, "Secretair to the Queen," (that is, to the then preſent Queen, Mary Stewart, *not* to her mother,) "upoun All-hallow-evin perceaving him-"ſelf not onelie to be ſuſpected as one that favourit our partie, bot al-"ſo to ſtand in danger of his lyif, gif he ſould remane amang ſo ungod-"lie a cumpanye, convoyed himſelf away, (from the Quein's partie in "the fortreſs of Leith,) and randerit himſelf to Kircaldie of Grange," one of the leaders of the Congregation. Maitland's defection appears thus to have taken place within a week after the Congregation had ſuſpended the Queen Dowager in her office of Regent; and to this defection his father probably alludes in the third line of the third ſtanza.

OF THE QUENIS ARRYVALE IN SCOTLAND;

Auguſt 1561.

I.

EXCELLENT Princes! potent, and preclair,
Prudent, peerles in bontie and bewtie!
Maiſt nobil Quene of bluid under the air!
With all my hairt, and micht, I wylcum thee
Hame to thy native peple, and cuntrie.
Beſeakand God to gif thé grace to have
Of thy leigeis the hairtis faythfullie,
And thame in luif and favour to reſave.

II.

Now ſen thow art arryvit in this land,
Our native Princes, and illuſter Quene!
I traiſt to God this regioun ſall ſtand
An auld frè land, as it lang tyme hes bene.
Quhairin, richt ſone, thair ſall be hard and ſene
Grit joy, juſtice, gud peax, and policie:
All cair, and cummer, baneiſt quyte and clene;
And ilk man leif in gud tranquillitie.

III.

I am nocht meit, nor abil, to furthſet
How thow ſall uſe diſcreitlie all thing heir:
Nor of ane Princes the dewtie and the det,
Quhilk I beleif thy hienes hes *per queir*.
Bot, gif neid be, thair is anew can leir
Thy majeſtie, of thy awn natioun;
And gif thee counſal how to rewle and ſteir,
With wyſdome, all belangand to thy woune.

IV.

IV.

Yet I exhort thee to be circumſpect
Of thy Counſale in the electioun.
Cheis faythful men of prudens and effect,
Quha will for wrang mak dew correctioun;
And do juſtice, without exceptioun.
Men of gude lyf, knawlege, and conſcience,
That will nocht failye for affectioun;
Bot of gude fame, and lang experience.

V.

Quhilk, gif thow do, I hope that thow ſall ring
Lang in this land in grit felicitie.
Will thow pleis God, he will thee ſend all thing
Is nedeful to mantene thy royaltie.
Quha gif thé grace to gyd ſa prudentlie,
That all thy doing be to his pleſour;
And of Scotland to the commoditie,
Quhilk, under God, thow hes now in thy cure.

VI.

And gif thy hienes pleſis for to marie,
That thow haif help I pray the Trinitie
To cheis, and tak, ane huſband without tarie
To thy honour, and our utilitie;
Quha will, and may, mantein our libertie;
Replete of wiſdome and of godlines;
Nobill, and full of conſtance and lawtie:
With guid ſucceſſioun, to our quyetnes.

VII.

Madame, I wes trew ſervand to thy mother;
And in hir favour ſtud ay, thankfullie,
Of my eſtait alls weil as ony other:
Prayand thy grace I may reſavit be
In ſiklyk favour with thy majeſtie;
Inclynand ay to me thy gracious eiris;
And, amang other ſervands, think on me.—
This laſt requeſt I lernit at the freiris.

VIII.

VIII.

And thoch that I to ſerve be nocht ſa abil,
As I wes wont, becaus I may not ſee;
Yet in my hairt I ſall be ferme and ſtabil
To thy hienes, with all fidelitie.
Ay prayand God for thy proſperitie;
And that I heir thy peple, with hie voce,
And joyful hairtis, cry continwallie
Viva Marie tre nobil royne d'Eſcoſs.

Quod Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun.

St. vii. In what capacity *Sir Richard* had ſerved the Queen Regent, is not altogether certain; perhaps merely as one of the Lords of her Privy Council. This ſtanza bears a conſiderable reſemblance to a curious paſſage in a letter from his ſon William to Secretary Cecil, dated 10th Aug. of the preceding year (1560.) "Although I do chiefly reſpect the common cauſe and publick eſtate, yet doth my own *private* not a little move me to be careful in this behalf. In what caſe I ſtand, you will eaſily judge by ſight of the incloſed, which I pray you to return to me with ſpeed. [*In the margin*, "which I pray come not to light."] I know by my friends in France, that ſhe (the Queen) hath conceived ſuch an opinion of my affection towards England, that it killeth all the means I can have to enter in any favour. But, if it might be compaſſed that the Queen's Majeſty, and her Highneſs (Queen Elizabeth) might be as dear friends as they are Couſins, then were I able enough *to have as good part in her good grace as any other of my quality* in Scotland. If this cannot be brought to paſs, then I ſee well, at length it will be hard for me "*to dwell at Rome and fight with the Pope:*" That is, he was determined at all events to attach himſelf to the ſervice of the Queen; and accordingly, in leſs than three weeks after her arrival, we find him mentioned as her confidential Secretary; an appointment which this very poem might tend not a little to accelerate.

AGANIS

AGANIS THE THIEVIS OF LIDDISDAIL;

written perhaps in Summer 1561.

I.

Of Liddiſdaill the commoun theifis
Sa pertlie ſteillis now and reifis,
That nane may keip
Hors, nolt, nor ſcheip: Nor yit dar ſleip,
For thair miſcheifis.

II.

Thay plainly throw the cuntrie rydis,
I trow the mekil devil thame gydis.
Quhair thay onſett,
Ay in thair gait thair is na yett,
Nor dure, thame bydis.

III.

Thay leif richt nocht, quhairever thay ga;
Thair can na thing be hid thame fra.
For, gif men wald
Thair houſis hald, Than waxe thay bald
To burn and ſla.

IV.

Thay thiefs have neirhand herreit haill
Ettrick foreſt, and Lawderdaill:
Now ar they gane
In Lothiane; And ſpairis nane
That thay will waill.

V.

Thai landis ar with ſtouth ſa ſocht
To extreme povertie ar brocht.
Thai wicked ſchrowis
Has laid the plowis; That nane, or few, is
That ar left ocht.

VI.

VI.

Bot commoun taking of blak maill,
Thay that had fleſche, and breid, and aill,
Now ar ſa wraikit,
Maid puir and naikit; Fane to be ſlaikit
With walter-caill.

VII.

Thai theifs that ſteills, and turſis hame,
Ilk ane of thame hes ane *to-name*;
Will of the Lawis;
Hab of the Schawis: To mak bair wawis
Thay think na ſchame.

VIII.

Thay ſpuilye puir men of thair pakis.
Thay leif thame nocht on bed, nor bakis.
Bayth hen, and cok,
With reil, and rok, *The Lairdis Jok*
All with him takis.

IX.

Thay leif not ſpendil, ſpone, nor ſpeit;
Bed, boſter, blanket, ſark, nor ſcheit.
Johne of the Parke
Ryps kiſt, and ark. For all ſic wark
He is richt meit.

X.

He is weil kend, *Johne of the Syide*,
A gretar theif did never ryide.
He never tyris
For to brek byris. Our muir, and myris,
Ouir gude ane gyide.

XI.

Thair is ane, callit *Clement's Hob*,
Fra ilk puir wyfe reiffis the wob.
And all the laif
Quhatever thay haif. The devil reſave
Thairfoir his gob.

XII.

To ſic grit ſtouth quha eir wald trow it
Bot gif ſum greit man it allowit?
Rycht ſair I rew
Thoch it be trew; Thair is ſa few
That dar avow it.

XIII.

Of ſum grit men thay have ſic gait
That redy ar thame to debait;
And will up weir
Thair ſtolin geir: That nane dar ſteir
Thame, air nor lait.

XIV.

Quhat cauſis theifis us our-gang,
Bot want of Juſtice us amang?
Nane takis cair,
Thoch all forfair: Na man will ſpair
Now to do wrang.

XV.

Of ſtouth thoch now thay cum gud ſpeid,
That nother of men nor God hes dreid,
Yit, or I die,
Sum ſall thame ſie, Hing on a trie,
Quhill thay be deid.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

In October 1559, the leaders of the Congregation ventured to adopt the bold meaſure of depriving the Queen Regent of her office and authority; from which time, to the arrival of Queen Mary, a period of almoſt two years, there was no regular Government in Scotland. The Border thieves and robbers began in ſummer 1561 to take advantage of this circumſtance by "making continuale heirſchippis, ſtowthis, and reiffis upoun the peaceable ſubjectis dwelland in the Inn-cuntries;" i. e. the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Mers, &c. Maitland here repreſents theſe depredations in a manner that ſoon produced the deſired effect; one of the firſt acts of Queen Mary's Government being the puniſhment of the Liddiſdale robbers,

NA

NA KYNDNES AT COURT WITHOUT SILLER;

(*perhaps* 1563.)

I.

Sumtyme to court I did repair,
Thairin ſum errands for to dres;
Thinkand I had ſum freindis thair
To help fordwart my beſeynes.
Bot, not the les,
I fand nathing bot doubilnes.
Auld kyndnes helpis not ane hair.

II.

To ane grit court-man I did ſpeir;
That I trowit my friend had bene,
Becaus we war of kyn ſa neir;
To him my mater I did mene.
Bot, with diſdene,
He fled as I had done him tene;
And wald not byd my taill to heir.

III.

I wend that he, in word and deid,
For me, his kynſman, ſould have wrocht.
Bot to my ſpeiche he tuke na heid:
Neirnes of blude he ſett at nocht.
Than weill I thocht,
Quhan I for ſibnes to him ſocht,
It wes the wrang way that I yeid.

IV.

My hand I put into my ſleif,
And furthe of it ane purs I drew;
And ſaid I brocht it him to geif:
Bayth gold and ſilver I him ſchew.

Than

Than he did rew
That he unkindlie me miſknew ;—
And hint the purs faſt in his neif.

V.

Fra tyme he gat the purs in hand,
He kyndlie *Couſin* callit me.
And baid me gar him underſtand
My befeynes all haillalie ;
And ſwair that he
My trew and faythfull freind ſuld be
In courte as I ples him command.

VI.

For quhilk better it is, I trow,
Into the courte to get ſupplé,
To have ane purs of fyne gold fow ;
Nor to the hiaſt of degré
Of kyn to be.
Sa alters our nobilitie.
Grit kynrent helpis lytil now.

VII.

Thairfoir, my freinds, gif ye will mak
All courte men youris as ye wald,
Gude gold and ſilver with yow tak ;
Than to tak help ye may be bald.
For it is tauld,
Kyndnes of courte is coft and ſald.
Neirnes of kyn na thing thai rak.

Quod Sir R. M. of Ledingtoun, knycht.

Sir Richard's mother was Martha Seaton, daughter of George, third Lord Seaton, whoſe grandſon, George, the ſixth Lord, was Provoſt of Edinburgh in the time of the Queen Dowager's Regency ; and Maſter of the Houſehold, and a Lord of the Privy Counſel to her daughter Queen Mary. It is not unlikely that the " Court Man" here mentioned was this Lord Seaton; one of the few Noblemen who continued ſtaunch friends to the Queen Dowager and her daughter in all their moſt calamitous ſituations. Sir Richard Maitland in 1563 ſucceeded him as Lord Privy Seal. The poem may have been compoſed at leaſt upon that occaſion.

COUNSALE TO HIS SON, BEAND IN THE COURT;

(*perhaps* 1565.)

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND *having three ſons*, William, John, *and* Thomas, *it cannot now be aſcertained to which of them this piece of ſalutary "counſale" was addreſſed; but we may reaſonably ſuppoſe,—to* William, *who became more compleatly a Courtier by profeſſion than either of his brothers. The advice in the 4th line of ſtanza 1ſt aſſuredly muſt allude to a time when Scotland had a King; who, if not* Francis II. *muſt have been* King Henry Stewart, *who bore the Scottiſh Crown from July* 1565 *to February* 1567. Mary's *third huſband deſerves not to be mentioned; and* James VI. *ſeems too late.*

I.

My ſone, in court gif thow pleiſis remane,
This my counſal into thy mind imprent.
In thy ſpeiking luik that thow be nocht vane;
Behald and heir; and to the King tak tent.
Be no lear, or ellis thow art ſchent;
Found thé on treuth, gif thow wald weil betyd.
To governe all and reull be nocht our bent.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

II.

Be nocht ane ſcornar, nor fenyat flatterar;
Nor yet ane rounder of inventit talis;
Of it thow heirs be nocht ane clatterar.
Fall nocht in plie for thyng that lytil valis:

Have

Have nocht to do with uther mennis falis.
Fra wickit men thow draw thee far on ſyde.
Thow art ane fule gif thow with fulis dalis.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

III.

Bewar quham to thy counſal thow reveil,
Sum may ſeim trew, and yit diſſemblars be.
Be of thy promeis and conditioun leil.
Waiſt nocht thy guid in prodigalitie;
Nor put thyne honour into jeopardie:
With folk difamit nouther gang nor ryde.
With wilful men to argue is folie.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

IV.

Be na dyſar, nor playar at the cairtis,
Bot gif it be for paſtyme, and ſmall thing.
Be nocht blawin with windis of all airtis,
Conſtance in gude of wiſdome is ane ſing.
Be wyſe, and tentie, in thy governing;
And try thame weil in quhame thow wilt confide:
Sum fair wourdis will gif, wald ſe ye hing.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

V.

Attour all thing ay to thy Prince be trew
In thocht, and deid; in wourde, in werk, and ficht:
Fra treſſonabil company eſchew;
Thy Prince profit, and honour at thy micht.
Set ay forward the puir, day and nicht.
And lat na thing the commoun weil elyde;
And at all tyme mainteine juſtice and richt.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

VI.

Thoch thou in court be with the hieſt placit,
In honour, office, or in dignitie,
Think that ſumtyme thow may be fra it chaſſit;
As ſum hes bein befoir, and yet may be.

Neidful

Neidful it is thairfoir to gang warlie,
That rakleſlie thow ſnapper nocht, nor ſlyd.
Ken ay thyſelf beſt in proſperitie.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

VII.

Preſs nocht to be exaltit above uther,
For, gif thow do, thow ſall be ſair invyit;
Grit peral is to tak on hand the ruther,
Quhil firſt that thy experience be tryit.
Think, at the laſt thy doing will be ſpyit,
Thoch thow with ſlicht wald cover it and hyd;
And all thy craft ſall at the croce be cryit.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

VIII.

Bewar in giffing of ane hie conſale,
In maters grit, and doutſum, ſpeciallie;
Quhilk, be the wirking of the warld, may fail,
Thoch it ſeem never ſa apparentlie.
Behald the warldis inſtabilitie,
That never ſtill into ane ſtait dois byd;
Bot changeand ay, as dois the mone and ſee.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

IX.

Gif with the peple thow wald luifit be,
Be gentil, lawlie, and meik in thyn eſtait.
For an thow be uncourtes, proude, and hie,
Than all the warld ſall thé deteſt and hait.
Flie feinying, flattering, falſheid, and diſſait.
Invent nathing that may the realme divyd,
Or ſall occaſioun trouble, and debait.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

X.

Grund all thy doing upon ſuthfaſtnes;
And hald thé ay gud cumpany amang.
Gadder na geir with waſt and wretchitnes;
Preis nocht to conqueis ony thing with wrang:

Evil-

Evil-gottin gudis leſtys never lang.
Thoch all war thyne, within this warld ſa wyd,
Thow ſall fra it, or it fra thé ſall gang.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

XI.

Above all thing, I thee exhort and pray,
To pleis thy God ſet all thy biſſie cuire,
And ſyn thy Prince ſerve, luif weil, and obey:
And, as thow may, be helpand ay the puire.
Sen erdlie thingis will nocht ay endure,
Thairfoir in hevin ane place for thé provyd;
Quhair thair is joy, reſt, gloir, and all pleſour;
Onto thé quhilk eternal God us gyd.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

Stained as the character of William Maitland is with many blemiſhes, a celebrated hiſtorian has added one to the number, apparently without ſufficient cauſe. Under the year 1559, he obſerves, that "the Queen (Regent) ſuffered an irreparable loſs by the defection of *her principal ſecretary*, William Maitland of Lethington." This circumſtance of aggravation ſeems to be founded upon the ambiguous expreſſion of Knox, (already quoted, ſee page 100,) who probably means the Queen and Secretary of 1566, when he was compiling his hiſtory, *not* of 1559. In the liſt of Secretaries, at the end of Scotſtarvet's memoirs, Maitland's name occurs firſt in 1561 as Secretary to Queen Mary, who ſurely would not have aſſigned to him that very poſt which, to her knowledge, he ſo lately and ſo ſhamefully had deſerted.

ON THE FOLYE OF ANE AULD MAN'S MARYAND ANE YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

AMANG folyis ane grit folye I find:
Quhan that ane man, paſt fyftie yeir of age,
Can in his vane conſait grow ſa blind
As for to join himſelf in maryage
With ane young laſs, quhais blude is in ane rage;
Thinkand that he may ſerve hir appetyte;
Quhilk gif he fail, than will ſcho him diſpyte.

II.

Still ageit men ſould jois in moral talis;
And nocht in tailis. For folye is to mary,
Fra tyme that bayth thair ſtrenth and nature falis;
And tak ane wyf to bring thameſelf in tarye.
For freſche Maii, and cauld January,
Agreeis nocht upon ane ſang in tune:
The tribbil wants that ſould be ſang abune.

III.

Men ſould tak voyage at the larkis ſang,
And nocht at evin, quhen paſſit is the day.
Efter mid age the luifar lyis full lang,
Quhen that his hair is turnit lyart gray.
Ane auld gray beird on ane quhyte mouth to lay
Into ane bed, it is ane peteous ſycht!
The ane crys *Help!* the uther hes no mycht.

IV.

Till have bene merchand, bigane mony yeir,
In Handwarp burges, and the toun of Bervie;
Syne in the deip for to tyne all his geir;

With vane conſal to pure himſelfe, and herrie!
Grit peral is for to pas our the ferrie,
Into ane lekand bott, nocht nalit faſt;
To beir the ſail nocht havand ane ſteif maſt.

V.

To tak ane maling, that grit lawbour requyris;
Syne wantis grayth for to manure the land;
(Quhen ſeid wantis than men of teling tyris,)
Than cumis ane; findis it waiſt lyand:
Yokis his pleuch; telis at his awin hand.
Bettir had bene the firſt had never kend it,
Nor thoil that ſchame. And ſa my tale is endit.

Quod Sir R. M. of Ledingtoun, knycht.

The remainder of Maitland's poems belong to the reign of James the Sixth.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER SCOTT,

"the Anacreon of old Scottiſh poetry, began to write about the year 1550. *His pieces,"* as *obſerved by* Mr Pinkerton, *"are correct and elegant for the age; and almoſt all amatory."* *In addition to thoſe which were publiſhed by* Lord Hailes *and* Ramſay *from the* Bann. MS. *the reader is here preſented with a few more from the ſame ſource, being all that ſeemed worthy of tranſcribing.*

To what family or claſs of men SCOTT *belonged, is not known.*

LAMENT OF THE MAISTER OF ERSKYN.

I.

DEPARTE, departe, departe, allace! I moſt departe
From hir that hes my hart, with hart full ſoir,
Aganis my will indeid, and can find no remeid,
I wait, the panis of deid can do no moir.

II.

Now moſt I go, allace! frome ſicht of her ſweit face,
The grund of all my grace and ſoverane:
Quhat chans that may fall me. ſall I nevir mirry be,
Unto the tyme I ſé my ſweit agane.

III.

III.

I go, and wait nocht quhair, I wandir heir and thair,
I weip and ſichis rycht ſair, with panis ſmart
Now moſt I paſs away, in wildirneſs and willfull way;
Allace!-this wofull day we ſuld departe.

IV.

My ſpreit dois quaik for dreid, my thirlit hairt dois bleid,
My painis dois exceid; quhat ſuld I ſay?
I wofull wycht allone, makand ane petous mone,
Allace! my hairt is gone, for evir and ay.

V.

Throw langour of my ſweit, ſo thirlit is my ſpreit,
My dayis ar moſt compleit, throw hir abſence:
Chryſt, ſen ſcho knew my ſmert, ingraivit in my hairt,
Becaus I moſt departe frome hir preſens.

VI.

Adew, my awin ſweit thing, my joy and comforting,
My mirth and ſolleſing, of erdly gloir:
Fairweill, my lady bricht, and my remembrance rycht;
Fairweill, and haif gud nycht; I ſay no moir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

It is probable that the perſon here meant was the Maſter of Erſkine, killed at the battle of Pinkie-Cleugh. Knox ſays, p. 79. "In that ſame "battel was ſlayne the Maiſter of Erſkin, deirlie belovit of the Quein, "(Mary of Lorraine Queen-Dowager;) for quhome ſcho maid grit "lamentatioun, and bure his deythe mony dayis in mynd." This paſſage in Knox may lead us to conjecture what lady is here meant. H.

ANE

ANE NEW YERE GIFT TO THE QUENE, QUHEN SCHO COME FIRST HAME.

(1562.)

This poem furnishes us with a present state of Scotland in 1561, *(or, perhaps,* 1562,*) and on that account is curious and instructive. The author affects impartiality, and therefore it may be presumed that the portraits which he draws are not much out of nature.*

1.

WELCUM, illustrat Ladye, and oure Quene;
Welcum oure lyone, with the *Floure-de-lyce*;
Welcum oure thrissill, with the *Lorane* grene;
Welcum oure rubent rois upoun the ryce;
Welcum oure jem and joyfull genetryce;
Welcum oure beill of Albion to beir;
Welcum oure plesand princes, maist of pryce;
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

II.

This guid new yeir, we hoip, with grace of God,
Sall be of peax, tranquillitie, and rest;
This yeir sall rycht and ressone rewle the rod,
Quhilk sa lang seasoun has bene soir suppreſt;
This yeir, ferme fayth sall frelie be confest,
And all erronius questionis put areir,
To laboure that this lyfe amang us lest;
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

III.

III.

Heirfore addres thé dewlie to decoir,
And rewle thy regne with hie magnificence;
Begin at God to gar ſett furth his gloir,
And of his goſpell get experience;
Caus his trew kirk be had in reverence;
So ſall thy name and fame ſpred far and neir;
Now, this thy dett to do with diligence,
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

IV.

Found on the firſt four vertewis cardinall,
On wiſdome, juſtice, force, and temperanee;
Applaud to prudent men, and principall
Of vertewus lyfe, thy worſchep till avance;
Waye juſtice equale, without diſcrepance;
Strenth thy eſtait with ſteidfaſtnes to ſteir;
To temper tyme with trew continuance,
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

V.

Caſt thy conſale be counſall of the ſage,
And cleif to Chryſt, hes keipit thé in cure,
Attingent now to twentye yeir of aige,
Preſervand thé fro all miſaventure.
Wald thow be ſervit, and thy cuntré ſure,
Still on the commoun-weill haif é and eir;
Preiſs ay to be protrectrix of the pure;
So God ſall gyde thy Grace this guid new yeir.

VI.

Gar ſtanche all ſtryff, and ſtabill thy eſtaitis
In conſtance, concord, cherité, and lufe;
Be biſſie now to baniſch all debatis,
Betwixt kirk-men and temporall men dois mufe;
The pulling doun of policie reprufe,
And lat perverſit prelettis leif perqueir;
To do the beſt, beſekand God abuve,
To give thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

VII.

VII.

At croce gar cry be oppin proclamatioun,
Undir grit panis, that nothir he nor ſcho,
Of halye writ, haif ony diſputatioun,
Bot letterit men, or lernit clerkis thereto ;
For lymmer lawdis, and litle laſſis lo,
Will argun baith with biſchop, preiſt, and freir.
To dantoun this, thow hes aneuch to do,
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

VIII.

Bot wyte the wickit paſtouris wald nocht mend
Their vitious leving, all the warld preſcryvis,
Thay tuke na tent their traik ſould turne till end,
Thay wer ſa proud in thair prerogatyvis ;
For wantonnes thay wald nocht wed na wyvis,
Nor yit leif chaſte, bot chop and change thair cheir :
Now, to reforme thair fylthy litcherous lyvis,
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

IX.

Thay brocht thair baſtardis with the ſkrufe thay ſkraip,
To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitioun ;
Thay purcheſt pithles pardonis fra the Paip,
To caus fond fulis confyde he hes fruitioun,
As God, to gif for ſynnis full remiſſioun,
And ſaulis to ſaif frome ſuffering ſorrowis ſeir.
To ſett aſyde iic ſortis of ſuperſtitioun,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

X.

Thay loſt baith benifice and pentioun that mareit,
And quha e t fleſch on Frydayis was fyre-fangit ;
It maid na miſs quhat madinis thay miſcareit ;
On faſting dayis, thay were nocht brint nor hangit :
Licence for luthrie fra thair lord belangit,
To gif indulgence as the devill did leir ;
To mend that menyé hes ſa monye mangit,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XI.

XI.

Thay lute thy lieges pray to ſtokkis and ſtanes,
And paintit paiparis, wattis nocht quhat thay meine;
Thay bad thame bek and bynge at deid mennis banes;
Offer on kneis to kiſs, ſyne ſaif thair kin:
Pilgrimes and palmaris paſt with thame betwene,
Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate bodeis ein to bleir:
Now to forbid this grit abuſe hes bene,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XII.

Thay tyrit God with tryfillis tume trentalis,
And daifit him with daylie dargeis;
With owklie Abitis, to augment thair rentalis,
Mantand mort-mumlingis, mixt with monye leis.
Sic ſanctitude was Sathanis ſorcereis,
Chriſtis fillie ſcheip, and ſobir flok, to ſmeir:
To ceiſs all ſindrye ſectis of hereſeis,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XIII.

With meſs nor matynes nowayis will I mell,
To juge thame juſtlie paſſis my ingyne;
Thay gyde nocht ill that governis weill thame ſell,
And lelalie on lawtie layis thair lyne:
Dowtis to diſcus, for doctouris ar devyne,
Cunning in clergie to declair thame cleir:
To ordour this, the office now is thyne,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XIV.

As béis takkis walx and honye of the floure,
So dois the faythfull of Goddis word tak frute;
As waſpis reſſavis of the ſame bot ſoure,
So reprobatis Chriſtis buke dois rebute:
Wordis, without werkis, availyeis nocht a cute:
To ſeis thy ſubjectis ſo in luf and feir,
That rycht and reaſoun in thy realme may rute,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XV.

XV.

The epiſtollis and evangelis now ar prechit,
But ſophiſtrie or ceremoneis vane;
Thy pepill, maiſt pairt, trewlie now ar techit,
To put away idolatrie prophaine:
Bot in ſum hartis is gravit new agane,
Ane image, callit cuvatyce of geir;
Now, to expell that idoll ſtandis up plane,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XVI.

For ſum ar ſene at ſermonis ſeme ſa halye,
Singand Sanct *Davidis* pſalter on thair bukis,
And ar bot bibliſtis fairſing full thair bellie,
Backbytand nychtbours, noyand thame in nuikis,
Rugging and raifand up kirk-rentis lyke ruikis;
As werrie waſpis aganis Godeis word makis weir:
Sic Chriſtianis to kiſs with chanteris kuikis,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XVII.

Dewtie and dettis ar drevin by dowbilnes,
Auld folkis ar flemit fra young fayth profeſſours,
The gritteſt ay, the greddiar I geſs,
To plant quhair preiſtis and perſonis wer poſſeſſours;
Teindis ar uptane by teſtament tranſgreſſours;
Credence is paſt, off promeis thocht thay ſweir:
To puniſch Papiſtis and reproche oppreſſouris,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XVIII.

Pure folk ar famiſt with thir faſſionis new,
They faill for falt that had befoir at fouth;
Leill labouraris lamentis, and tennentis trew,
That thay ar hurt and hareit north and ſouth:
The heidiſmen hes *cor mundum* in thair mowth,
Bot nevir with mynd to gif the man his meir:
To quenche thir quent calamiteis ſo cowth,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XIX.

Proteſtandis takis the freiris auld antetewme,
Reddie reſſavaris bot to rander nocht;
So lairdis upliftis mennis leifing ouir thy rewme,
And ar rycht crabit quhen thay crave thame ocht;
Be thay unpayit, thy purſevandis ar ſocht,
To pund pure communis corne and cattell geir:
To viſy all thir wrangus workis ar wrocht,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XX.

Paull biddis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit,
Nor quhair hypocraſie hes bene committit;
Bot kirk-mennis curſit ſubſtance ſemis ſweit
Till land-men, with that leud burd-lyme are knyttit;
Giff thou perſave ſum ſenyeour it hes ſmittit,
Soliſt thame ſoftlie nocht to perſeveir:
Hurt not thair honour, thocht thy hienes wittit,
Bot graciouſlie forgife thame this guid yeir.

XXI

Forgifanis grant, with glaidnes and guid will,
Gratis till all into your parliament;
Syne ſtabill ſtatutis, ſteidfaſt to ſtand ſtill,
That barrone, clerk, and burges be content:
Thy nobillis, erlis, and lordis conſequent,
Treit tendir, to obtene thair hartis inteir;
That thay may ſerve and be obedient,
Unto thy Grace, aganis this guid new yeir.

XXII.

Sen ſo thou ſittis in ſaitt ſuperlatyve,
Caus everye ſtait to thair vocatioun go,
Scolaſtik men the ſcriptouris to deſcryve,
And majeſtratis to uſe the ſwerd alſo,
Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,
Mechaniks wirk, huſbandis to ſaw and ſcheir;
So ſall be welth and weilfaire without wo,
Be grace of God aganis this guid new yeir.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines,
With coſtlie clething to decoir thy cors;
Yung gentilmen for danſing thame addreſs,
With courtlie ladyes cuplit in conſors;
Frak ferce gallandis for feild gemis enfors;
Enarmit knychtis at liſtis with ſcheild and ſpeir,
To fecht in barrowis bayth on fute and hors,
Agane thy Grace gett ane guid-man this yeir.

XXIV.

This yeir ſall be imbaſſatis heir belyffe,
For mariage, frome princes, dukis, and kingis;
This yeir, within thy regioun, ſall aryſe,
Rowtis of the rankeſt that in Europ ringis;
This yeir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis,
Naveis of ſchippis outthrocht the ſea to ſneir,
With riches raymentis, and all royall thingis,
Agane thy Grace get ane guid-man this yeir.

XXV.

Giffe ſawis be ſuth to ſchaw thy celſitude,
Quhat berne ſuld bruke all *Bretane* be the ſé?
The prophecie expreſlie dois conclude,
The *Frenſch* wyfe of the *Brucis* blude ſuld be:
Thow art bé lyne fra him the nynte degree,
And wes King *Frances* pairty maik and peir;
So be diſcente, the ſame ſould ſpring of thé,
By grace of God agane this gude new yeir.

XXVI.

Schortlie to conclud, on Chriſt caſt thy comfort,
And chereis thame that thou hes undir charge;
Suppone maiſt ſure he ſall thé ſend ſupport,
And len thé luſtie liberos at large:
Beleif that Lord may harbary ſo thy bairge,
To make braid *Britane* blyth as bird on breir,
And thé extoll with his triumphand targe,
Victoriuſlie agane this guid new yeir.

L'ENVOY.

L'Envoy.

XXVII.

Prudent, mais gent, tak tent, and prent the wordis
Intill this bill, with will tham ſtill to face,
Quilkis ar nocht ſkar, to baron far fra bowrdis,
Bot leale, but feale, may haell avaell thy Grace;
Sen lo, thow ſcho this to, now do hes place,
Receive, and ſwaif, and haif, ingraif it heir:
This now, for prow, that yow, ſweit dow, may brace,
Lang ſpace, with grace, ſolace, and peace, this yeir.

Lectori.

XXVIII.

Freſch, fulgent, fluriſt, fragrant flour, formois,
Lantern to lufe, of ladeis lamp and lot,
Cherie maiſt chaiſt, cheif charbucle and chois;
Smaill ſweit ſmaragde, ſmelling but ſmit of ſmot;
Nobleſt natour, nurice to nurtour not,
This dull indyte, dulce, dowble, daſy deir,
Sent be thy ſempill ſervand *Sanderis Scott*,
Greiting grit God to grant thy Grace guid yeir.

St. 1. l. 2. "Welcum oure lyone, with the floure-de-lyce." This alludes to the arms of Scotland, a lion with a border or treſſure adorned with flower de-luces. While the ſcience of coats armorial was in high eſteem, ſuch alluſions had beauty and dignity.

——— l. 3. "The *Lorane grene*." In right of her mother Marie de Lorraine. Guillim, in his Diſplay of Heraldry, p. 18. has a profound note on the colour green. "This colour is green, which conſiſteth of "more black and of leſs red, as appeareth by the definition, Viridis "eſt color nigredine copioſiore, et rubedine minore contemperatus.— "This colour is blazoned vert, and is called in Latin *viridis, a vigore*, "in regard of the ſtrength, freſhneſs, and liveline ſs thereof; and there- "fore beſt reſembleth youth, in that moſt vegetables, ſo long as they "flouriſh,

" flouriſh, are beautified with this verdure, and is a colour moſt whole-
" ſome and pleaſant to the eye, except it be in a young gentlewoman's
" face.

——— l. 7. " Our *pleſand* princes." So much has been ſaid of the beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, that the ſubject may ſeem exhauſted. I can add one teſtimony which has been overlooked by her admirers. It is from *Adriani Turnebi poemata*, p. 31.

" Omnes hæc formas præſtanti corpore et ore
" Exuperat, Paride et pomum vel judice ferret:
" Hæc tereti filo et procero corpore ſurgit
" Primævo ſub flore."———

From the ſame poem, it appears that Mary Queen of Scots had the ſmall pox before her marriage with Francis II.

" Huic decus et tantum ſpecioſæ frontis honorem
" Invidit Cytherea Venus; populatique ſævâ
" Diva lue, obſevit varis deformibus ora."

Her face, however, was not ſpoilt; for the author adds,

" Non tulit invidiam Cypriæ tamen æmula Juno,
" Non Pallas," &c.

St. 6. l. 5. " The pulling doun of *policie* repruſe." Alluding to the deſtruction of monaſteries in 1559.

St. 9. l. 2. " To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitioun." The clergy were ambitious of giving their ſpurious daughters in marriage to men of family. It would be invidious to enter into particulars. They who are acquainted with the hiſtory of Scotland need not be told, that the beſt blood of the nation was contaminated by ſuch baſe mixtures.

St. 10. l. 1. " Thay loſt baith benefice and pentioun that mareit."—Pitſcottie, p. 277. (edit. 1749.) ſays, " They would thole no preiſt to " marry, but they would puniſh and burn him to the dead; but if he " had uſed ten thouſand whores, he had not been burnt."

——— l. 2. " And quha eit fleſch on Frydayis was *fyre-fangit*."—Fanged or ſeized by the fire; i. e. puniſhed as heretics. Pitſcottie ſays, p. 343. " In the end of February, the Queen, Governor, Cardinal, and " Lords, held a Convention at St Johnſton; there they cauſed hang " four honeſt men for eating of a gooſe on Friday." Mr Goodall, Examination, vol. 1. p. 132. is pleaſed to ſay, " This ſtory let any man " believe who liſts." There ſeems to be no reaſon for diſbelief. The paſſage in Scot's poem, ſhews that the fact was underſtood to be true by thoſe who had better opportunity of information than Mr Goodall.

St. 11.

St. 11. l. 2. "And *paintit paiparis*, wattis nocht quhat thay meine:" They permitted thy ſubjects to perform their devotions to coloured prints, of which they underſtood not the ſignification, as Virgil ſpeaks of Æneas,

"Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet."

——— l. 6. "Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate bodeis ein to bleir."—"To blear one's eyes," is uſed, by Dunbar in Kennedy's Teſtament,

"And yit he bleiris my Lordis ee."

The ſenſe is,—impoſed on the credulity of the ſimple, with tales of the powerful interceſſion of ſaints. *Sanct Boit* is probably an obſcure ſaint called *Boythan*, here choſen on account of the alliteration.

St. 12. l. 1. "Tume *trentalis*." A ſervice of thirty maſſes performed for the dead; daylie darges, daily diriges; owklie abitis, weekly obits, or ſervice performed for the dead.

St. 13. l. 1. "With meſs nor matynes nowayis will I mell." The poet cautiouſly avoids that topic, as the Queen had declared her ſentiments concerning it. There is a remarkable paſſage in Aymon, *Synodes nationaux des Egliſes reformées de France*, tom. 1. p. 17. which has eſcaped the obſervation of our hiſtorians. The Cardinal *Sanctæ Crucis* writes thus to Cardinal Borromeo, 24th November 1561. "Giunſe in queſta "citta il Gran Priore di Francia, et Monſignore Danvilla figliolo del "Signore Coneſtabile, qu venivano di Scotia, donde portano nuova "que la Regina ſi conſervava nella religione Cattolica conſtantamente, "et va rimediando al piu che ella puo per il regno.——In particolare "racontano che andando un giorno alla meſſa, furono due o tre volte "ſmorzate le candele, da certi heretici; et che la Regina comparſe "nella ſua capella, et havendo havuto notitia di queſto fatto, chiamo "un di quei *Baroni* il piu Luterano, et *piu grande* che vi foſſe, et gli "comando che lui medeſimo andaſſe ad illuminar quelle candele, et "portarle all' altare, et fu ſubbito obbedita." I tranſcribe the Italian as I find it, although it may require correction. Aymon tranſlates *Baroni* by the French *Belitres*, and hence makes the ſenſe to be, that the Queen ordered the greateſt ſcoundrel of the company to light the tapers which the heretics had extinguiſhed *Baroni* in this place means *Barons* or *Noblemen*, and nothing elſe.

The ſame letter reports more news from thoſe young gentlemen, particularly, That the Queen had threatened to hang three *burgomaſters* of a certain territory for having baniſhed the Popiſh prieſts.

St. 15.—20. Theſe ſtanzas contain much curious matter concerning the ſtate of Scotland in 1561. When the Reformation took place, many of the Commons expected to be eaſed of the payment of tithes; but though the exactors were changed, payment was ſtill exacted with all the ancient rigour. The reformed clergy expected that the tithes would be applied to charitable uſes, to the advancement of learning, and the

maintenance

maintenance of the miniſtry. But the Nobility, when they themſelves had become the exactors, ſaw nothing rigorous in the payment of tithes, and derided thoſe devout imaginations. See Knox, p. 256.

St. 25. In a collection of Prophecies publiſhed by Andro Hart 1615, there is a myſterious rhapſody called the prophecy of Berlington, which contains the following paſſages:

St. 16. l. 1. A few years before this, an Act of Parliament was made "anent them that perturbis the Kirk;" by one of the regulations of which, the Dean of Gild, kirk-maſters, and rewlers, wer ordained "*to gar leiſche bairnis* that makis perturbation or impediment in the time of divine ſervice."

"Of Bruce's left ſide ſhall ſpring out a leafe
"As near as the ninth degree,
"And ſhall be fleemed of fair Scotland
"In France far beyond the ſea.
"And then ſhall come again riding
"With eyes that many men may ſee.
"At Aberlady, he ſhall light
"With hempen helters and horſe of tree."——

"However it happen for to fall,
"The Lion ſhall be Lord of all,
"The French wife ſhall bear the ſon
"Shall weild all Britain to the ſea,
"And from the Bruces blood ſhall come
"As near as the ninth degree."——

"Yet ſhall there come a keen knight over the ſalt ſea,
"A keen man of courage, and bold man of armes,
"A Duke's ſon doubled, a born man in France,
"That ſhall our mirths amend, and mend all our harmes, &c.

This prophecy was originally intended for the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the minority of James V Alexander Duke of Albany, the brother of James III was obliged, for his diſloyal practices, to leave Scotland, and retire into France. He married the daughter of the Earl of Boulogne. By her he had a ſon, John Duke of Albany, born and educated in France.

I conjecture, ſays Lord Hailes, that the prophecy was compoſed after the death of James IV. and before the arrival of the Duke of Albany in Scotland, i. e. between September 1513, and June 1515. At that period Scotland was reduced very low. James IV. and the flower of the nobility, had fallen at Floudden; his ſon an infant; faction, diſtruſt, and deſpondency every where. This was a fit ſeaſon for a politic impoſtor to revive the hopes of a ſuperſtitious people.

As

As the prophecy of Berlington had not been fulfilled in the Duke of Albany, the next age reſolved to new-model it, and to point out its probable completion in Queen Mary.

"Scott therefore ſuppoſes that the perſon who was to rule Britain, was to be the ſon of a woman deſcended from Robert Bruce in the ninth degree; and inſtitutes his calculation thus: 1. Margery Bruce. 2. Robert II. &c. whereby Mary becomes the *ninth*.—It is not wonderful that the prophecy ſhould have been revived and applied to Mary in 1562. At that period Elizabeth, Queen of England, was thirty; Mary, the next heir, twenty; and ſurely the moſt likely woman of the two. Beſides, foreigners were apt to conſider the title of Queen Elizabeth as principally depending on poſſeſſion: And Roman Catholics were apt to conſider her as an uſurper. In ſuch circumſtances it was not very preſumptuous to aſſert that the progeny of Mary had a fairer chance of reigning in England than the progeny of Elizabeth. It was no more than prophecying on the ſide of the odds. The Prophecy of *Thomas the Rhymer* is partly an unmeaning aſſemblage of the names of the Scottiſh nobility, partly a relation of paſt events; (many of the lines, and even whole ſtanzas copied almoſt *verbatim* from that of *Berlington*.) It is amazing that Archbiſhop Spotiſwood, a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, ſhould have imagined that this pretended prophecy was ancient (i. e. *written* in the 13th century by *Thomas Learmonth*, called the Rhymer.) The author does not aſſume the character of Thomas the Rhymer; but, on the contrary, repeats what Thomas the Rhymer, his *familiar*, is ſuppoſed to have ſhewn him. The language is not of the 13th century, but rather (of the 16th.) approaching to Spotiſwood's own times. By language, I mean the turn of expreſſion, and cadence of the numbers."

Any ancient poem of moderate length, upon which Lord Hailes has thought fit to make a ſingle obſervation, cannot be altogether unworthy of a place in a compilation of this nature. Beſides, in the moſt ancient and moſt correct edition of it now extant, there appears to be a variety of inaccuracies which ſeem capable of being removed, merely by the tranſpoſition of about four or five lines. Without farther apology, therefore, I here preſent the reader with a corrected copy of this popular legend.

THE

THE PROPHECY OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

I.

STILL on my wayis as I went,
Out thruch a land beſyd a lie,
I met a bairne apoun the way,
Methocht him ſeimly for to ſie.

II.

I aſkt him hailly his intent;
Gude Schir, if *that* your will be,
Sen that ye byde upon the bent,
Sum uncuth tydings tell you me.

III.

Quhen ſall all tha weiris be gane,
That leil men may leif in lie?
Or, quhen ſall Falſet ga fra hyne,
And Lawtie blaw his horn on hie?

IV.

Then ſaw I tway knichts on a lee,
And thay war airmit ſeimlie new,
Baith croſſes on thair breiſts thay bare,
And thay war cled in divers hew.

V.

Of ſindrie cuntries als thay wer.
The tane on red as onie blode,
Had in a ſheild ane dragoun kene,
And ſteir'd his ſteid as he war wode.

VI.

With crabbit wordis ſcharp and kene.
Rycht ſo the uther bairn him by,
Quhais hors did all of ſilver ſhine,
His bordour azur lyk the ſky.

VII.

His ſheild was ſchapit rycht ſeimlie;
With ſilk and ſabill weill was plet;
In it a rampand Lyoun kein
Seimlie into gold was ſet.

VIII.

I luikit than far ouer a grein,
And ſaw ane lady on a lie;
The ſic a ane had I neuer ſein,
The lycht of hir ſchynit ſa hie.

IX.

Attour the muir quairthruch ſcho fure,
The feildis methocht fayr and grein,
Scho raid apoun a ſteid ful ſture,
That ſic a ane had I neuer ſein.

X.

Hir ſteid wes quhyt as onie milk;
His mane, his taill war baith ful blae,
Ane ſyde ſaddil, ſewit with filk,
As it war goud, it glitterit ſae.

XI.

His harneiſſing was ſylk of Inde,
And ſet with precius ſtanis frie;
He amlit on ane nobill kinde:
Apone hir heid ſtude crownis thrie.

XII.

Hir garments war of gowels gay;
Bot uthir colour ſaw I nane.
Ane flyand foul then did I ſee
Lycht beſyd hir on ane ſtane.

XIII.

A ſtowp intill hir hand ſcho bair,
And halie water had ready.
Scho ſprinklit the feild baith heir and thair,
Said, *Thair* ſall monie deid corps ly:

XIV.

At yon brig upon yone burn,
Quhair the water rins brycht and ſchein,
Thair ſall monie ſteidis ſpurn,
And knychtis dé thruch battail kein.

XV.

To the two knychtis than cuth ſcho ſay:
Lat be your ſtryif, my knychtis fré,
Ye tak your hors, and ryde your way,
As God ordainis, ſa muſt it be.

XVI.

Sanct George! quhilk art mine awin knycht,
Ye will be forcit the feild to tae:
Sanct Andro! thow has the rycht,
But thy wrangous heirs ſall wirk thé wae.

XVII.

XVII.

Now ar thay on thair wayis gane,
The Ladie and the knychtis tway.——
To that bairn then can I mane,
And aſkit tydings by my fay.

XVIII.

Quhat kind of ſicht was that, I ſaid,
Thow ſhewit me upon yon lee?
Or quhairfrom cam yon knichtis two?
They ſeimit of ane far countrie.

XIX.

That Lady that I lat you ſie,
That is the Quein of Hevin ſa bricht.
The fowl that flew doun by her knie,
Is Sanct Michael, meikil of micht.

XX.

The knychtis twa the feild will ta,
Quhair monie man in feild ſall ficht.
Knaw ye weill, it ſall be ſa,
And die ſall monie a gentill knicht.

XXI.

With Deith ſall monye a douchtie deil;
And Lordis all be then away.——
Thair is nane herrell now can tell
Quha ſall win the feild that day.

XXII.

A crownit King, with armies thrie,
Under the banner ſall be ſet;
Two ſals and fainyet thair ſall be,
The third ſall fight and maik grit let.

XXIII.

Banneirs fyve again ſall ſtryve,
And cum in on the uther ſyde;
The quhite Lyoun ſall bet thame doun,
And wirk thame wae with woundis wyde.

XXIV.

But the beiris heid, with the red Lyoun,
Sa ſweitlie into red gold ſett,
That day ſall ſlay the king with crown,
Thoch monie Lordis mak grit lett.

XXV.

Thair ſall attour the water of Forth,
Set in gold the red Lyoun;
And monie Lordis out of the North
To that battell ſall maik thame boun.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Thair ſall creſcentis cum full kein,
That weirs the croce as reid as blude;
On ilka ſyde ſall ſorow be ſein,
Defouled is monie doughty brude,

XXVII.

Beſyde a loch upon a lie:
Thay ſall aſſembil upon a day,
And monie douchty man ſall die;
Few in quiet ſall found away.

XXVIII.

Our Scottis King ſall cum full kein;
The red Lyoun beireth he:
A fedderit arrow ſharp, I wein,
Sall maik him wink rycht wae to ſee,

XXIX.

Out of the feild he ſall be led,
Yit to his men then ſall he ſay,
" For Goddis luve, turn yow agane,
" And gif yon Southron folk a fray.

XXX.

" Quhy ſould I loſe? the richt is mine;
" My fate is not this day to die.—
" Yonder is Falſett fled away,
" And Lawtie blaws his horn on hie."

XXXI.

Our bludy King that weirs the crown,
Than bauldlie ſall the battel bide;
His banneir ſall be beaten down,
And haif na hoil his heid to hyde.

XXXII.

The ſternis thrie that day ſall die
Quhilk beirs the hart in ſilver ſhein;
Thair is na riches, gold, nor flie,
May length his lyif ane hour, I wein.

XXXIII.

Twyſs thruch the field that knycht ſall ride,
And twyſs reſkew the King with crown.
He ſall maik monie a banner yeild,
The knycht that bearis the toddis *brown*.

XXXIV.

Bot quhan he ſies the Lyoun die,
Than wait ye weill, he will be wae.
Beſyd him ſeichtis bairnis thrie;
Two ar quhite, the thrid is blae.

XXXV.

XXXV.

The toddis thair ſall ſlay the two,
The thrid of thame ſall maik him die.
Out of the feld ſall ga na mair
Bot ane knicht, and knaifis thrie.

— XXXVI. —

Thair cummis a bainner red as blude
In a ſchip of ſilver ſheyne;
With him cummis monye ferlie brude
To wirk the Scottis grit hurt and peyne.

XXXVII.

Thair cummis a gaiſt out fra the weſt,
Is of another langage than he.
To the battell bounis him in heſt,
Sune as the ſeinye he can ſie.

XXXVIII.

The raches wirks thame grit wanreſt
Quhair thay ar rayit on a lie.
I can nocht tell yow quho hath the beſt,
Ilk on of them maiks uther die.

XXXIX.

A quhite ſwan ſet into blae,
Sall ſembyll now fra the ſouth ſie,
To work the Northern folk grit wae,
For knaw ye weill, thus ſall it be.

XL.

The ſtaikkis aucht, with ſilver ſet,
Sall ſembyll fra the other ſide;
Untill he and the ſwan be met,
Thay ſall wirk wae with woundis wide.

XLI.

Thair woundis wyde thair weids hath wet,
So baldlie will thir bairnis byde;
It is na reck quha gettis the beſt,
Thay ſall baith die in that ſam tyde.

XLII.

Thair cummis a Lord out of the north,
Ridand upon a hors of trie,
That brade landis hath beyond Forth;
The quhite hind beireth he.

XLIII.

And twae raches that ar blae,
Set into gold that is ſo frie,
That day the eagle ſall him tae,
And then put up his banner hie.

XLIV.

XLIV.

The Lord that beirs the lozans thrie,
Set into gold with gowels two,
Befoir him ſall ane battell be,
He weirs a banner that is blew.

XLV.

Set with peacock taillis thrie,
And luſtie Ladies heidis twa;
Unfain of uther ilk ſall be,
All through greif togidder they go.

XLVI.

The eagle grey ſet into grein,
That weirs the hartis heidis thrie,
Out of the ſouth he ſall be ſein,
To light and ray him on a lie.

XLVII.

With fyſtie fyve knichts that are kein,
And Earlis either two or thrie,
From Carlyl ſall cum bedein,
Again ſall they it never ſie.

XLVIII.

At Pinkin Cleugh there ſall be ſpilt
Mukil gentill blude that day;
Thair ſall the bear loſe the gylt,
And the eagill beir it away.

XLIX.

Beſoir the water men calls Tyne,
And thair ourlays a brig of ſtane,
The beiris thrie ſall loſe the grie,
Thair ſall the eagill wyn his name.

L.

Thair cummis a beiſt out of the weſt,
With him ſall cum a fair menye,
His banner hath bene ſeldom ſein.
A baſtard, trow I beſt, he be;

LI.

Gottin with a Ladie ſhein,
And a knicht in privitie;
His armis ar ful eith to know,
The red Lyoun beirith he.

LII.

That Lyoun ſall forſaken be,
And be richt glad to be away
Into ane orchyard on a lie,
With herbis grene and alleis gray.

LIII.

Thair will he enlaked be,
His menye ſayis, harmeſay;
The eagill puts his banner on hie,
And ſaiſs the feild he won that day.

LIV.

Thair ſall the Lyoun ly ful ſtill
Into a vaillie fair and bricht.
A Lady ſhouts with wordis ſhill,
And ſayis, Wae wirth thé, coward knicht!

LV.

Thy men ar ſlane apoun yon hill,
To deid ar monie douchty dicht.
Thereat the Lyoun lyketh ill,
And raiſeth his banneir hie on hicht.

LVI.

Upon the muir that is ſa grey,
Beſyd ane heidles croce of ſtane,
Thair ſall the Eagil die that day,
And the red Lyoun win the name.

LVII.

The Eagils thrie ſall loſe the grie
Quhilk thay haif had this monie a day;
The red Lyoun ſall win renoun,—
Win all the feild, and beir away.

LVIII.

One crow ſall cum, another ſall ga,
And drink the gentill blude ſa fré.—
Quhen all theſe ferlies wer away,
Then ſaw I nane but I and he.

LIX.

[Th n to the bairn faſt cuth I ſay,
Quhair duellis thow? I quhat cuntrie?
Or quho ſall rewl the iſle Britain
Fra the North to the South ſie?

LX.

The French wife ſal beir the ſon
Sal rewl al Britane to the ſie;
That of the Bruces blude ſal cum
As neir as the ninth degrie.]

LXI.

I frainit faſt what was his name;
Quhence that he cam—From quhat cuntrie.
In E ſlingtone I dwell at haime;
Thomas the Rymer men call me.

It is evident that the whole of this rhapſody, from ſtanza 4. to ſtanza 35, has a reference to the fatal day of Flodden field; the latter part of it, to that of Pinkey; and that the two contending nations are therein diſtinctly repreſented by their tutelar ſaints, St. George and St. Andrew.—The Engliſh champion in ancient legends is ſometimes denominated the "Knycht of our Lady;" but there is ſome appearance here as if the author had an eye to Margaret, Queen of James IV. of Scotland, upon whoſe "head ſtude crownis thrie;" ſhe being at that time (1513) heir apparent to her brother Henry VIII. and her ſecond huſband a knight of the order of "St. Michael."

Be this, however, as it may, every reader muſt be ſatisfied that the "crownit king with armies thrie" is James IV. at the battle of Flodden; repreſented in ſtanzas 24, 28, &c. as "beat down by the white lyon," Howard Earl of Surry; and that the "Sternis thrie" in the 32d. ſtanza, with equal certainty, denote the Maſter of Angus, who, with his brother Sir William Douglas, and many more of the ſame family fell there with their Sovereign.

From ſtanza 36 to 55 the alluſions are all to the war of 1547; particularly to the battle of Pinkey. Two of the Engliſh leaders, the Earl of Warwick, and Lord Grey, are clearly diſtinguiſhed by their armorial bearings; viz. the Swan, and the Eight (rather ſix) bars acroſs the ſhield: As alſo the Earl of Huntly by the ratches (hounds) his ſupporters, and the white hind, his creſt. The perſonage deſcribed from ſtanza 50 to 55 is not ſo eaſily made out;—perhaps Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, married to Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of the Earl of Angus. The Earl of Lennox was, at that time, entirely under the influence of the Engliſh Court. Some of the particulars of this deſcription are to be found, word for word, in Berlington's prophecy: I ſhall not ſay,—borrowed from it; for, after all, it is not quite clear which of them contains the oldeſt ſtanzas. The whole of theſe ridiculous prophecies publiſhed under the names of Berlington, Thomas the Rhymer, Merlin, Bede, Waldhave, Gildas, Sybilla, &c. allude chiefly to Scotland, and have, in all reſpects, a great reſemblance to one another, being apparently made up, in a great meaſure, of ſcraps of much older things of the ſame nature. In two of them the year 1485 is enigmatically pointed out as likely to become a remarkable epoch; in another, 1522; and in a third, 1549. In the form we now find them, however, they all probably made their appearance between the years 1538 and 1548.

The book of prophecies being very common, it is not worth while to point out the few ſlight corrections which have here been made.

THE

THE JUSTING AND DEBATE UP AT THE DRUM,

BETWIXT WILLIAM ADAMSON AND JOHNE SYME.

" Allan Ramſay *imagined that the ſcene of action was in the* Bannatyne MS. the Doun; *whereas it is the* Drum, *near Dalkeith, now Somerville-houſe. This circumſtance ſeems to point out that* SCOTT *was an inhabitant of Dalkeith. The humour being temporary and local, is now in a great meaſure loſt.*" *H.*

I.

THE grit Debate and Turnament,
Of treuth no toung can tell,
Was for a luſty lady gent,
Betwix twa freikis fell;
For Mars the God armipotent
Was not ſa ferſs himſell,
Nor Hercules, that aiks uprent,
And dang the devil of hell;
Up at the Drum that day.

II.

Doutles was not ſo duchty deidis
Amangis the dowſy peiris,
Nor yit no clerk in ſtory reidis
Of ſa triumphand weiris;

To ſe ſo ſtoutly on thair ſteidis
Tha ſtalwart knychtis ſteiris,
Quhyle bellyes bair for brodding bleidis
With ſpurs as ſcherp as breiris,
And kéne up at the Drum that day.

III.

Up at the Drum the day was ſet,
And fixit was the feild,
Quhair baith thir noble chiftains met
Enarmit under ſchield;
They wer ſae haſty and ſae het,
That nane of them wad yeild,
But to debait, or be doun bet,
And in the quarrell keild,
Or ſlane up at the Drum that day.

IV.

There was ane better and ane worſs,
I wald that it wer wittin,
For William wichtar wes of corſs
Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.
Sym ſaid, He ſet nocht by his forſs,
But hecht he ſuld be hittin,
And he micht counter Will on horſs,
For Sym was better ſittin
Nor Will up at the Drum that day.

V.

To ſee the ſtryfe come yunkers ſtout,
And mony galyiart man,
All dointies deir was thair bot dout,
The wyne on breith it ran:
Trumpettis and ſchalmis, with a ſchout,
Playid or the rink began,
And eikwall juges ſat about
To ſee quha tint or wan
The field up at the Drum that day.

VI.

VI.

With twa blunt truncher ſpeiris ſquair,
It was their interpryiſs
To fecht with baith their faces bair,
For luve, as is the gyiſs ;
A friend of theirs, throu hap cam thair,
And hard the rumor ryiſs ;
He ſtall away their ſtings baith clair,
And hid in ſecret wayiſs,
For ſkaith up at the Drum that day.

VII.

Strang men of armes and of micht,
Wer ſet them for to fidder ;
The harrald cryd, God ſchaw the richt,
Syn bad them go togidder.
Quhair is my ſpeir ? ſays Sym the knicht,
Sum man go bring it hidder ;
But wald they tary thair all nicht,
Thair launces cam to lidder
And ſlaw up at the Drum that day.

VIII.

Sym flew as fery as a fown,
Down frae the horſs he ſlaid,
Sayis, He ſall rew my ſtaff has ſtown,
For I ſall be his deid.
William his vow plicht to the powin,
For favour or for feid,
Als gude the trie had nevir grown,
Quhairof my ſpeir was maid
To juſt up at the Drum that day.

IX.

Thair vowis maid to ſun and mone,
They raikit baith to reſt,
Them to refreſch with their disjone,
And of their armour keſt ;

Not

Not knawing of the deid wes done,
Quhen they ſuld haif fawn beſt,
The fyre was piſcht out lang or none,
Their dennaris ſuld haif dreſt,
And dicht up at the Drum that day.

X.

Then wer thay movit out of mynd,
Far mair than of beforne,
They wiſt not hou to get him pynd,
That them had driven to ſcorn:
Ther was nae death mycht be devynd,
But aithis haif thay ſworn,
He ſuld deir by, be thay had dynd,
And ban that he was born,
Or bred up at the Drum that day.

XI.

Then to Dalkeith they made thame boun,
Reid-wod of this reproche,
There was baith wyne and veniſoun,
And barrells ran on broche.
They band up kyndnes in that toun,
Nane frae his feir to foche,
For there was nowder lad nor loun
Micht eat ane baikin-lotch
For fowneſs, up at Dalkeith that day.

XII.

Syne after denner raiſe the din,
And all the toun on ſteir.
William was wyiſs, and held him in,
For he was in a feir.
Sym to haif bargain cowld not blin,
But bukkit Will on weir,
Says, Gif thou wald this lady win,
Cum furth and break a ſpeir
With me, up at Dalkeith this day.

XIII.

XIII.

Thus ſtill for bargane Sym abyddis,
And ſchoutit Will to ſchame.
Will ſaw his faes on baith the ſyddis,
Full fair he dred for blame:
Will ſchortly to his horſs he ſlydes,
And ſayis to Sym be name,
Better we baith were buyand hyddis
And wedder ſkynnis at hame,
Nor heir, up at Dalkeith this day.

XIV.

Now is the grume that was ſae grym
Richt glad to leif in lie.
Fy, thief, for ſchame, ſayis littil Sym,
Will thou not fecht with me!
Thou art mair large of lyth and lim,
Nor I am be ſic thrie.
And all the field cryd. Fy on him,
Sae cowardly tuke the flie
For feir, up at Dalkeith that day.

XV.

Then every man gave Will a mok,
And ſaid, He was owre meik.
Says Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,
I ſall not be to ſiek;
For were ye fourſum in a flok,
I compt yow nocht a liek,
Tho' I had rycht not but a rok
To gar your rumpill reik
Behynd, up at Dalkeith this day.

XVI.

There was richt nocht but haif and ga,
With lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they ſaw Sym ſic courage ta,
And Will mak it ſae teuch.

Sym

Sym lap on horſeback lyke a ra,
And ran him till a huche.
Says, William, cum ryde down this bra,
Thocht ye ſuld brek a buche,
For lufe, up at Dalkeith this day.

XVII.

Syne down the bra Sym braid lyke thunder,
And bad Will follow faſt;
To grund, for ferſenes, he did funder,
Be he mid-hill had paſt.
William ſaw Sym in ſic a blunder,
To ga he wes agaſt;
For he affeird, it was nae wounder
His courſour ſuld him caſt,
And hurt him up at Dalkeith that day.

XVIII.

Than all the yonkers bad Will yield,
Or doun the glen to gang;
Sum cryd the coward ſuld be keild,
Sum doun the heuch they thrang;
Sum ruſcht, ſum rummyld, and ſum rield,
Sum be the bewches hie hang:
Thair avers fyld up all the feild,
They were ſae fou and pang,
With eiſe, up at Dalkeith that day.

XIX.

Than gelly John came in a jak,
To field quhair he was feidit,
Abone his brand a bucklar blak,
Bail fell the beirn that baid it;
He ſlipit ſwiftly to the ſlak,
And rudly doun he raid it,
Before his curpall was a-crak,
Could na man tell quha maid it,
For lauchter, up at Dalkeith that day.

XX.

XX.

Be than the bougil gan to blaw,
For nicht had them owretane:
Alace, ſaid Sym, for faut of law,
That bargan get I nane.
Thuſs hame with mony crack and flaw
They paſſit every ane;
Syne partit at the Potter-raw,
And findry gaits are gane,
To reſt them within the toun that nicht.

QUOD ALEX. SCOTT.

Like *Chriſt's Kirk on the Greene*, this imitation of it ſeems to have ſuffered by abſurd augmentation. The copy in the MS. ends with the following ſtanza, to all appearance, unconnected with any part of the poem:

This Will has he beguild the May,
And did hir marriage ſpill;
He promiſt hir to let him play,
Hir purpoſe to fulfill;
Frae ſcho fell ſow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
Quherfore he tint the feild that day,
And tuke him to a mill,
To hyd him as coward falſe of ſay.

St. viii. l. 5. "plicht to the powin." Bound himſelf by a vow to the peacock, according to the uſual cuſtom of Knights upon their undertaking to give ſome conſpicuous proof of their valour.

COUNSALE TO WANTOUN WOWARIS.

[*From the* BANNATYNE MS.]

I.

YE blindit luvaris, luke
The rekleſs lyfe ye leid.
Eſpy the ſnair and huke
That halds you be the heid.
Thairfoir, I reid remeid,
To leife and lat it be;
For lufe hes non at feid
Bot fulis that can not fle.

II.

Quhat is your lufe bot luſt,
Ane littill for delyte;
And beſtly game robuſt,
To reif your reſſoun quyte.
Ane fowſum appetyte,
That ſtrenth of perſon waikis;
Ane paſtance unperfyte,
To ſmyte you with the glaikis.

III.

Quhair ſenſuall luſt proceids,
All honeſt lufe is pynd;
Ye ma compair your deids
Unto ane brutall kynd.
Fra vertew be contrynd
To follow vyce, conſidder
That reſſoun, wit, and mynd,
Are all ago togidder.

IV.

IV.

The wyſeſt woman thairout,
With wirdis may be wyllit,
To do the deid, but dout
That honour hes exyllit.
How mony ar begyllit,
And few I find that chaipis;
Thairfoir your faithis ar fylit
To frawd thay ſilly aipis.

V.

Ye mak regaird for grace
Quhair nevir grace yit grew;
Ye lang to rin the race
That ane or baith ſall rew;
Ye preiſs ay to perſew
Thair fyte and awin ſorrow;
Ye treſt to find thame trew
That nevir wes beforrow.

VI.

Ye cry on Cupeid king,
And Venus quene in vane;
Ye ſend all maner thing
With trattils thame to trane;
Ye preitche, ye fleitch, ye frane,
Ye grane ay quhile thay grant;
Your pretticks ar profane,
Pure ladeis to ſupplant.

VII.

Ye ſchout as ye wer ſchent,
Thay ſwoun to ſe you ſmartit;
Ye rame as ye wer rent,
And thay ar rewthfull hairtit.
Your play is ſone pervertit,
Fra that thair belly ryſs;
Thay wary yow that gart it,
And ye thame in lykwyſs.

VIII.

Yit thair is leſum lufe
That lauchtfully ſuld leſt ;
He is nocht to reprufe
That is with ane poſſeſt.
That band I hald it beſt,
And nocht to paſs attour,
Bot ye can tak no reſt
Quhill thay kaſt up all four.

IX.

Sic luvaris ſeyndill meitis,
Bot ladeis ay forlorne is
Quhen thay bewaill and greitis,
Sum of you lawchis and ſkornis.
Your hecht, your aith menſworne is,
Your lippis ar lyk burd lyme ;
I hald ye want bot hornis,
As bukkis in belling tyme.

X.

Ye trattill and ye tyſt,
Quhill thay foryet thair fame ;
Ye trane thame to ane hyſt,
And thair ye get thame tame.
Thay ſuffy nocht for ſchame,
Nor caſtis nocht quhat cumis ſyne ;
Bot quhen ye claw thair wame,
Thay tummyll our lyk ſwyne.

XI.

Nocht yung perverſit natouris
To palyardy applawddis,
Bot yit auld rubiatouris
That hant the laittis of lawdis.
Quhen thay begin ſic gawdis,
To leif thay ar moſt laith ;
Quhan thay haif gottin blawdis,
With Venus bowtyne cleth.

XII.

XII.

Ye wantoun wowaris waggis
With thame that hes the cunye;
Haif ane bifmeir baggis,
Ye grunch not at her grunye.
Swa ladeis will nocht founye
With waiftit wowbattis rottin,
Bot proudly thay will prounye,
Quhair geir is to be gottin.

XIII.

Quhair money may yow moif,
I hald it averyce,
Thair is na conftant lufe,
Bot common merchandyce.
This ordour now is nyce,
Quhair lufe is fauld and coft,
It is ane dowbill vyce
To bring the Devill on loft.

XIV.

The bich the cur-tyk fannis;
The wolf the wilrone ufis;
The muill frequentis the annis,
And hir awin kynd abufis.
Rycht fwa the meir refufis
The curfour for ane aiver;
Swa few I fynd excufis
Bot wemen quha will waver.

XV.

Yit pathettis few decreitis,
Saif ane hecht Pertonie.
Bot of your Sodomeitis
In Rome and Lumbardie,
In avillous Italie,
To compt how ye converfs,
I ug for villanie
Your vycis to reherfs.

XVI

XVI.

Quhair Lechery belappis,
All ſteidfaſt luve it ſtoppis;
Quhair hurdome ay unhappis
With quenry, cannis and coppis,
Ye pryd yow at thair proppis,
Till hair and berd grow dapill;
Ye covet all kyn croppis,
As Eva did the apill.

XVII.

Thus ye haif all the wyte,
And thair miſcheif ye mak it,
That ſuld haif wit perfyte,
And wiſdom to abſtrakit.
Suld ladeis than be lakkit,
Thocht few of thame be gud.
For all diſſait thay tak it,
Of your awin fleſh and blude.

XVIII.

Wald ye foirſè the forme,
The faſſoun, and the fek,
Ye ſuld it fynd inorme,
With bawdry yow to blek.
Thairfoir fle fra ſuſpek,
Or than ſa mot I thryfe,
Your natouris ye neglek,
And wantis your wittis fyve.

XIX.

Appardoun me of thiſs,
Gif ocht be to diſpleſs yow,
And quhair I mak a miſs,
My mynd ſall be to meiſs yow.
Thir reſſouns ar to raiſs yow
Fra crymes under coite;
On war ye ſay nocht, waiſs yow!
Quod ALEXANDER SCOTE.

COUNSALE TO LUSTIE LADYIS.

[*From* Ramſay's Evergreen, *compared with the* Bannatyne MS.]

I.

Ye luſty Ladyis, luke
The rackles lyfe ye leid,
Haunt nocht in hole or nuke,
To hurt your womanheid;
I red, for beſt remeid,
Forbeir all place prophane
Gif this be cauſe of feid,
I ſall not ſayt again.

II.

Quhat is ſic luve but luſt,
A lytill for delyte,
To hant that game robuſt,
And beiſtly apetyte;
I nowther fleich nor flyte,
But veritie tell plain;
Tak ye this in deſpyte,
I ſall not ſayt again.

III.

The wyſeſt ſcho may ſone
Seducit be and ſchent,
Syne frae the deid be done,
Perchance ſall ſair repent;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae belly dow not lane,
Therfor in tyme tak tent:
I ſall not ſayt again.

IV.

IV.

Licht wenches luve will fawin,
Evin lyke a ſpanyeolis lauchter,
To lat hir wyme be clawin
Be them liſt geir betawcht hir;
For conyie ye may chaucht hir,
To ſched hir ſchankis in twane,
And nevir ſpeir quhais aucht hir:
I ſall not ſayt again.

V.

Thocht bruckle women hantis
In luſt to leid thair lyvis,
And wedow men that wantis
To ſteil ane pair of ſwyvis;
But quhere that marriet wyvis
Gois by thair huſbands bane,
That houſhald nevir thryvis:
I ſayt, and ſayt again.

VI.

It ſettis not madynis als
To lat men lowſe thair laice,
Nor clym about mens hals,
To clap, to kiſs, nor brace,
Nor round in ſecreit place;
Sic treatment is a train
To cleif thair quaver-caſe:
I ſall not ſayt again.

VII.

Fareweil with cheſtetie,
Fra wenchis fall to chucking,
Thair followis thingis thre,
To gar them ga in gucking,
Bracing, graping, plucking;
Thir foure the ſuth to ſane,
Enforſis them to bucking:
I ſall not ſayt again.

VIII.

VIII.

Sum luvis new cum to toun,
With jeigs to mak them joly ;
Sum luvis danfs up and doun,
To miefs thair melancoly ;
Sum luvis lang troly loly,
And fum of niggling fain,
Lyk fillocks full of foly:
I fall not fayt again.

IX.

Sum mone-brunt maidynis myld,
At none-tyde of the nicht,
Ar chapit up with chyld,
Bot coil or candle-licht ;
Sua fum faid, mayds has flicht
To play and tak na pane,
Syne chift thair fein fra ficht :
I fall not fayt again.

X.

Sum thinks na fchame to clap
And kifs in open wyifs ;
Sum cannot keip her yap
Frae lanfing, as fcho lyifs ;
Sum goes fa gymp in gyifs,
Or fcho war kiffit plain,
Scho leur be japit thryifs :
I fall not fayt again.

XI.

Mair gentrice is to jot
Undir ane filkin goun,
Nor ane quhyt pettycot
And reddyar ay boun,
The denkeft foneft doun,
The faireft but refrain,
The gayeft greateft loun,
I fall not fayt again.

XII.

XII.

The moir degeſt and grave,
The grydiar to grip it;
The nyceſt to reſſave,
Upon the nynnis will nip it;
The quyeteiſt will quhipit,
And nocht thair hurdeis hane;
The leſs, the larger hippit;
I ſall not ſayt again.

XIII.

Lo ladyis gif this be,
A gude counſale I geif you,
To ſave your honeſtie,
Fra ſklander to releife you;
But ballatis ma to breif you,
I will nocht break my brain,
Suppoſe ye ſould miſcheif you,
I ſall not ſayt again.

QUOD SCOTT.

LUVE SULD BE USIT WITH PRUDENCE.

I.

FRA raige of youth the rynk hes rune,
And reſſone tane the man to tune,
The brukle body than is wone,
And maid ane veſchell new.
For than thruch grace he is begunne
The well of wiſdom for to kunne,
Than is his weid of vertew ſpunne.
Treſt weill this taill is trew.

II.

For routh and will are ſo conforſs,
Without that wiſdome mak devorſs,
Thay rin lyk wyld undauntit horſs,
But brydills, to and fro.
Thair curage ſa ourendis thair corſs,
Throcht heit of blude it hes ſic forſs,
Bot gif the mynd haif ſum remorſs,
Of God all is ago.

III.

This wid fantaſtyk luſt but lufe,
Dois ſo yung men to madneſs mufe,
That thay may nouthir reſt nor rufe
Till thay miſcheif thair ſellis.
Haif thay thair harlottis in behufe,
Thay ſuffy not thair God abufe;
Thair fame, thair wirſchip, nor reprufe
Of honour nor ocht ellis.

IV.

Ferme luve with prudens ſuld be uſit,
Thocht ſum allegeand to excus it,
Saying, that luve with will incluſit
  Yit is not worth a buttoun.
Sic vane opinions is confuſit,
That ma but reſſoun may be ruſit.
Quha bene with beiſtly luſt abuſit,
  I hald him but ane muttoun.

V.

Quha wald in luve be eſtimat,
Suld haif thair hairtis ay elevat
With mertial mynds in doing that,
  Mycht cauſs thair fais to dout thame.
Thocht women ſelf be temerat,
Thay luve no man effeminat,
And halds thame, bot I wat not quhat,
  That can nocht be without thame.

VI.

Yit man ſuld favour thame, howbeid
Thay be bot neceſſar of neid;
Becauſs we cum of thame, indeid,
  Thair perſons ſuld be pryſit.
As grund is ordaind to beir ſeid,
So is the woman born to breid
The fruct of man, and that to feid,
  As nature hes devyſit.

VII.

Schort to conclude, I wald baith knew
That luvaris ſuld be leill and trew;
And ladeis ſuld all thingis eſchew
  That ma thair honor ſmot.
Be permanent that wald perſew,
And rin nocht reklefly to rew,
Bot as I direct. Adew!
  Thuſs I depairt quod SCOTT.

OF WEMENKYND.

I.

I MUSE and mervellis in my mynd,
Quhat way to wryt, or put in vers,
The quent conſaitis of wæmen-kynd,
Or half thair havingis to rehers;
I fynd thair haill affectioun
So contrair thair complexioun.

II.

For quhy? no leid unleill thay leit,
Untrewth expreſsly thay expell;
Yit thay ar planeiſt and repleit,
Of falſet and diſſait thair ſell:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

III.

Thay favour no wayis fuliche men,
And verry few of thame ar wyiſs.
All gredy perſonis thay miſken,
And thay ar full of covettyiſs.
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

IV.

I can thame call but kittie unſellis,
That takkis ſic maneris at thair motheris,
To bid men keip thair ſecreit counſailis,
Syne ſchaw the ſame againe till uthiris;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

V.

V.

Thay lawch with thame that thay diſpyt,
And with thair lykingis thay lament;
Of thair wanhap thay lay the wyt
On thair leill luvaris innocent:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

VI.

Thay wald be rewit, and hes no rewth;
Thay wald be menit, and no man menis;
Thay wald be trowit, and hes no trewth;
Thay wiſs thair will that ſkant weill wenys:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

VII.

Thay forge the friendſchip of the fremmit,
And fleis the favour of thair freinds;
Thay wald with nobill men be nemmit,
Syne laittandly to lawar leinds:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

VIII.

Thay lichtly ſone, and cuvettis quickly;
Thay blame ilk body, and thay blekit;
Thay kindill faſt, and dois ill lickly;
Thay ſklander faikles, and *ſuſpectit:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

IX.

Thay wald haif all men bund and thrall
To thame, and thay for to be fré;
Thay covet ilk man at thair call,
And thay to leif at libertie:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

X.

* MS. and *thay* ſuſpectit.

X.

Thay tak delyt in martiall deidis,
And ar of nature tremebund,
Thay wald men nureiſt all thair neidis,
Syne confortles lattis thame confound:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

XI.

Thay wald haif wating on alway,
But guerdoun, genyeild, or regaird;
Thay wald haif reddy ſervands ay,
But recompans, thank, or rewaird:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

XII.

The vertew of this writ and vigour,
Maid in compariſone it is,
That famenene ar of this figour,
Quilk clippit is *antiphraſis*:
For quhy? thair haill affectioun
Is contrair thair complexioun.

XIII.

I wat, gud wemen will not wyt me,
Nor of this ſedull be eſchamit;
For be thay courtas, thay will quyt me;
And gif thay crab heir I quytclame it;
Confeſſand thair affectioun
Conforme to thair complexioun.

QUOD SCOTT.

LUVE ANE LEVELLAR.

I.

Luve preyſis, but compareſone,
Both gentill, ſempill, generall ;
And of fré will gevis wareſone,
As fortoun chanſis to befall :
For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall,
To baſſir men of birth and blud ;
So luve garris ſobir wemen ſmall,
Get maiſtrice our grit men of gud.

II.

Ferme luve, for favour, feir, or feid,
Of riche nor pur to ſpeik ſuld ſpair ;
For luve to hienes hes no heid,
Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air,
But puttis all perſonis in compair :
This prowerb planely for to preve,
That men and women, leſs and mair,
Ar cumd of Adame and of Eve.

III.

Sa thocht my liking wer a leddy,
And I no Lord, yet nocht the leſs,
Scho ſuld my ſerwice find als reddy,
As Duke to Duches docht him dreſs ;
For as proud princely luve expreſs
Is to haif ſoverenitie,
So ſervice cummis of ſympilneſs,
And leileſt luve of law degré.

IV.

IV.

So luvaris lair no leid ſuld lak,
A lord to lufe a ſilly laſs,
A leddy als, for luf to tak,
Ane propir page, hir tym to paſs.
For quhy? as bricht bene birneiſt braſs
As ſilver wrocht at all dewyſs;
And als gud drinking out of glaſs
As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryſs.

QUOD ALEX. SCOTT.

THE

THE BLAIT LUVAR.

I.

QUHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
In May of every moneth quene ;
Quhen merle and mavis ſingis with mirth,
Sweit melling in the ſchawis ſchene ;
Quhen all luvaris rejoſit bene,
And moſt deſyrus of thair pray ;
I hard a luſty luvar mene,
I luve, bot I dar nocht aſſay.

II.

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,
Bot yet with patience I ſuſtene ;
I am ſo fetterit with the lufe
Onlie of my Lady ſchene ;
Quhilk for her bewty mycht be Quene,
Natour ſa craftely alwey,
Hes done depaint that ſweit ſcherene.
Quhome I luf I dar nocht aſſay.

III.

Scho is ſa brycht of hyd and hew,
I lufe but hir allone I wene ;
Is non hir luf that may eſchew,
That blenkis on that dulce amene.
Sa cumly cleir ar hir twa ene,
That ſcho ma luvaris dois effrey,
Than evir of Grice did fair Helene.
Quhome I luf I dar nocht aſſay.

GRATULATIOUN TO THE MONETH OF MAY.

I.

MAY is a moneth maiſt amene
For tham in Venus ſervice bene,
To recreate thair havy hartis:
May cauſſis curage fra the ſplene,
And every thing in May revertis.

II.

In May the pleaſant ſpray unſpringis,
In May the mirthful maveis ſingis;
And now in May to madynnis fawis,
With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,
And to play upcoil with the bawis.

III.

In May gois gallandis bringin ſymmer,
And trymly occupyis their tymmer,
With "*hunt up*" evry morning plaid:
In May gois gentlewemen gymmer,
In gardynnis grene their grumes to glaid.

IV.

In May quhen men yied everichone,
With Robene Hoid and Littil John,
To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
Now all ſic game is faſtlings gone,
Bot gif it be amangs clowin Robbynis.

IV.

Abbotts by rule, and Lords but reſſone,
Sic ſenyeoris tynes our weill this ſeſſone;
Upon thair vyce war lang to waik,
Quhais Falſit, Feibleneſs and Treſſone,
Hes rung thryſs owre this zodiak.

VI.

In May begins the golk to gail;
In May drawis deir to doun and dale;
In May men mells with famynie,
And ladys meitis thair luvaris leil,
Quhen Phebus is in Geminie.

VII.

Butter, new cheiſe, and beir in May,
Connans, cokkillis, curds and quhey,
Lapſters, lempets, muſſels in ſchellis,
Grein leiks, and all ſic men may ſey,
Suppoſe ſum of thame ſourly ſmellis.

VIII.

In May grit men within thair boundis,
Sum halkis the walters, ſum with houndis
The hares out throw the foreſtis cachis,
Syne after them thair ladeis foundis,
To ſcent the rynning of the rachis.

IX.

In May frank archers will affix
Ane place to meit, ſyne marrows mix,
To ſchute at butts, at bankis and brais;
Sum at the revers, ſum at the prikkis.
Sum laich and lo beneth the clais.

X.

In May ſowld men of amouris go,
To ſerve thair ladies and na mo,
Sen thair releiſs in ladies lyiſs;
For ſum may cum in favouris ſo,
To kiſs his loif on Buchone wyiſs.

XI.

In May gois damoſells and dammis
In gardynnis grein to play lyk lammis;
Sum at the barris thay brace like billers;
Sum rinnis at barlabreikis like rammis,
Sum round about the ſtandan pillars.

XII.

XII.

In May gois madynis till Lareit,
And hes thair mynyeons on the ſtreit,
To horſe them quhair the gate is ruch:
Sum at Inchbuckling-brae thay meit,
Sum in the middis of Muſſelburch.

XIII.

So May and all thir monethis thrie,
Are het and dry in thair degrie;
Therefore ye wanton men in youth,
For health of body now haif ee,
Not oft to mell with thankles mouth.

XIV.

Sen every paſtyme is at pleſure,
I council you to mel with meſure,
And namely now May, June, and July,
Delyt nocht lang in luvaris leiſure,
But weit your lipps and labour huly.

QUOD SCOTT.

St. 2. l. 4. "——— tymmer wechtis;" i. e. tambour ſieves. In ſhape, ſize, and materials, they reſemble the upper part of a drum, and are ſtill commonly uſed in the winnowing of corn. Both the words are more immediately of Belgic origin; *wechts* from *waegen*, vacillare, commoveri; *tymmer*, a variation of *tamboer*, tympanum. "Upcoil with the bawis," to play with hand-balls, perhaps by throwing up, and again kepping or catching them; a diverſion which was greatly practiſed about this ſeaſon of the year: As were alſo the games of Robin Hoid, Littil John, and the Abbot of Unreaſon, mentioned above, p. 161, for the ſuppreſſion of which, our poet expreſſes no ſmall regret; accompanied with a ſatirical alluſion, we may ſuppoſe, to the Lords of the Congregation about 1562. Sir Walter Scot of Buck-cleugh, to whom the poet might probably be allied, was one of the Queen's moſt firm and zealous ſupporters.

St. 9. l. 4. "——— revers and prikkis;" the long and ſhort diſtances at ſhooting with the bow and arrow. Moſt of the other May revels here enumerated, are well known.

ÍN PRAIS OF THE TWA FAIR ENE OF HIS MISTRESS.

I.

THow well of vertew, floure of womanheid,
And patrone unto patiens,
Lady of lawty baith in word and deid,
Rycht ſobir, ſweit, full meik of eloquens,
Baith gude and fair: To your magnificens
I me commend, as I haif done befoir,
My ſempill heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

For evirmoir I ſall you ſervice mak,
Sen, of befoir, into my mynd I made,
Sen firſt I knew your ladyſchip, bot lak,
Bewtie, youth of womanheid ye had,
Withouten reſt my hart couth nocht evade.
Thus am I youris, and ay ſenſyne haif bene
Commandit by your gudly twa fair ene.

III.

Your twa fair ene makis me oft ſyis to ſing,
Your twa fair ene makis me to ſych alſo,
Your twa fair ene makis me grit comforting,
Your twa fair ene is wyt of all my wo,
Your twa fair ene may no man keip thame fro,
Withouttin reſt that gets a ſicht of thame,
Thus of all vertew weir ye now the name.

IV.

IV.

Ye beir the name of gentilnefs of blude,
Ye beir the name, that mony for ye deis,
Ye beir the name, ye are baith fair and gude,
Ye beir the name that farrer than yow feis.
Ye beir the name, fortune and you agreis,
Ye beir the name of lands of lenth and breid,
The well of vertew and floure of womanheid.

QUOD SCOTT.

TO

TO HIS HEART.

[*From the* BANN. MS.]

I.

HENCE hairt with hir that muſt departe,
And hald the with thy ſoverane,
For I had lever want ane harte
Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.
Therefore go with thy luve remaine,
And let me leif thus unmoleſt;
Se that thou cum not (back) againe,
Bot byd with hir thou luvis beſt.

II.

Sen ſcho that I haif ſervit lang
Is to depairt ſo ſuddanly,
Addreſs the now, for thou ſall gang
And beir thy lady company.
Fra ſcho be gon, hairtleſs am I;
For why? thou art with hir poſſeſt.
Thairfor my hairt! go hence in hy,
And byd with hir thou luvis beſt.

III.

Thocht this belappit body heir
Be bound to ſervitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is fre inteir,
And mynd to ſerf my lady at all.
Wald God that I wer perigall
Under that redolent roſe to reſt!
Yit at the leiſt, my hairt thow ſall
Abyd with hir thow luſis beſt.

IV.

IV.

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte
May not remane amang the laif,
Adew the flour of haill delyte!
Adew the ſuccour that ma me ſaif!
Adew the fragrant balmie ſuaif,
And lamp of ladies luſtieſt!
My faithful hairt ſcho ſall it haif,
To byd with hir it luvis beſt.

V.

Deploir ye ladeis cleir of hew,
Hir abſence ſen ſcho muſt departe,
And ſpecially ye luvairis trew,
That woundit bene with luvis darte.
For ye ſall want yow of ane hairt
Als weill as I, thairfore at laſt
Do go with myn with mynd inwart,
And byd with hir thou luvis beſt.

QUOD SCOTT.

ON

DÉLYTE OF A LUVAR'S INWART MURNYNG.

[*From the* BANN. MS.]

I.

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryte
The inwart murnyng and miſchance,
Or to indite the grit delyte
Of luſtie lufis obſervance,
But he that may certane
Patiently ſuffer pane,
To wyn his ſoverane
In reſervance.

II.

Albeit I knaw of luvis law
The pleſſour and the painis ſmart;
Yit I ſtand aw for to furth ſchaw
The quyet ſecretis of my hart.
For it may Fortune raith
To do hir body ſkaith,
Quhilk wait that of them baith
I am expert.

III.

Scho wait my wo that is ago;
Scho wait my weilfair and remeid;
Scho wait alſo, I lufe no mo
Bot hir the well of womanheid.
Scho wait withoutten fail
I am hir luvar leil;
Scho has my hart alhaill
Till I be deid.

IV.

IV.

That bird in blifs in beauty is
In eard the only *A per fe*,
Quhais mouth to kis is worth, I wifs,
The warld full of gold to me.
Is nocht in erd I cure,
Bot pleifs my lady pure,
Syne be hir fervitur
Unto I die.

V.

Scho has my lufe at hir behufe;
My hart is fubject, bound, and thrall,
For fcho dois moif my hart aboif,
To fe hir proper perfoun fmall.
Sen fcho has rewth at will
That natur may fulfill,
Gladlie I gif hir till
Body and all.

VI.

Thair is no wie can eftimie
My forrow and my fichingis fair;
For I am fo done fothfullie,
In favour with my ladie fair.
That baith our hartis ar ane,
Luknyt in lufis chene;
And everilk greif is gane
For evir mair.

QUOD SCOTT.

LAMENT QUHEN HIS WYFE LEFT HIM.

I.

TO luve unluvit it is ane pane;
For ſcho that is my ſoverane,
Sum wantoun man ſo hé hes ſet hir,
That I can get no lufe agane,
Bot breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

II.

Quhen that I went with that ſweit May,
To dance, to ſing, to ſport, and play,
And oft tymes in my armis plet hir;
I do now murne both nycht and day,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

III.

Quhair I wes wont to ſé hir go,
Rycht trymly paſſand to and fro,
With cumly ſmylis quhen that I met hir;
And now I leif in pane and wo,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

IV.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,
To ſlay myſelf with melancoly,
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir?
Or quhat ſuld be the caus, and quhy,
To breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir?

V.

My hairt, ſen thow may nocht hir pleis,
Adew; as gude lufe cumis as gais,
Go chuſe ane udir, and forget hir;
God gif him dolour and diſeis,
That breks his hairt, and nocht the bettir.

QUOD SCOTT.

CUPID

CUPID QUARELD FOR HIS TYRANIE, BLINDNES, AND INJUSTICE.

I.

QUHOME ſould I wyt for my miſchance,
But Cupid king of variance?
Thy court, without conſiderance,
Quhen I it knew;
Or evir made the obſervance,
Sair, ſair I rew.

II.

Thou and thy law ar inſtrumentis
Of diverſs inconvenimentis;
Thy ſervice mony fair repentis,
Knawing the quarrell,
Quhen body, honor and ſubſtance ſchentis,
And ſaul in perel.

III.

Quhat is thy manrent but miſcheif,
Sturt, anger, grunching, yre and greif,
Ill lyfe, and langour bot releife,
Of woundis ſae wan,
Diſpliſour, pain, and hie repreife
Of God and man.

IV.

Thou luves all them that loudeſt leis,
And follows faſteſt them that fleis;
Thou lichtlies all trew properties
Of luve expreſs,
And marks quhen neir a ſtyme thou ſeis,
And hits begeſs.

V.

V.

Blind buk! but at the bound thou ſhutes,
And them forbeirs that the rebutes;
Thou ryves thair hartis fra the rutes,
Quilk ar thy awin,
And cures them that cares not three cutes
To be miſknawin.

VI.

Thou art in friendſhip with thy fae,
And to thy beſt freinds fremit ay,
Thou fleims all faithful men thee frae,
Of ſtedfaſt thocht,
Regarding nane but them perfay
That cures the nocht.

VII.

Thou chirrieſs them that with the chyds,
And banniefs them with thee abyds:
Thou hes thy horn ay in thair ſyds
That cannot flie.
Thay furder warſt in thee confyds,
I ſay for me.

QUOD SCOTT.

RONDEL

RONDEL OF LUVE.

I.

LO quhat it is to lufe,
Lerne ye that liſt to prufe,
Be me, I ſay, that no ways may,
The grund of greif remuve,
Bot ſtill decay, both nycht and day;
Lo quhat it is to lufe.

II.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,
Kendillit without deſyre,
Schort pleſour, lang diſpleſour;
Repentance is the hyre;
Ane pure treſſour, without meſſour;
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

III.

To lufe aud to be wyiſs,
To rege with gud advyiſs;
Now thus, now than ſo gois the game,
Incertaine is the dyiſs:
Thair is no man, I ſay, that can,
Both lufe and to be wyiſs.

IV.

Flè alwayis frome the ſnair,
Lerne at me to beware;
It is ane pane and dowbill trane
Of endleſs wo and cair;
For to refrane that denger plane,
Flé alwayis frome the ſnair.

QUOD SCOTT.

TO

TO HIS HEART.

I.

RETURNE thé hamewart, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be:
Thow art ane fule to ſuffer pane,
For luve of hir that luvis not thé.
My hairt, lat be ſic fanteſie,
Luve nane bot as thay mak thé cauſe,
And lat her ſeik ane hairt for thé;
For feind a crum of thé ſcho fawis.

II.

To quhat effect ſould thou be thrall?
But thank ſen thou hes thy fré will;
My hairt be nocht ſa beſtiall,
But knaw quha dois thé guid or ill.
Remane with me, and tarry ſtill,
And ſé quha playis beſt their pawis,
And lat fillok ga fling her fill;
For feind a crum of thé ſcho fawis.

III.

Thocht ſcho be fair, I will not fenyie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma;
For quhy? thair is a fellone menyie,
That ſemis gud, and ar not ſa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,
Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga;
For feind a crum of thé ſcho fawis.

IV.

IV.

Becaus I find ſcho tuk in ill,
At her departing thow mak na cair ;
Bot all begyld, go quhair ſcho will,
A ſchrew the hairt that mane makis mair.
My hairt be mirry lait and air,
This is the fynall end and clauſe ;
And let her fallow ane filly fair,
For feind a crum of thé ſcho fawis.

QUOD ALEX. SCOTT.

This poem is ſtrangely interpolated in the Evergreen. The burden, " For feind a crum of thé ſcho fawis," is literally, D— a bit of thee befalls her ; i. e. ſhe has no ſhare in thee.

St. 4. l. 7. " And let her fallow ane filly fair." Let her match herſelf with a fair filly, here uſed for a handſome young man, or fellow.

A LUVARIS

A LUVARIS COMPLAINT.

I.

QUHAIR luve is kendlit comfortles,
Thair is no fever half ſo fell ;
Fra Cupid keiſt his dert be geſs,
I had na hap to ſaife my ſell.
Lyik as my wofull hairt can tell,
My inwart painis and ſiching ſair,
For weill I watt the painis of hell
Onto my pane is nocht compair.

II.

For ony mellady ye ma ken,
Except peuir luve or than ſtark deid,
Help may be had fra handis of men,
Throw meddecyne to mak remeid.
For harmis of body, hands, and heid,
The pottingaris will purge the painis ;
Bot all the membaris are at feid
Quhan that the law of lufe remainis.

III.

As Tantalus in water ſtandis,
To ſtanche his thirſty appetyte,
Bewaling body, heid, and handis,
The revar flyis him in deſpyte.
So dois my luſty lady quhyte,
Scho flyis the place quhair I repair ;
To hungry men is ſmall delyte
To twich the meit, and eit na mair.

IV.

IV.

The nar the flamb, the hettar fyre;
The moir I pyne, yit I perſew;
The moir enkendills my deſyre,
Fra I behald her hevinly hew.
Peuir Piramus him ſelfe he ſlew,
Maid ſaul and body to deſſaver;
He dyit bot anis, fairwell, adew!
I daylie de, and dyis never.

V.

Yit Jaſone did injoy Medea,
And Theſeus gat Adriane;
Dido diſſavit was with Enea,
And Demophon his lady wan.
Gif women trowd ſic traytours than
For till enjoy the frutte of lufe,
Quhy wald ye ſlay your ſaikles man,
Quha myndis never to remufe?

VI.

The ferſs Achill, ane worthy knicht,
Was ſlane for luve, the ſuth to ſay.
Leander, in ane ſtormy nicht,
Dyit fleittand on the ſludis gray.
Trew Troyallus, he langerit ay,
Still waitand for his luvis returne,
Had nocht ſic pyne, it was bot play,
As daylie dois my body burne.

VII.

As poill to pylattis dois appeir
Moir brichtar than the ſtarris abowt,
So dois your viſage ſchyne als cleir
As roſe amang the raſchell rowt.
War Paris levand now, no dowt,
And had the goldin ball to ſerve,
I wait he wald ſone waill you owt,
And leiff baith Venus and Minerve.

VIII.

Now paper paſs and at her ſpeir,
Gif pleis hir prudence to imprent it.
My faithful hairt I ſend it heir,
In ſigne of paper I preſent it.
Wald God my body war fornent it,
That I micht ſerve hir grace but glammer;
To be hir knaiff I am contentit,
Or ſmalleſt varlet in her chammer.

L' Envoy.

The hairt did think, the hand did frem,
The body ſend to yow the ſame.

This poem is placed here on account of ſome reſemblance which it bears to the productions of Alexander Scot. Allan Ramſay aſcribes it to King Henry Stewart, but upon what authority is now unknown, there being no name to it in the BANN. MS.

The whole of SCOT's pieces, excepting his "*Addreſs*" and "*Juſting*," being in the amatory ſtile which had ſcarcely at all been attempted by any preceding Scottiſh poet, it ſeems more than probable that he was no ſtranger to the gallant ſonnets and poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, which were firſt publiſhed in 1557, and ſeveral times reprinted in the courſe of a few years.

DARNLEY'S BALLAT.

I.

GIFE langour makis men licht,
Or dolour thame decoir,
In erth thair is no wicht
May me compair in gloir.
Gif cairfull thoftis reſtoir
My havy hairt frome ſorrow,
I am, for evir moir,
In joy, both evin and morrow.

II.

Gif pleſer be to pance,
I playnt me nocht oppreſt,
Or abſence micht avance,
My hairt is haill poſſeſt:
Gif want of quiet reſt,
From cairis micht me convoy,
My mynd is nocht molleſt,
Bot evir moir in joy.

III.

Thocht that I pance in paine,
In paſſing to and fro,
I laubor all in vane,
For ſo hes mony mo,
That hes nocht ſervit ſo,
In ſuting of thair ſweit,
The nare the fyre I go,
The grittar is my heit.

IV.

IV.

The turtour for hir maik,
  Mair dule may nocht indure;
Nor I do for hir ſaik,
  Evin hir quha hes in cure
My hairt, quilk ſal be ſure,
  And ſervice to the deid,
Unto that lady pure,
  The well of womanheid.

V.

Schaw, ſchedull, to that ſueit,
  My paîrt ſo permanent,
That no mirth quhill we meit,
  Sall cauſe me be content:
Bot ſtill my hairt lament,
  In ſorrowfull ſiching ſoir,
Till tyme ſcho be preſent,
  Fairweill, I ſay no moir.

QUOTH KING HENRY STEWART.

The ſignature being in an ancient hand, "I have ventured (ſays Lord Hailes) to give this ſong the title of *Darnley's Ballat.*" It may be added, that by far the greater part, if not the whole, of the Bannatyne MS. having been compiled within leſs than three years after the death of Darnley, there ſeems to be no room for entertaining any doubt with reſpect to the author. The Biſhop of Winton, in his preface to the works of James the Sixth, mentions Lord Darnley as the tranſlater of Valerius Maximus; ſo that he is not altogether deſtitute of claim to a place among Scottiſh authors.

COUNSALE

COUNSALE TO HUNTARIS.

(*By* BALNEVIS.)

I.

O GALLANDIS all, I cry and call,
Keip ſtrenth quhill that yow have it ;
Repent ye ſall, quhen ye ar thrall,
Fra tyme that dub be lavit.
With wantoun youth, thocht ye be couth,
With curage hie on loft,
Suppois grit drouth is in your mouth,
Bewar drink not ouer oft.

II.

Tak bot at liſt, ſuppois ye thriſt,
Your mowth at laſer cule ;
In mynd ſoliſt weill to reſiſt
Langer leſtis yeir nor Yule.
Thocht ye ryd ſoft, caſt not ouer oft
Your ſpeir into the reiſt ;
With ſtuff uncoft ſett upon loft,
Aneuch is evin a feiſt.

III.

In luvis grace ſuppoiſs ye trace,
Thinkand your ſell abone,
Ye may percaiſs, caſt dewiſs eſs,
And ſwa be lochit ſone.
Fra tyme ye ſtank into the bank,
And dry point puttis in play,
Ye tyne the thank—man, hald ane hank
Or all be paſt away.

IV.

IV.

Fra thow ryn towme, als I preſowme,
Thow hes bayth ſkaith and ſkorn
Thé to conſowmé, with fire allowme,
That bourd may be forborne.
For in that play, gif I ſuth ſay,
Gud will is not allowit.
Gif thow nocht may, Ga way, ga way,
Than art thow all forhowit.

V.

Coſiderance hes no luvance,
Fra thow be bair thair ben;
At that, Semlance is no pleſance
Quhen pithleſs is thy pen.
Quhen thow hes done thy dett abone,
Forfochin in the feild,
Scho will ſay ſone, Get thé ane ſpone—
Adew baith ſpeir and ſcheild.

VI.

Fra thow inlaikis to lay on ſtraikis,
Fra hyne, my ſone, adew!
Than thy rowme vaik, ane uder taik,
That ſolace to perſew.
Quhill branys are big abone to lig,
Gud is in tyme to ceiſs;
To tar and tig, ſyne grace to thig,
That is ane petouſs caiſs.

VII.

Thairfor be war, hald thé on far
Sic chaif-wair for to pryiſs;
To tig and tar, ſyne get the war,
It is evill merchandyiſs.
Mak thow na vant our oft to hant
In places dern thair down,
Fra tyme thow want, that ſtuff is ſkant,
To borrow in the town,

VIII.

VIII.

Few honor wynnis, into that innys.
For ſchutting at the ſchellis;
Out of your ſchynnis the ſubſtance rynnis,
Thay get no gainyell ellis.
In tyme lat be, I counſal thé,
Uſe not that offerand ſtok;
Quhen thay thé ſé, thay blere thair ee,
And mak at thé ane mok.

IX.

Thocht thow, ſuppoiſs, haif at thy choiſs
I reid thé for the nanis,
Keip ſtuff in poiſs, Tyne not thy hoiſs,
Wair nocht all in that wanis.
Fra tyme ſcho ſe undir thine ee,
The brawin away doun muntis,
Than game and glé ganis not for thé,
Thow man lat be ſic huntis.

X.

Fra thow luk cheſt, adew that feiſt,
To hunt into that ſchaw;
Quhen on that beiſt at thy requeiſt,
Thy kennettis will not kaw.
Within that ſtowp fra tyme thow ſowp,
And wirdis to be ſweir,
And mak a ſtop quhen thay ſuld hop,
Adew the thriſſil deir.

XI.

Thairfor albeid, thy hounds haif ſpeid,
To ryn our oft latt be;
In thy maiſt neid, ſum tyme but dreid,
Thay will rebutit be.
Ouer oft to hound in unkowth ground,
Thow ma tak up unbaittit;
Thairfoir had bound thocht ſcho be found,
Or dreid thy doggis be ſlaittit.

XII.

XII.

Scho is nocht ill that ſittis ſtill,
Perſewit in the ſait;
That beiſt ſcho will gif thé thy ſill,
Quhill thow be evin chak-mait.
Suppois thow renge our all the grenge,
And ſeik baith ſyk and ſeuche,
Still will ſcho menge and mak it ſtrenge,
And gif thé evin aneuche.

XIII.

Than with avyiſs, ſuppois ſcho ryiſs,
Laich under thy ſute,
Bot thow be wyiſs, ſcho will ſuppryiſs
Thy hounds, and thame rebute.
In tyme abyd, the feilds ar wyde,
I counſal thé, gude bruder,
Evill is the gyde that faillis but tyde,
Syne raklefs is the ruder.

XIV.

Huntaris, adew! gif ye perſew
To hunt at every beiſt,
Ye will it rew, thair is anew,
Thairto haif ye no haiſt.
With ane and ane,
Ye huntaris all and ſum,
Quhen beſt is play, paſs hame away,
Or dreid war eftir cum.

QUOD BALNEVIS.

It is not altogether improbable that this may be Henry Balnavis, the friend of Sir David Lindſay, and one of the moſt active promoters of the reformation. At different periods of this reign, he filled the offices of Queen's Advocate, Juſtice Clerk, and Lord of Seſſion. M'Kenzie ſays he wrote a Catechiſm and Confeſſion of Faith, which perhaps may be that which we find in verſe at the beginning of the Book of Godlie Ballats.

THE

THE BANKIS OF HELICONE.

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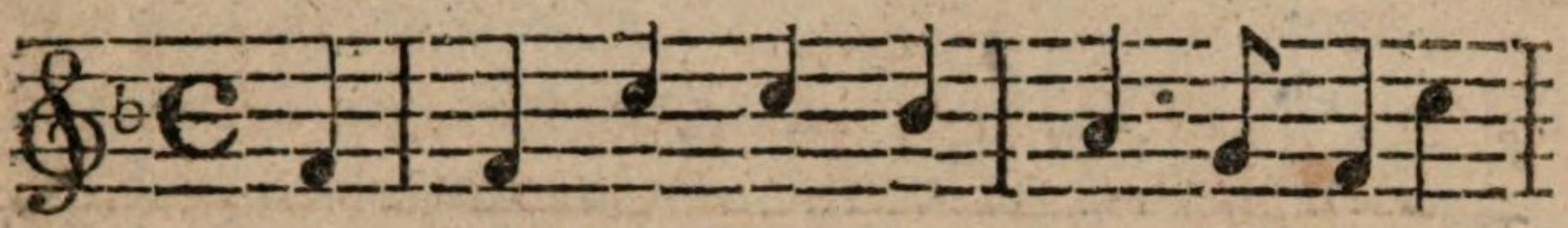

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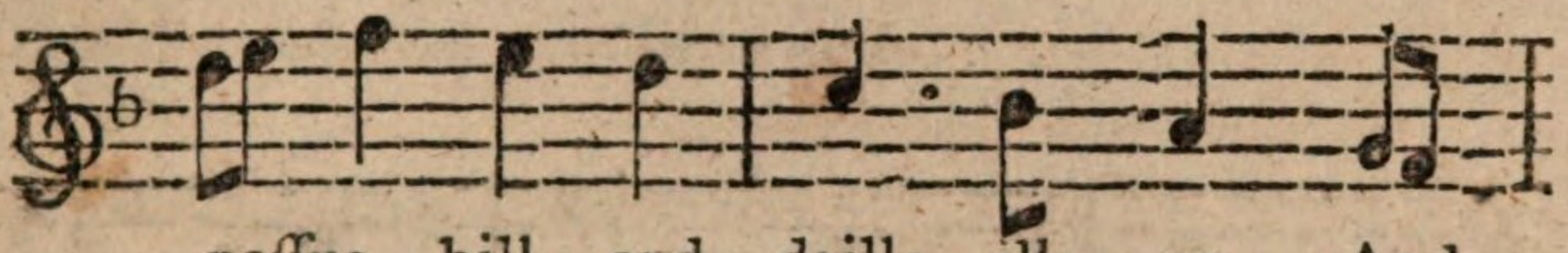
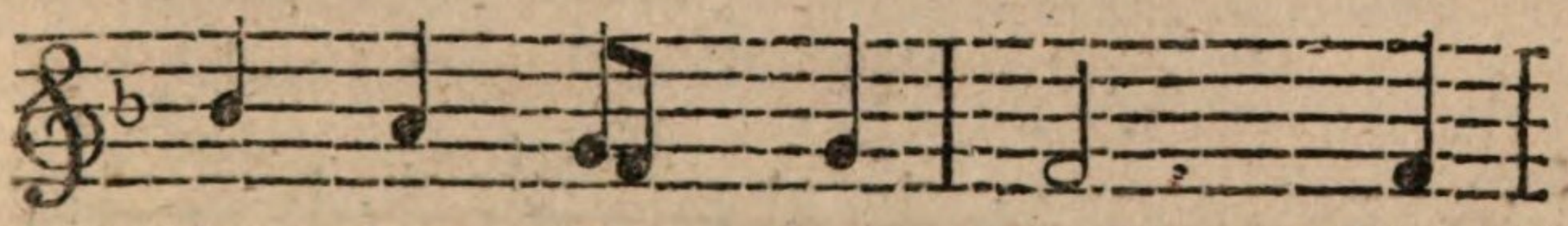


naſſus hill, and daills ilk on, And



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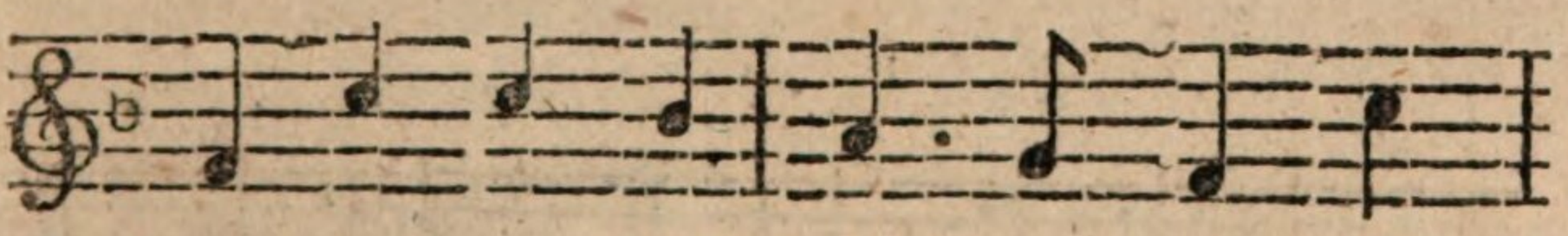

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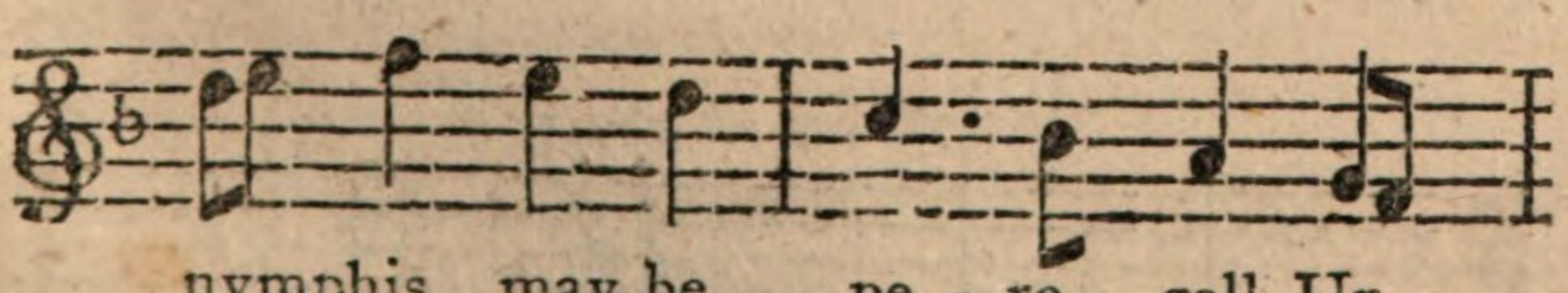

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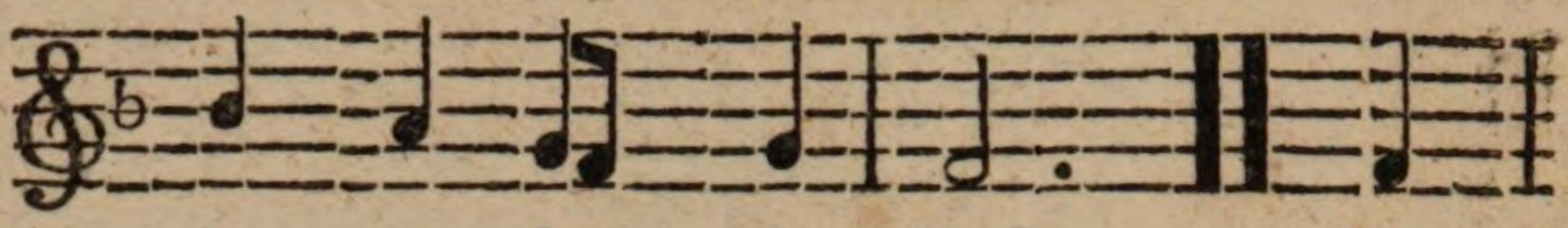

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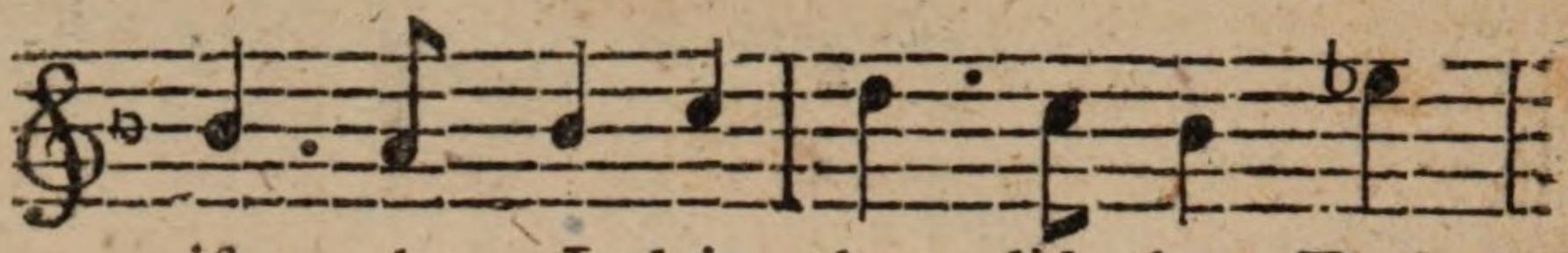
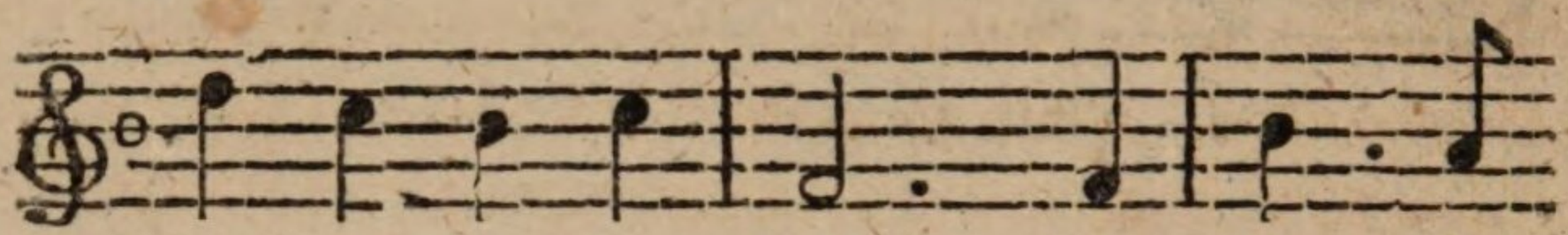
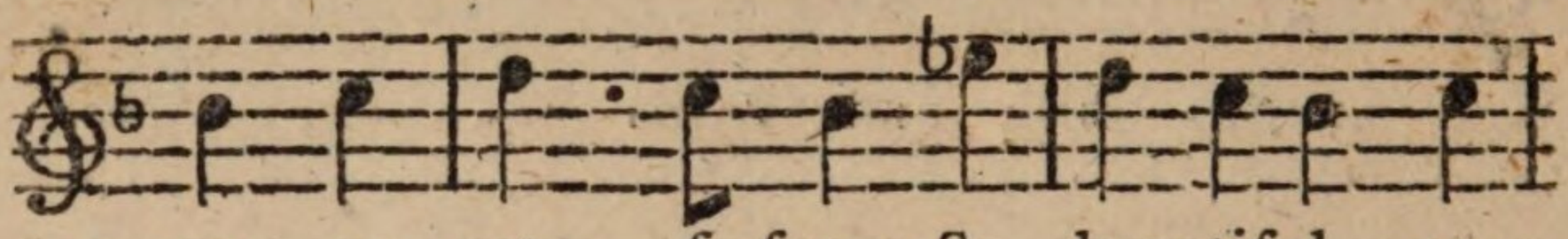


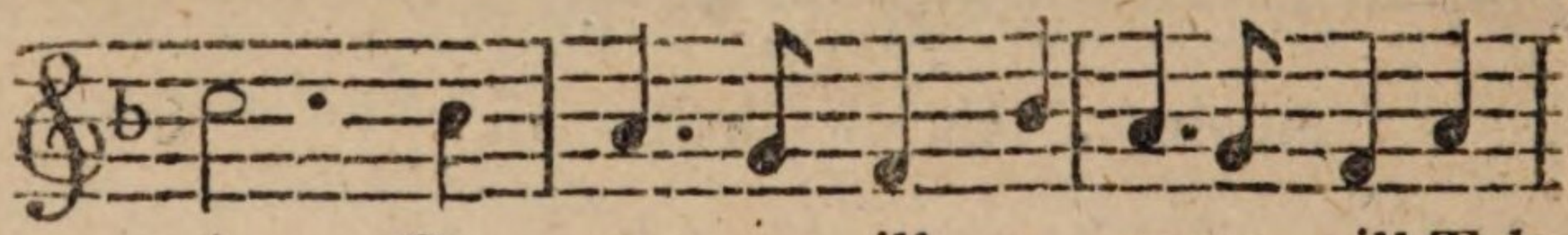
if the Ladeis that did lave Thair



bodies by your brim, So ſeim - lie



wer or yet ſo ſuave So beautiful or



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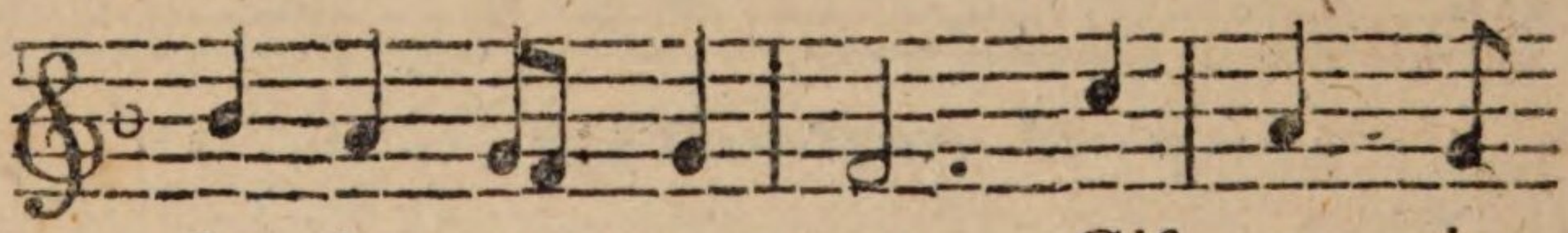
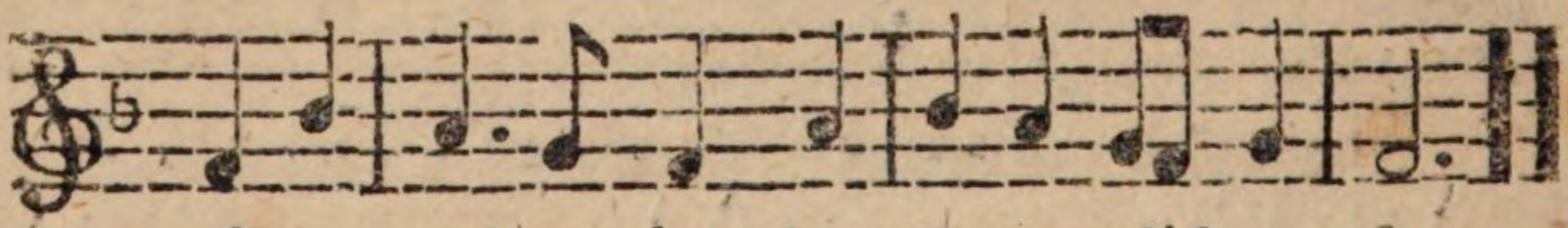


be her proper port, Gif o - nie



ſa bo- nie, Amang you did re - ſort.

II.

No, no. Forſuith wes never none
That, with this perfect paragon,
In bewtie micht compair.
The Muſes wald have gevin the grie
To her, as to the *A per ſe*,
And peirles perle preclair.
Thinking with admiratioun
Hir perſone ſo perfyte.
Nature, in hir creatioun,
To forme hir tuik delyte.
Confes then, expres then,
Your nymphes, and all thair race,
For bewtie, of dewtie
Sould yeild, and give hir place.

III.

Apelles, quha did ſa decoir
Dame Venus' face and breiſt befoir,
With colours exquiſeit;
That nane micht be compair'd thairtill;
Nor yit na painter had the ſkill
The bodye to compleit:
War he this lyvelie goddes' grace,
And bewtie, to behauld,
He wald confes his craft and face
Surpaſt a thouſand fauld.
Nor abill, in tabill
With colours competent,
So quiklie, or liklie,
A forme, to repreſent.

IV.

Or had my ladye bene alyve
Quhen the thrie goddeſſis did ſtryve,
And Paris wes made judge;
Fals Helene, Menelaus' maik,
Had ne'er caus'd king Priamus' wraik;

In

In Troy nor had refudge.
For ather ſcho the pryis had wone,
As weill of womanheid;
Or els with Paris, Priam's ſone,
Had gone in Helen's ſteid.
Eſtemed, and demed,
Of colour twyis ſo cleir:
Far ſuetar, and metar
To have bein Paris' feir.

V.

As Phebus' trefs hir hair and breeis;
With angel hew, and criſtall eeis;
And toung moſt eloquent.
Hir teithe as perle in curall ſet;
Hir lips, and cheikis, pumice fret;
As roſe maiſt redolent.
With yvoire nek, and pomells round,
And comelie intervall.
Hir lillie lyire ſo ſoft and ſound;
And proper memberis all,
Bayth brichter, and tichter,
Then marbre poleiſt clein;
Perfyter, and quhyter,
Than Venus, luifis quein.

VI.

Hir angell voice in melodie
Dois paſs the hevinlie harmonie,
And Siren's ſong moſt ſueit.
For to behauld hir countenance,
Hir gudelie grace, and governance,
It is a joy compleit.
Sa wittie, verteous, and wyis;
And prudent bot compair.
Without all wickednes and vyce:
Maiſt douce and debonair.
In veſture, and geſture,

Maiſt ſeimlie, and modeſt.
With wourdis, and bourdis,
To ſolace the oppreſt.

VII.

Na thing thair is in hir at all
That is not ſupernaturall,
Maiſt proper and perfyte.
So freſche, ſo fragrant, and ſo fair,
As Dees, and dame Bewties air,
And dochter of Delyte.
With qualeteis, and forme, divine,
Be nature ſo decoird,
As goddes of all feminine
Of men to be adoird.
Sa bliſſed that wiſſed
Scho is in all mens' thocht,
As rareſt, and faireſt,
That ever Nature wrocht.

VIII.

Hir luiks, as Titan radiant,
Wald pers ane hairt of adamant,
And it to love alleur.
Hir birning beawtie dois embrayis
My breiſt, and all my mind amayis;
And bodye haill combuire.
I have no ſchift bot to reſing
All power in hir handis;
And willinglie my hairt to bring,
To bind it in hir bandis.
To langwis in angwis,
Soir woundit, and oppreſt:
Forleitit, or treitit,
As ſcho ſall think it beſt.

IX.

I houp ſa peirles pulchritud
Will not be voyde of manſuetud;

Nor

Nor cruellie be bent.
Sa, ladye, for thy courteſie,
Have pitie on my miſerie;
And lat me not be ſchent!
Quhat prayis have ye to be ſweir,
Or crewellie to kill
Your woful woundit priſoneir,
All youldin in your will?
All preiſing, but ceiſing,
Maiſt humlie for to ſerve.
Then pruif me, and luif me
As deidis ſall deſerve.

X.

And, gif ye find diſſait in me,
Or ony quent conſait in me
Your bontie till abuſe,
My dowbill deling be diſdaine
Acquyt, and pay me hame againe;
And flatlie me refuiſe.
Bot ſen I mein ſinceritie,
And trew luif from my hairt;
To quyt me with auſteritie
Forſuith war not your pairt.
Or trap me, or wrap me
Maiſt wrangfullie in wo;
Forſaiking, and wraiking
Your ſervand, as your fo.

XI.

Alace! let not trew amitie
Be quyt with ſo greit creweltie;
Nor ſervice be diſdaine!
Bot rather, hairt, be reuthfull,
And ye ſall find me treuthfull,
Conſtant, ſecreit, and plaine.
In ſorrow lat me not conſome,
Nor langer dolour drie,

Bot ſuddanlie pronounce the dome,
Gif I ſall leif, or die.
That having my craving,
Mirthfull I may remaine;
Or ſpeid ſone the deid ſone,
And put me out of paine.

Theſe muſical notes are printed from a little book in MS. of an ancient hand, bearing the date of 1639, and conſiſting of airs, ſongs, pavenes, Scottiſh pſalms, &c. in the poſſeſſion of Mr Campbell, author of the hiſtory of Scottiſh Poetry. Near the beginning of the Bannatyne MS. is a pious poem "On the Creation," by Sir Richard Maitland, directed to be ſung "to the tone of the Bankis of Helicone," which therefore can ſcarcely be of later date than between 1550 and 1560, and on that account alone, independent of its intrinſic merit, is an object of ſome curioſity. It appears, as naturally may be ſuppoſed, to have been a favourite melody among the learned, but probably was never much known among the vulgar, to whom the words muſt have appeared incomprehenſible, and of courſe the muſic uſeleſs. To this circumſtance alſo muſt be aſcribed its ſinking into an obſolete ſtate in leſs than a century, while *John cum kiſs me now*, *You'll never be like my auld gudeman*, *Cauld and raw*, *Gramachree*, *Low down in the broom*, *Robin's Jok*, and others, beyond a doubt, of higher antiquity, have conſtantly maintained their ground down to the preſent day. No other liberty has been taken with the Air, excepting to ſupply it with bars, and to print it in cloſe inſtead of open notes, to prevent inattentive readers from pronouncing it to be "a mere drawl."

The poem is from Mr Pinkerton's "Maitland Collection," and probably may be an early compoſition of Montgomery, author of the *Cherry and Slae*, to be taken notice of in due time. Such an uncommon meaſure required a ſkilful muſician to compoſe an appropriated air;—and the taſk ſeems to have been executed with ſucceſs, otherwiſe we ſhould not have found new words to the ſame tune ſo early as 1568; as alſo various other compoſitions within twenty years afterwards.—There is no probability, therefore, that a new or different "Banks of Helicon" was compoſed before 1639.

O LUSTY MAY.

From the BANN. MS.*

O LUSTY May, with Flora quene!
Quhois balmy drapis frome Phebus ſchene,
Preluciand beimes befoir the day;
Be thè Diana growis grene,
Thruch glaidneſs of this luſty May.

Than Eſperus, that is ſo bricht
Till wofull hairtis, caſts his lycht
On bankis and blumes on every brae;
And ſchuris ar ſched furth of that ſicht,
Thruch glaidneſs of this luſty May.

Birdis on bowis of every birth,
With rewſing nottis makand thair mirth,
Richt pleſandly upon the ſpray
With fluriſſingis, our feild and firth,
Thruch glaidneſs of this luſty May.

All luvaris that are in cair,
To thair ladeis than do repair
In freſch mornyngis befoir the day,
And ar in mirth ay mair and mair,
Thruch glaidneſs of this luſty May.

Of everie moneth in the yeir
To mirthfull May thair is no peir,
Hir gliſtrin garments ar ſo gay,
You lovaris all mak merie cheir,
Thruch glaidneſs of this luſtie May.

WELCUM

* Compared with the copy in Forbes's Song book 1666. It is mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland* 1549.

WELCUM TO MAY.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

BE glaid al ye that luvaris bene,
For now hes May depaynt with grene
The hillis, valis, and the medis;
And flouris haſtily upſpredis.
Awalk out of your ſluggardy,
To heir the birdis melody;

II.

Quhois ſuggourit nottis loud and cleir,
Is now ane parradiſe to heir.
Go walk upon ſum revir fair;
Go tak the freſh and holſum air;
Go luke upon the fluriſt fell;
Go feil the herbis pleaſand ſmell;

III.

Quhilk will your comfort gar increſs,
And all avoid your havineſs.
The new cled purpour hevin eſpy,
Behald the lark now in the ſky,
With beſy wyng ſcho (towrs) on hicht,
For grit joy of the dayis licht.

IV.

Behald the verdour freſh of hew,
Powdderit with grene, quhyt, and blew,
Quhair with dame Flora, in this May,
Dois richely all the feild array;
And how Aurore, with viſage pale,
Inbalmis with her criſtall hale,

V.

The grene and tender pylis ying,
Of every greſs that dois upſpring;
And with berall droppis bricht,
Makis the graſſis gleme of licht;
Luk on the purple firmament,
And on the enammellit orient.

VI.

Luk on Phebus put up his heid,
As he dois raiſs his baneris reid,
He dois the eiſt ſo bricht attyre,
That all ſeimis birning in a fyre,
Quilk comfort dois to every thing,
Man, bird, beiſt, and fluriſſing.

VII.

Quhairfor luvaris be glaid and licht,
For ſhortened is your havy nycht,
And lenthit is your mirry day.
Thairfor ye welcum now this May,
And bridis do your haill pleſance
With mirry ſong and obſervance,

VIII.

This May to welcum at your mycht,
At freſh Phebus upryſing bricht;
And all ya flowris that dois ſpred,
Lay furth your levis upon breid,
And welcum May with bemys cheir,
The quene of every moneth cleir.

IX.

And every man thank in his mynd
The God of natur and of kynd,
Quilk ordaint all for our behufe,
The erd under, the air abufe;
Bird, beiſt, flour, tyme, day, and nycht,
With planets haill to gif us licht.

WA WORTH MARYAGE.

I.

In Bowdoun, on Blak-money day,
Quhen all was gadderit to the Play,
Bayth men and wemen ſemblit thair,
I hard ane ſweit ane ſich and ſay
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

II.

Madinis, ye may have grit pleſance
For to do Venus obſervance,
Thoch I incluſit be with cair,
That I dar nother ſing nor dance.
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

III.

Quhen that I was ane madein ying,
Lichtlie wald I dance and ſing,
And ſport and play, bayth lait and air.
Now dar I nocht luik to ſic thing.
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

IV.

Thus am I bunden out of blis,
Onto ane churle ſays I am his,
That I dar nocht luik our the ſtair,
Scantlie to gif Schir Johne ane kiſs.
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

V.

Now war I ane madin, as I was,——
To mak me lady of the Bas,——
And thoch that I wer never ſo fair,
To weddin ſuld I never pas.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair !

VI.

Thus am I thirlit onto ane ſchrew,
Quhilk dow nothing of chalmer glew;
Of boure-bourding bayth baſk and bair,
God wayt gif I have caus to rew!
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

VII.

All nicht I clatter upon my creid,
Prayand to God gif I wer deid:
Or ellis out of this world he wair;
Then ſuld I ſe for ſum remeid.
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

VIII.

Ye ſuld heir tell, and he war gane,
That I ſuld be ane wantoun ane.
To leir the law of Luffis layr
In our toun lyk me ſuld be nane.
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

IX.

I ſuld put on my ruſſet gowne,
My reid kirtill, my hois of brown;
And lat thame ſe my yallow hair,
Undir my curché hingand down.
Wa worth maryage for evermair.

X.

Luffaris bayth ſuld heir and ſe
I ſuld luif thame that wald luif me.
Thair harts for me ſuld never be ſair.—
Bot ay unweddit ſuld I be.
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

QUOD CLAPPERTOUN.

"Blak-money day," that is, "annual rent day," is here ſubſtituted for "Blak Monunday," in Mr Pinkerton's edition. The inhabitants of Bowden probably paid Black-mail to their Liege-lord, Ker of Halieden, or Ceſsford. See ſome farther remarks ſubjoined to the next article.

GOD

GOD GIF I WER WEDO NOW.

I.

UNDER ane brekkin bank *on hie*
I hard ane heynd cheild mak his mane ;
He ſicht, and ſaid richt drerélie,
Evil is the wyf that I have tane !
Forthy to yow I mak my mane,
Ye tak gud tent quhair that ye wow.
Thoch it is ſcant ane twelf-month gane,
God gif I wer wedo now !

II.

War I ane wedo, forouttin weir,
Full weill I culd luik me aboute
In all this land, bayth far and neir ;
Of wyfing I ſuld have na doute.
Upon my hip I have ane clout,
Quhilk is nocht pleſand for my prow.
Quhen ſcho is in, I am thairout.
God gif I wer wedo now !

III.

Quhen ſcho is in, I am thairout.
Scho liſt nocht at my layr to leyr :
In all this land, forouttin dout,
Of ſturtſumnes ſcho hes no peir.
Scho garris me ſay with ſempill cheir
That I have nother corne nor kow.
I mak my mane, as ye ma heir,
God gif I wer wedo now !

IV.

IV.

Scho luikis doun oft, lyk ane ſow,
And will nocht ſpeik quhen I cum in;
I ſpak ane wourde, nocht for my prow.
To ding her weill it war na ſyn.
Syne on hir fut (up) couth ſcho wyn;
And to the rude ſcho maid ane vow,
'For I ſall hit thy ſpindill ſchyn.'
God gif I wer wedo now!

V.

With that ſcho raucht me ſic ane rout
Quhill to the erde ſcho gart me leyn;
Suppois my lyf wes oft in dout,
Hir malice I culd nocht refrein.
Scho gars me murne, I bid nocht ſeyn,
And with ſair ſtraiks ſcho gars me ſow.
Thus am I cummerit with ane quene.
God gif I wer wedo now!

In the Maitland Folio MS. this poem or ſong immediately ſucceeds *Wa Worth Maryage*, to which it ſeems intended as a counter part, and therefore may perhaps be another compoſition of CLAPPERTON. Of the author no particulars are known; but we may conjecture that he belonged to the county of Roxburgh, from his mentioning the village of Bowdean as the ſcene of peculiar merriment and gayety, which doubtleſs it was upon particular occaſions, ſo long as the powerful Ker of Ceſſford (now of Roxburgh) reſided chiefly at his magnificent ſeat of Halieden, in its immediate vicinity. The caſtle or tower, ſituated in the center of a deer park of 500 acres, appears to have been built in 1530, from the following inſcription on a lintel:

Feer God,
Flé from ſin,
Mak to the lyf
Everlaſting
To the end.
Dem Iſbel Ker, 1530.

This dame Iſbel Ker was the grandmother of the firſt Earl of Roxburgh; herſelf alſo a Ker of the family of Fernie-hirſt. It is a little ſingular that her name ſhould appear in the inſcription without that of her huſband, Sir Walter, to whom ſhe then but lately had been married, and who lived till about 1584. The burying place of the Roxburgh family is ſtill at Bowden-kirk.

THE

THE LAMENT OF A PURE COURT-MAN.

From Mr PINKERTON's *edition of the* MAITLAND Poems.

GOD, as thow weill can,
Help the ſlie court-man!
His banes may I ſair ban
Firſt lernt me to ryde.

Thre brether wer we,
All borne of ane cuntré;
The hardeſt fortoun fell me.
Grit God be my gyde!

The eldeſt brother was na fule,
Quhen he was young yeid to the ſcule;
And now he ſittis on ane ſtule,
Ane prelot of pryde.

My ſecund brother bure the pak,
Ane lytil quhyle upon his bak;
Now he hes gold and warld's wrak,
Lyand him beſyde.

Now mon I to the court fayr,
Baith thriftleſs and threid-bair:
Quhairevir I found, or I fayr
In barrat to byde.

All men makis me debait,
For heiriſchip of horſmeit;
Fra I be ſemblit on my feit,
The out-horne is cryde.

Thay rais me all with ane rout,
And chaſis me the toun about;
And cryis all with ane ſchout,
'O traytor full tryde!'

Quhen

Quhen I have ridden all day,
He wer wyſe that can ſay,
Gif the court-man weil lay;
Na, na, be Sanct Bryde.

At nicht is ſome gaine,—
This is our auld a rayne;—
I am maiſt wilſum of wane,
Within this warld wyde.

Now man I the court fle,
For falt of meit, and na fe;
With na mair gude na ye ſe,
Upon this gald glyde.

Syn, but devotioun, furth fair,
And fenye me ane Pardonair,
With bag, and burdone full bayr,
To beg, and nocht hyde.

Now in my mind me remordis,
As the court-man recordis,
All my lippining upon lordis
Is layd me beſyde.

Man, thow ſe for thyſelf;
And purches thé ſum pelf.
Leyd not thy lyfe lyke ane elfe,
That our feild can flyde.

The laſt ſtanza, ſave two, is ſufficient evidence that the poem was written before the Reformation. The trade of ſelling pardons probably never was lucrative in Scotland after repeated exhibitions of Sir David Lindſay's Play.

THE MAKING OF THE LAIRDIS BED.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

I saw, me thocht, this hinder nycht,
A Squyar and ane madin bricht,
Untill a chalmer faſt thame ſped,
Bot ony uthir erdly wicht,
Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

II.

Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,
He braiſt her in his armes, and ſaid,
Wald ye your ſchankels latt me ſched,
Ye ſuld be myne, and therein laid,
Gif we durſt ſpill the lairdis bed.

III.

He put his hand in at hir ſpair,
And graipit downwart, ye wait quhair.
Quod he, this mounth wald fane be fed;
He ſichit, and his hairt was ſair,
But durſt not ſpill the lairdis bed.

IV.

To ſpill the bed it war a pane,
Quod he, the laird wald not be fane
To find it towtit and ourtred.
Quo ſcho, I ſall mak it agane,
And ye wald ſpill the lairdis bed.

V.

And I had you in ſum place quhair
That I micht ſpeik, and no thing ſpair.
Quo ſcho, ye ma haif me un-led,
Suppois it war ane myill and mair,
With yow to ſpill the lairdis bed.

VI.

Yit I wald thraw yow down, he ſayis,
Wer not for fyling of your clayis.
Quhat rek, quo ſcho, I am weill cled?
Ye ar our red for windil ſtrayis,
That dar not ſpill the lairdis bed.

VII.

Thair wes na bouk intill his breyk;
His doingis wes not wirth a leik.
Fy on him, fowmart! now is he fled,
And left the maidin ſwowning ſeik,
And durſt not ſpill the lairdis bed.

ANE

ANE AVENTUR ON WEDDINSDAY.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

In Sommer quhen flouris ſweitt ſmell,
As I fure ouir feild and fell,
Alone I wanderit by ane well
On Weddinſday,
I met a cleir under a kell,
A weil-fard may.

II.

Scho had ane hat upon hir heid,
Of claver cleir, baith quhyte and reid,
With cat-lukis ſtrynklit in that ſteid,
And fynkill grein.
Wit ye weill to weir that weid,
Wald weil hir ſeim.

III.

Ane pair of beids about hir throt,
Ane *agnus Dei* with nobill not,
Jyngland weill with mony joitt,
War hingand doun.
It was full ill to find ane moitt
Upon hir goun.

IV.

Als ſone as I that ſchene cuth ſé,
I halſit hir with hart maiſt fré,—
I luve yow weill, and nocht to lé,
Wald ye me lane—
"Out hay!" quod ſcho, "My joy lat be;
"Ye ſpeik in vane.

V.

V.

" Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif?"——
Nathing bot a kyſs I craif,
As I that luſis yow owr the laif,
Wald ye me trow.
" Gif that yow may of ſorrow ſaif,
" Cum tak it now."

VI.

Than kiſſit I hir anis or twyiſs,
And ſcho gan gruntill as a gryiſs;
" Allace! quo ſcho, I am unwyiſs
" That is ſa meit.——
" Tiſs lyk that ye had eiten pyiſs,
" Ye ar ſa ſweit.

VII.

" My hatt is yours of proper dett:"
And on my heid ſcho couth it ſett.
Than in my armis I did hir plett,
And ſcho to thraw.
Allace! quo ſcho, ye gar me ſwett,
Ye wirk ſa ſlaw.

VIII.

Than doun we fell bayth in feir.
" Allace! quo ſcho, that I cam heir:
" I trow this labowr I may yow leir,
" Thocht I be yung.
" Yit I feir I ſall by full deir
" Your ſweit kyſſing."

IX.

Than to ly ſtill ſcho wald nocht blin.
" Allace!" quod ſcho, " my awin ſweit thing,
" Your courtly foedding garris me fling,
" Ye wink ſa weill;
" I ſall yow cuver quhen that ye cling;
" Sa haif I feill.

X.

X.

" Sen ye ſtummer not for my ſkyppis,
" Bot hald your taikill be my hippis,
" I byd a quhaſſil of your quhippis.
" Thocht it be mirk,
" Bot an ye will I ſchrew the lippis,
" That fyrſt ſall irk."

XI.

Als ſone as we our deid had done,
Scho reiſs ſone up and aſkit hir ſchone,
Als tyrit as ſcho had weſchin a ſpone.
To yow I ſay,
This aventur anis to me come
On Weddinſday.

There is ſomething in the manner of this and the preceding poem that inclines one to aſcribe them to the author of " Wa worth marryage," page 195. I obſerve that a brother of Sir Walter Ker of Ceſsford was, at this time, abbot of Kelſo: Probably Clapperton might belong to the ſame Monaſtery; or to that of Melroſe, within three miles to the north of Bowden.

THE

THE LUVARIS LAMENT.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

PANSING in hairt, with ſpreit oppreſt,
This hindernycht bygon,
My corps for walking wes moleſt,
For lufe only of on.
Allace! quhome to ſuld I mak mon,
Sen this come to lait:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

II.

Hir bewty, and hir maikles maik,
Dois reif my ſpreit me fro,
And cauſſis me no reſt to tak,
Bot tumbling to and fro.
My curage than is hence ago,
Sen I may nocht hir gett:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

III.

Hir firſt to lufe quhen I began,
I troud ſcho luvit me;
Bot I, allace! wes nocht the man,
That beſt pleiſit her é:
Thairfoir will I let dolour be,
And gang ane uthir gett:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

IV.

IV.

Firſt quhen I keſt my fanteſy,
Thair fermly did I ſtand,
And howpit weill that ſcho ſuld be
All haill at my command;
Bot ſuddanly ſcho did ganeſtand,
And contrair maid debait:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

V.

Hir proper makdome ſo perfyt,
Hir viſage cleir of hew;
Scho raiſſis on me ſic appetyte,
And cauſſis me hir perſew.
Allace! ſcho will nocht on me rew,
Nor gré with myne eſtait:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

VI.

Sen ſcho hes left me in diſtreſs,
In dolour and in cair,
Without I get ſum uthir grace,
My lvfe will leſt no mair;
Scho is ou'r proper, trym, and fair,
Ane trew hairt to ourſett:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

VII.

Suld I ly doun in havineſs,
I think it is bot vane,
I will get up with mirrineſs,
And cheiſs als gud againe;
For I will maik to yow *in* plane,
My hairt it is ourſett:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

VIII.

VIII.

No. no, I will nocht trow as yet,
That ſcho will leif me ſo,
Nor yit that ſcho will chenge or flit,
As thoch ſcho be my fo.
Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,
And gang ane uthir gait:
Cauld cauld culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

FETHY.

In the "Complaint of Scotland, 1549," two different ſongs of *The Broom* ſeem to be mentioned. One of them probably was *Low down in the broom*, to which air the meaſure of this *Lament* appears to correſpond with peculiar exactneſs. In Mr Pinkerton's liſt, the name is by miſtake *Selby* inſtead of *Fethy*, of whom no other monument now remains.

SANG AGANIS THE LADYES.

From MR PINKERTON'S *edition of the* MAIT. *Poems.*

I.

OF ladyes bewtie to declair
I do rejois to tell ;
Quhan thai ar young, men think tham fair,
And luſtie lyk to ſell;
Thay do appeir for to excell,
Sa wounderous moy thai mak it,
Sueit, ſueit is thair bewis,
Ay quhil thay be contractit.

II.

Quhan thai have thair virginitie,
Thay ſeim to be ane ſanct ;
Seim as thay knew divinitie.
Na propertie thai want.
Quha ſwers thame trew, and ſeims conſtant,
And treſts in all thay ſay,
Sune, ſune he is begylit,
And lichtlied for ay.

III.

Sen Adam, our progenitour
Firſt creat be the Lord,
Beleiv'd his wickit paramour,
Quha conſal'd him diſcord ;
Perſuading him for to accord
Unto the deil's report ;
Dull, dull dreis the man
That treſts into that fort.

IV

Bot thair is mony Adams now
And evir in this land;
Sic beſtlie men ſubjectit bow,
Ay redie at command;
Quhateir thair wyfes dois thame demand,
Thay wirk it many wayis;
Ay fraydant at the man,
Quhil thay bring him our ſtayis.

V.

Our lords ar ſo degenerat,
Syn ladeis tuke ſic ſter,
Thay ſpend thair rents upon thair weids;
And baneiſt hes gud cheir.
Thair goldſmyth wark it gois ſo deir,
To counterfit grit princis;
Lords, your ladye-wyfes, but weir,
Put yow to grit expencis.

VI.

Thair belts, thair broches, and thair rings,
Mak biggings bair at hame;
Thair hudes, thair chymours, thair garnyſings,
For to agment thair fame.
Scho ſall thairfoir be calt Madame;
Botand the laird maid Knycht.
Grit, grit is thair grace,
Howbeit thair rents be ſlicht.

VII.

The lairds that drank guid wyn, and ale,
Ar now faine to drink ſmattis;
Thay top the beir, and cheips the meil,
The ladie ſawis the aittis.
The jakmen and the laird debaitis;
Diſhonorit is thair name.
Fy, fy on thame all,
For thai regard no ſchame.

VIII.

VIII.

Scho ſayis, an the laird had men,
That he wald wodſet land,
Quhilk waiſtit is by hir wemen.
Mahoun reſave that band!
For thay will waiſt mair under hand,
Nor quhat us weil ſtaik may.
Ladyes and lairds, gar hound your dogs,
And hoy the queins away.

IX.

Sen hunger now gois up and down,
And na gud for the jakmen;
The lairds and ladyes ryde of the toun,
For feir of hungerie bakmen.
The ladyes at the yet dois ſhack thame,
Regarding no remeid.
Short, ſhort be thair lyvis;
And duleful be thair deid.

St. 1. l. 4. "— to ſell" is probably incorrect, but no preferable reading ſeems ſufficiently obvious to warrant an alteration.

St. 9. l. 5. "— ſhack thame," i. e. chack or check them. About this time the great Land-holders began to diſpenſe with the attendance of jack-men, or armed men on horſe-back; and the Ladies to employ a greater number of female ſervants. Upon this circumſtance a great part of the ſong ſeems to turn.

ANE

ANE BALLAT OF EVILL WYFFIS.

By Flemyng.

I.

Be mirry, bretherene, ane and all,
And ſett all ſturt on ſyd;
And every ane togidder call,
To God to be our gyd:
For als lang leivis the mirry man,
As dois the wrech, for ocht he can;
Quhen deid him ſtreks, he wait nocht quhan,
And chairgis him to byd.

II.

The riche than ſall nocht ſparit be,
Thocht thay haif gold and land,
Nor yit the fair, for thair bewty,
Can nocht that chairge ganeſtand:
Thocht wicht or waik wald flé away,
No dowt bot all mon ranſone pay;
Quhat place, or quhair, can no man ſay,
Be ſie, or yit be land.

III.

Quhairfoir my counſaill, brethir, is,
That we togidder ſing,
And all to loif that Lord of bliſs,
That is of hevynis King:
Quha knawis the ſecreit thochts and dowt,
Of all our hairtis round about;
And he quha thinks him nevir ſo ſtout,
Mone thoill that puniſſing.

IV.

IV.

Quhat man but ſtryf, in all his lyfe,
Doith teſt moir of deids pane;
Nor dois the man quhilk on the ſie
His leving ſeiks to gane:
For quhen diſtreſs dois him oppreſs,
Than to the Lord for his redreſs,
Quha gaif command for all expreſs
To call, and nocht refrane.

V.

The myrryeſt man that leivis on lyfe,
He ſailis on the ſie;
For he knawis nowdir ſturt nor ſtryfe,
Bot blyth and mirry be:
Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe,
Hes ſturt and ſorrow all his lyfe;
And that man quilk leivis ay in ſtryfe,
How can he mirry be?

VI.

Ane evill wyfe is the werſt aucht,
That ony man can haif;
For he may nevir ſit in ſaucht,
Onleſs he be hir ſklaif:
Bot of that ſort I knaw nane uder,
But owthir a kukald, or his bruder;
Fondlars and kukalds all togidder,
May wifs thair wyfis in graif.

VII.

Becaus thair wyfis hes maiſtery,
That thay dar nawayis cheip,
Bot gif it be in privity,
Quhan thair wyfis ar on ſleip:
Ane mirry in thair cumpany,
Wer to thame worth baith gold and fie;
Ane menſtrall could nocht bocht be,
Thair mirth gif he could beit.

VIII.

VIII.

Bot of that ſort quilk I report,
I knaw nane in this ring;
Bot we may all, baith grit and ſmall,
Glaidly baith dance and ſing:
Quha liſt nocht heir to mak gud cheir,
Perchance his guds ane uthir yeir
Be ſpent, quhen he is brocht to beir,
Quhen his wyfe taks the fling.

IX.

It hes bene ſene, that wyſe wemen,
Eftir thair huſbands deid,
Hes gottin men, hes gart thame ken,
Gif thay mycht beir grit laid.
With ane grene ſling, hes gart thame bring,
The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring;
And ſyne gart all the bairnis ſing
Ramukloch in thair bed.

X.

Than wad ſcho ſay, Allace! this day,
For him that wan this geir;
Quhen I him had, I ſkairſly ſaid,
My hairt anis mak gud cheir.
Or I had lettin him ſpend a plak,
I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,
Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak
Our the heicht of the ſtair.

XI.

Ye neigartis, then example tak,
And leir to ſpend your awin;
And with gud freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may be weill knawin,
That thow art he quha wan this geir:
And for thy wyfe ſé thou nocht ſpair,
With gud freynds ay to mak repair,
Thy honeſty may be ſhawin.

XII.

XII.

Finis, quoth I, quha ſettis nocht by,
The ill wyffis of this toun,
Thocht for diſpyt, with me wald flyt,
Gif thay micht put me doun.
Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this ſang,
Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,
Flemyngis his name quhair evir he gang,
In place, or in quhat toun.

FLEMYNG.

St. 1. l. 8. "And chairgis him to byd." This is a law phraſe, and is nearly ſynonymous with the Engliſh phraſe, "arreſts him." A charge is an order iſſued in the name of the Sovereign, and intimated to the party by ſome one legally authoriſed to that effect.

Every reader will perceive a want of connection in this poem: The firſt and ſecond ſtanzas contain moral reflections on the certainty of death; the third is a religious inference; the fourth mentions the dangers attending the profeſſion of a ſailor; the fifth inſenſibly ſlides into an invective on froward wives; and this ſubject is carried on through the reſt of the poem, with ſome wit, and much acrimony of expreſſion.

St. 7. l. 5. "Ane mirry in thair cumpany," &c. The meaning is, to ſuch hen-pecked huſbands a chearful companion would be a moſt valuable acquiſition. A muſician that could keep them in tune, would be worth any money.

St. 9. l. 5. "With ane grene ſling." Probably ſting, a ſlender hazzle ſtick new cut, for the purpoſe of giving moderate correction to a wife. This was a power which our rude legiſlature in former times committed to huſbands.

ANE

ANE DESCRIPTIOUN OF FEDDER COFFEIS.

From the BANN. *Collection.*

I.

It is my purpois to diſcryve
This holy perfyte genologie
Of pedder knavis ſuperlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
Ye burges ſonis prevene thir lownis,
That wald diſtroy nobilitie,
And baneis it all borrow townis.

II.

Thay ar declarit in ſeven pairtis,
Ane ſcroppit cofe quhen he begynnis,
Sornand all and ſindry airtis,
For to by hennis reid-wod he rynnis;
He lokis thame up in to his innis
Unto ane derth, and ſellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynnis,
And ſecondly his meit he beggis.

III.

Ane ſwyngeour coife, amangis the wyvis,
In land-wart dwellis with ſubteill menis,
Exponand thame auld ſanctis lyvis,
And ſanis thame with deid mennis banis;
Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awſterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till uder;
Peipand peurly with peteous granis,
Lyk fenyeit *Symmie* and his bruder.

IV.

IV.

Thir cur cotteis that ſailis oure ſone,
And thretty ſum abowt ane pak,
With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld ſchone,
And beir bonnokis with thame thay tak;
Thay ſchamed ſchrewis, God gif thame lak,
At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir,
Steilis doun, and lyis behind ane pak,
Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

V.

Knaifatica coff miſknawis himſell,
Quhen he gettis in a furrit goun;
Grit Lucifer, maiſter of hell,
Is nocht ſa helie as that loun;
As he cummis brankand throw the toun,
With his keis clynkand on his arme.
That calf clovin-futtit fleid cuſtroun,
Will mary nane bot a burges bairne.

VI.

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
Diſtroyis the honor of our natioun,
Takis gudis to friſt fra fremit men,
And brekis than his obligatioun;
Quhilk dois the marchands defamatioun;
Thay ar reprevit for that regratour.
Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
To hang and draw that common tratour.

VII.

Ane curlorous coffe, that hege-ſkraper,
He ſittis at hame quhen that thay baik,
That pedder brybour, that ſcheip-keipar,
He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
Syne lokkes thame up, and takis a faik,
Betwixt his dowblett and his jackett,
And eitis thame in the buith—that ſmaik;
God that he mort into ane rakkett.

VIII.

Ane cathedrall coffe, he is ouir riche,
And hes na hap his gude to ſpend,
Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
And treſtis nevir till tak ane end;
With falſheid evir dois him defend,
Proceding ſtill in averice,
And leivis his ſaule na gude comend,
Bot walkis ane wilſome wey, I wiſs.

IX.

I you exhort all that is heir,
That reidis this bill, ye wald it ſchaw
Unto the proveſt, and him requeir,
That he will geif thir coffis the law,
And baneis thame the burges raw,
And to the ſcho ſtreit ye thame ken;
Syne cut thair luggis, that ye may knaw,
Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

What the author meant by *coffeis*, he explains St. 1. l. 3. where he ſpeaks of "pedder *knavis*." *Coffe*, in the modern Scottiſh language, means *ruſtic*. The ſenſe here is peddling merchants. The ſeven ſorts are, 1. An higgler and foreſtaller; 2. A lewd parjſh prieſt; 3. A merchant who traffics in company upon too ſmall a ſtock; 4. Though obſcurely expreſſed, is a low born fellow, who intrudes himſelf into the magiſtracy of a royal burgh; 5. A fraudulent bankrupt; 6. A miſer; 7. A dignified churchman: the character of each is drawn from the living manners of that age.

St. 2. l. 3. "*Sornand* all and ſindry *airts*." This ſcroppit or contemptible dealer is repreſented as going about in every quarter *ſornand*; a contraction from *ſojourning*. Hence ſorners, or ſojourners, which ſo often occurs in our more ancient ſtatutes. He is here deſcribed as ſolicitous in purchaſing fowls, profiting by the ſale of their eggs, foreſtalling the market, and drawing advantage from a dearth. Theſe are topics of popular diſcontent, which the legiſlature has ſometimes ſanctified by inextricable ſtatutes.

My reaſon for imagining that ſcroppit means contemptible, is founded on the following paſſage in Knox, p. 93. "Thair was preſentit to

"the

" the Quein Regent a calfe having two heidis; whairat ſhe ſcorppit,
" and ſaid, it was bot a common thing."

St. 3. A raſcally wencher among the married women, reſides in the country, verſant in the arts of ſubtilty; he interprets to them the legends of the ſaints, and ſanctifies them with dead men's bones or relics. Such perſons ſeem to have raked the ſtreets of Rome for every ſuperſtitious foolery. Sometimes they growl like dogs, in the offices of religion; ſometimes they pitifully whine like the hypocritical *Symmye and his brother.* See vol. 1. p. 360.

The firſt part of this deſcription alludes to the lacivious and inordinate lives of the ſecular clergy. The deſcription of their employment in the country reſembles that which the younger Voſſius profanely gave of a friend of his: " Eſt ſacrificulus in pago quodam, et decipit ruſti-
" cos."

St. 4. l. 1. 2. " Thir cur coſſeis that ſailis oure ſone,
" And thretty-ſum about ane pak."

By act 24. parl. 4. James V. it is provided, " That na merchand
" ſaill, without he have ane halfe laſt of gudes of his awin, or elſe in
" governance, as factour, to uthir merchandes." And by act 25.
" That na ſchip be frauchted out of the realme, with ony ſtaple gudes,
" fra the feaſt of Simon's day and Judes, (28. Oct.) unto the ſeaſt of the
" purification of our lady, called Candlemas." The reader will now perceive what it was to ſail too early, and wherein they offended, who, to the number of thirty, were joint adventurers in one pack of goods.

St. 5. l. 1. " *Knaifatica* coff miſknawis himſelf." The word *knaifatica* has been invented to deſcribe a pedlar of mean ſervile original. Every one knows, that knave formerly meant a ſervant. It is probable that this ſtanza was aimed at ſome living character, remarkable for the inſolence of office.

[Thoſe who moſt frequently held the office of Provoſt of Edinburgh during the latter part of this reign, were Lord Seaton, Douglas of Kilſpindie, and Symon Preſtoun of Preſtoun.]

——— l. 6. " With his keis clynkand on his arme." The keys of a city are conſidered as the ſymbols of truſt and power, and therefore they may have been borne by Magiſtrates. It is an ancient cuſtom for the chief magiſtrate of a city to deliver the keys to the Sovereign, upon his firſt entry.

St. 6. l. 1. " Ane dyvour coffe." This ſtanza deſcribes, in very emphatical terms, the offence of one who, while unable or unwilling to pay, deals upon credit with foreign merchants.

St. 7. l. 7. " And eitis thame in the buith that ſmaik." The word ſmaik means a pitiful ignominious fellow. It occurs in a curious poem by the Earl of Glencairn, preſerved in Knox. See p. 71. of this vol.

" They

" They ſmaikis dois ſet their haill intent,
" To reid the Ingliſche New Teſtament."

The churl here deſcribed, after having carefully numbered his cakes, conveys one of them under his cloaths, and eats it in his booth or ſhop.

St. 9. l. 6. 7. " And to the ſcho-ſtrait ye thame ken,
" Syne cut thair luggis," &c.

Shoes are ſtill ſold at Edinburgh in the upper part of the Graſsmarket, which formerly was alſo the place of execution. It is probable that leſſer puniſhments, ſuch as that of cutting off the ears of delinquents, were anciently inflicted in the ſame place. It has been ſuggeſted to the editor, that by Scho-ſtreit, a ſtreet in Perth, ſtill termed the Shoe-gate, is underſtood: But there ſeems no reaſon for ſuppoſing that this poem was compoſed at Perth, or that the Shoe-gate in Perth was a place of puniſhment.

GENERAL

GENERAL SATYRE.

From the BANN. *Collection.*

I.

ALL rychtous thing the quilk dois now proceid,
Is crownit lyk unto an empereſs ;
Law hes defyit guerdoun and his meid,
Settis hir trewth on hicht as ane goddeſs ;
Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilneſs,
And prudenſe ſeis all thingis that cummis beforne,
Following the trace of perfyte ſtabilneſs,
Als evin be lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

II.

Princis of cuſtome mantenis rycht in deid,
And prelettis levis in clyne perfytneſs ;
Knychtis luvis, God wat, bot littill falſheid,
And preiſtis hes reffuſit all riches ;
All religioun levis in holineſs ;
Thay bene in vertew, and full fair upborne ;
Invy in court can no man ſé increſs ;
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

III.

Marchands of louker takes bot littill hede,
Thair uſury is fetterit with diſcreſs ;
And for to ſpeik alſo of womanhede,
Baneiſt frome thame is all new fangilneſs ;
Thay haif left pryd, and takin to meikneſs,
Quhois pacience is bot newly watt and ſchorne ;
Thair tungis hes no tuiching of ſcherpneſs ;
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

IV.

IV.

Pure men complenis now, bot for no neid,
The riche gevis ay ſeik almouſs, as I geſs;
With plenty ay the hungry thay do feid,
Clethis the nakit in thair wrechitneſs;
And cherité is now a cheif maiſtreſs;
Sklander fra her toung hes pullit out the thorne,
Diſcretioun dois all hir lawis expreſs,
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

V.

Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,
Baneiſt is fraud, falſheid, and fekilneſs;
Flattery is fled, and that for verry drede;
Both riche and pure hes takin thame to ſadneſs;
Lauboraris wirkis with all thair beſſineſs;
Day nor nycht, nor hour, can be forborne
Bot ſwynk and ſueit, to voyd all ydilneſs;
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

VI.

Princis rememberis, and providently takis hede,
How vertew is of vyce a hé goddeſs;
Our faith nocht haltis, we leif evin as our crede
In wird and deid, as wark berris witneſs;
All ipocritis hes left thair frawardneſs;
Thus weidit is the poppill fra the corne;
And every ſtait is governit, as I geſs,
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

St. 1. l. 3. "Law hes defyit guerdoun and his meid." The beſt commentary that I can make upon this line is to tranſcribe, act 104. parliament 7. James V. 1540. "It is ſtatute and ordained, That for "ſa meikle as it has bene heavilie murmured to our Soveraine Lorde, "that his lieges has bene greatlie hurte in times bygane be judges, "baith ſpiritual and temporal, quha hes not been allanerlie judges, bot "plaine ſolliſtares, partial counſelloures, aſſiſters and partakers with "ſum of the parties, and hes tane great geare and profite.

"Therefore

" Therefore it is ſtatute and ordained, in times cumming, That all " juſtice, ſchireffes, Lordes of Seſſion, baillies of regalities, provoſt and " baillies of burrowes, and uther deputes, and all uther judges, ſpiritual " and temporal, alſweill within regalities as royaltie, ſall do trew and " equal juſtice to all our Soveraine Lordis lieges, without ony partial " councell, rewardes, or buddes taking, further then is permitted of the " law, (meaning ſentence money,) under the paine of tinſell of their " honour, fame, and dignitie, gif they be tainted and convicted of the " famin: And gif ony maner of perſon murmuris ony judge, temporal " or ſpiritual, alſweill Lordes of Seſſion, as uthers, and proves not the " fame ſufficientlie, he ſall be puniſhed in ſemblable manner and ſorte, " as the ſaide judge or perſon whom he murmuris, and ſall pay ane " paine arbitral, at the will of the King's Grace, or his councel, for the " infaming of ſik perſones; providing alwaies, gif ony ſpiritual man " failyies, that he be called before his judge ordinar."

——— l. 5. " Hes *flyttin* with fraud," &c. Has removed from fraud. *Flytt* is *vertere ſolum*, particularly uſed of tenants who quit their poſſeſſion. The word *flit*, in modern Engliſh, implies not ſo much the removing from any one place, as the fluctuating from one place to another.

St. 2. l. 2. " And prelettis levis in clyne perſytneſs." In a Provincial council held 1549, one great cauſe of hereſy was declared to be, " in " perſonis eccleſiaſticis, omnium feré graduum, morum corruptela ac " *vitæ profana obſcœnitas*;" Wilkins's Concil. tom. 4. p. 46. to. p. 60.

——— l. 5. " All religioun levis in holineſs." The word religioun is here uſed for monaſtic orders.

St. 3. l. 6. " Quhois pacience is bot newly watt and ſchorne." In alluſion to the manner of dreſſing cloath; as if he had ſaid, Womens patience is juſt cut out of the loom, and nothing the worſe of the wearing.

OF MEN EVILL TO PLEISE.

From the BANN. *Collection.*

I.

FOURE mener of men are evill to pleifs;
Ane is, that riches hes and eifs,
Gold, filver, corne, cattell, and ky,
And wald haif part fra uthiris by.
Ane uthir is of land and rent,
So grit a lord, and fo potent,
That he may not it rewill nor gy,
And yet wald haif fra uthiris by.

II.

The thrid dois eik fo dourly drink,
And aill and wyne within him fink,
Quhill in his wame no rowm be dry,
And yet wald haif fra uthiris by.
The laft that hes, of nobill blude,
Ane lufty lady fair and gude,
Boith vertewis, wyifs, and womanly,
Bot yet wald haif ane uthir by.

III.

In end, no wicht I can perfaif
Of gude fo grit aboundance haif,
Nor in this warld fo welthful wy,
Bot yet he wald haif uthir by.
Bot yet of all this gold and gud,
Or uthir conyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it hais, it is not I;
It gois fra me to uthiris by.

PRUDENT COUNSALE ANENT LENDING.

From the BANNATYNE MS.

I.

OFT times is better hald nor len,
And this is my ſkill and reſſone quhy;
Full evill to knaw ar mony men,
And to be crabbit ſettis littil by.
Thay hald thè for his innemy
To craif the thing that thow hes lent.
Therefor I red the verrely,
Quhome to thou lennis tak rycht gud tent.

II.

To mony men it dois grit hurt,
And oft of freindis it makis fais,
And baith the pairties haldis in ſturt,
Quhen that the ane the uthir cravis.
So wretchitneſs a man diſſavis;
Within himſelf he thinkis a paine,
Of thing that he poſſeſſione havis,
For to reſtore or gif againe.

III.

Thairfor is better hald nor draw,
Gar nocht thy awin geir ſtryve with thé;
The perſone bot thou rycht weill knaw,
That he micht treſt and ſicker be.
For thou may oft tymes heir and ſe,
That mony man his awin thing lenis,
Quhairthrow he winnis grit mawgré,
Off thankles men that it miſkenis.

IV.

Thairfor me think is better than,
To hald in thy poſſeſſion,
Nor crave it fra ane uthir man
That is of evill condition,
Quha keipis no promiſſion.
Quhat dois thou than bot flyttis and fechtis,
Or thou gett reſtitution
Of him that keipis not his hechtis!

V.

It war mor treſt in to thi purſs,
Nor puttit in to rakles handis,
To gar thè wary, ban and curſs,
Seikand thy dettouris in ſundry landis.
Be war and keip thé fro ſic bandis,
My counſale is, gud freind, and bruder;
This fals warld now ſa it ſtandis,
That rycht few ar treſtis in anodder.

VI.

Gife ony man hes thé at feid,
For thy awin gud I counſale thé,
Ay with full hand ſe that thou pleid,
Sua gife it may no better be.
Thy geir to want and win maugré,
To thé it is bot double ſkaith.
Man, for thy mair ſecuritie,
Of ane be ſicker, and tyne not baith.

IN

IN PRAISE OF THE WORTHY KNYCHT SIR PENNY.

From the BANN. *Collection.*

I.

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
With *Sir Penny* ; and wat ye quhy ?
He is a man will undertak
Lands for to ſell, and als to by.
Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wuld I,
With him in felloſchip to repair ;
Becaus he is in cumpany
Ane noble gyd bayth lait and air.

II.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
His cumpany thay think ſo ſweit,
Sum givis na cair to ſell his land,
With gud *Sir Penny* for to meit ;
Becauſe he is a noble ſpreit,
Ane furthy man, and forſèand ;
Thair is no mater to end compleit,
Quhill he ſett to his ſeill and hand.

III.

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
Off mekle ſtrenth and dignitie,
And evir ſen the warld began,
In to this land autoreiſt is he ;
With king and quene may ye nocht ſé,
They treit him ay ſo tendirly,
That thair can na thing endit be,
Without him in thair cumpany ?

IV.

IV.

Sir Penny is a man of law,
Witt ye weill, bayth wyis and war,
And mony reſſonis can furth ſchaw,
Quhen he is ſtandand at the bar;
Is nane ſo wyis can him defar,
Quhen he proponis furth ane plé,
Nor yit ſa hardy man that dar
Sir Penny tyne, or diſſobey.

V.

Sir Penny is baith ſcherp and wyis,
The kirks to ſteir he takkis on hand;
Diſponar he is of benefyis,
In to this realme, our all the land,
Is none ſo wicht dar him ganeſtand;
So wyiſly can *Sir Penny* wirk,
And als *Sir Symony* his ſervand,
That now is gydar of the kirk.

VI.

Gif to the courte thow maks repair,
And thow haif materis to proclame,
Thow art unable weill to fair,
Sir Penny and thow leif at hame.
To bring him furth thynk thow na ſchame,
I do ye weill to underſtand;
Into thy bag beir thow his name,
Thy mater cummis the bettir till hand.

VII.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owle,
Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene,
Thay hald him in quhill he hair-mowle,
And makis him blind of baith his ene;
Thairowt he is bot ſeyndill ſene,
Sa faſt thairain they can him ſteik,
That pure commownis can nocht obtene
Ane day to byd with him to ſpeik.

St. 5. l. 7. " And als Sir Symony his ſervand." Upon the death of William Douglas, Abbot of Holyrood, Buchanan ſays, " Sacerdotium " ejus Robertus Carnierucius, homo humili loco natus, ſed pecunioſus, " a Rege, tum a pecuniis inopi, redemit; novo genere fraudis elusâ " lege ambitûs, quæ ſacerdotia venire vetat: ſponſione ſcilicet victus, " qua, magnâ pecuniâ depoſitâ, contenderat, Regem non cum proximo " ſacerdotio vacuo donaturum;" l. 14. c. 35. He wagered with the king, That he ſhould not be provided to the firſt vacant benefice; and he loſt.—This childiſh popular tale has been occaſionally revived. It is to be found in a recent publication of ſecret and ſcandalous hiſtory.

The origin of this burleſque allegory, and of another in the ſame ſtyle, (ſee vol. 1. p. 139.) is probably to be found in the following ſong, publiſhed by Mr Ritſon, partly in Anglo Saxon character, from the Sloane MS. in the Britiſh Muſeum, of the time of Henry VI. if not earlier.

Peny is an hardy knyght,
Peny is mekyl of myght,
Peny of wrong he makyth ryght,
In every cuntrie quer he go.

Thow I have a man yſlawe,
And forfetyd the kyngis un-lawe,
I ſchal fyndyn a man of lawe
Wyl takyn myn peny and let me go.

If I have to don, fer or ner,
And Peny be myn meſſenger,
Than am I no thing in dwer,
My cauſe ſchal be wol do.

If I have pens bothe good and fyn,
Men wyl byddyn me to the wyn,
" That I have ſchall by thyne,"
Sekyrly thei wil ſeyn ſo.

And quan I have non in myn purs,
Peny bet ne peny wers,
Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors,
He was a man let hym go.

THE

THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY.

From the BANN. *Collection.*

I.

ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,
On our feiſt evin quhen we wer fow;
Scho brankit faſt, and maid hir bony,
And ſaid, Jok, come ye for to wow?
Scho burneiſt hir baith breiſt and brow,
And maid her cleir as ony clok;
Than ſpak hir deme, and ſaid, I trow,
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

II.

Jok ſaid, Forſuth I yern full fane,
To lut my heid, and ſit doun by yow.
Than ſpak hir modir, and ſaid agane,
My bairne hes tocher-gud to gé yow.
Té hé, quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I ſé yow.
Muder, yone man maks you a mok.
I ſchro the lyar, full leis me yow,
I come to wow your Jynny, quoth Jok.

III.

My berne, ſcho ſayis, hes of hir awin,
Ane guſs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid ſawin,
Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken,
Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
Diſchis and dublaris nyne or ten:
Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

IV.

IV.

Ane blanket, and ane wecht alſo,
Ane ſchule, ane ſcheit, and ane lang flail,
Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,
Ane milk-ſyth, with ane ſwyne-taill,
Ane rowſty quhittill to ſcheir the kaill,
Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok,
Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;
Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

V.

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-ſek,
Ane ſpurtill braid, and ane elwand.
Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
And cryd, Ane feiſt; and ſlew ane cok,
And maid a brydell upaland;
Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok.

VI.

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit;
Suppois ye mak it nevir ſa tuche,
I lat you wit ſchois nocht miſkareit,
It is weill kend I haif anuch:
Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,
Ane ſpaid, ane ſpeit, ane ſpur, ane ſok,
Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche
To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

VII.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
Ane coird, ane creill, and als an cradill,
Fyfe fidder of raggis to ſtuff ane jak,
Ane auld pannell of ane laid ſadill,
Ane pepper-polk maid of a padell,
Ane ſpounge, ane ſpindill wantand ane nok,
Twa lufty lippis to lik ane laiddill,
To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

VIII.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne
Weill buklit with a brydill renyé,
Ane ſark maid of the linkome twyne,
Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht ſtenyé;
And yit for miſter I will nocht fenyé,
Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flok.
Call ye nocht tham ane joly menyé,
To gang togiddir Jynny, and Jok?

IX.

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne ſpone,
Twa buttis of barkit blaſnit ledder,
All graith that gains to hobbill ſchone,
Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
Ane brydill, ane grith, and ane ſwyne bledder,
Ane maſkene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,
Ane ſcheip weill kepit fra ill wedder,
To gang togiddir, Jynny and Jok.

X.

Tak thair for my parte of the feiſt;
It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
Ye may nocht ſay my parte is leiſt.
The wyfe ſaid, Speid, the kaill ar ſoddin,
And als the lyfferoch is fuſtand loddin;
Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
The roſt wes tuche, ſa wer thay bodin;
Syn gaid togiddir bayth, Jynny and Jok.

This well known poem, given faithfully from the MS. exhibits a ludicrous picture of the *curta ſupellex* of the Scottiſh Commons in the 16th century. Probably it has been intended to ridicule the miſcellaneous liſt of moveables which, by eſtabliſhed cuſtom in Scotland, belonged to certain heirs of line, ſomewhat like the Engliſh heir-looms. See appendix to Hope's Minor Practicks 1734, p. 538.

St. 1. l. 1. "*Robeyns* Jok;" i. e. Jok the ſon of Robin, or Robin's ſon. Proper ſirnames came late into Scotland.

St. 1.

St. 1. l. 3. " Scho *brankit* faſt, and maid hir *bony*." She tript away haſtily, and dreſſed herſelf out to the beſt advantage. [*Brankit faſt*, dreſſed herſelf haſtily. E.]

——— l. 6. " Cleir as ony *clok*." Clear as a *clok*, or beetle; a proverbial expreſſion, alluding to the bright poliſh on the body of that inſect.

St. 2. l. 1. 2. ——" I yern full fane,
" To *luk* my heid, and ſit down by you." MS.

I underſtand this to mean, (ſays Lord Hailes,) " I earneſtly long to ſit " down at your ſide, after having firſt ſearched my head, that there be " no animals about me." A refinement in ruſtic courtſhip! [Perhaps rather an error of the tranſcriber for " lout," or lower my head. E.]

——— l. 7. " I ſchro the lyar, full leis me yow." The young lady having told her mother, that ſhe ſuſpected the ſincerity of her wooer, he tenderly anſwers, " Curſe you for a liar, I love you heartily."

St. 3. l. 3. " Ane fute-braid ſawing." Corn ſufficient to ſow a foot-breadth, or a foot-breadth of ground on which one may ſow. Here the author, ſtraining to make a ludicrous deſcription of braggart poverty, has tranſgreſſed the bounds of probability. The idea, however, has pleaſed; for in a more modern Scottiſh ballad, the following lines occur.

" I ha a wie lairdſchip down in the Merſe,
" *The nynetenth pairt of a guſſe's gerſe*,
" And I wo' na cum every day to wow."

[*Fute-braid* perhaps ought to be *fute-gait*, what he could delve; in oppoſition to plough-gate.]

St. 7. l. 3. " Fyſe fidder of raggis to ſtuff an jak." A quanity of rags, wherewith to quilt my coat of mail. By the 87th ſtatute, parliament 6. James V. it was provided, " That all *yeamen* have *jackes of plate*."

——— l. 6. " Ane ſpounge." This probably means a *ſpung*, or purſe, which cloſes with a ſpring. A. S. *bung* or *pung*. In Scotland the word *ſpung* is ſtill uſed for a *fob*. Skinner gives an example of what he calls *lingua myſtica erronum*, or Gypſy cant. " To nip a bung:" This is from A. S. *niipen*. digitis vellicare, and *bung* or *pung*, marſupium. It would be curious to inquire, whether the cant of Gypſies be any thing more than corrupted Anglo Saxon, or corrupted French, juſt as thoſe outcaſts from civil ſociety are of Anglo Saxon or French original.

St. 8. l. 3. " Ane ſark maid of the *linkome* twyne." A ſhirt made of the Lincoln twine; a ſort of cloath ſo called. Thus, in Chryſtis kirk of the grene, St. 2. l. 5. " Thair kirtillis wer of lincome light." [*Linkome*, linen. E. See *Gloſſary*.]

St. 10. l. 1. " Tak thair for my parte of the feiſt." Such are my effects, ſufficient to ſet off againſt yours; or, in the vulgar phraſe, to pay my ſhare of the reckoning.

——— l. 5. The MS. reads, " And als the *laverok* is *fuſt and loddin*;" i. e. (ſays Lord Hailes,) " The lark is roaſted and ſwollen. It ſeems to " be a cant-proverbial expreſſion for dinner is ready." [I rather ſuppoſe the line has been erroneouſly tranſcribed, it being highly improbable that any ſuch diſh was ever common among the peaſantry of Scotland. The meaning of what I have ſubſtituted is, " our meſs (probably ſome kind of pottage or flummery) is ſufficiently boiled and lythed, or thickened." Belg. *liif-voeren*, cibus, alimentum; Teut. *lifuara*, cibaria; Scot. *livery*, (meal,) a certain allowance of oat-meal to an out-of-door ſervant for aliment, or ſubſiſtence; whence alſo perhaps *livery* ſtable. *Loddin*, for lythen or *lythed*, which is ſtill a common word: *fuſtand* probably denotes ſome appearance of the flummery when boiling in that thickened ſtate.]

——— l. 6. " When ye have done, tak hame the " *brok*." After you have dined, you may carry the remnants home.

This is another of the few Scottiſh ſongs for the antiquity of which there is any poſitive evidence.

WEDDERBURNE's

WEDDERBURNE'S COMPLAINT.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

My luve was fals, and full of flatterie,
With cullerit leſingis full of dowbilneſs.
Quhen that ſcho ſpak, her toung was wonder ſlé,
With fals ſemblance and fenyeit humylneſs,
And inconſtance payntit with ſteidfaſtneſs;
Hir frane was cuverit with ane piteous face,
Quhilk was the cauſs that oft I cryit, allace!

II.

Scho lufit ane udir better than ſcho lufit me,
Betwix thame twa thay draif me to grit ſkorn;
For it that I tald her in privitie,
Scho tald it to her lufe opon the morne;
And ſa betwix thame twa I gat the horne.
Yet I could nocht perſaif thair fals conſait,
Becauſs thruch birnand luſt I was growin blait.

III.

The ſkorne that I gatt micht bene maid ane farſs,
Quhilk excedit the ſkorne of Abſolome,
Quhan the hett culter was ſchott in his harſs,
Be clerk Nicolus, and his lufe Alleſone,
As Canterburne tailis maiks mentioun.
Yet I ſuſpekkit nocht bot ſcho was trew,
Bot I was all begylit, quhilk ſair I rew.

IV.

IV.

Yung Pirance, the ſone of erle Dragabald,
Was dirlit with lufe of fair Meridiane;
Scho promiſt him hir luve evin as he wald,
And in ane ſecreit place gart him remane,
Blawand ane kandill be art magicane,
In froſt and ſnaw, quhill day licht in the morne;
Bot my fillok did me far grittar ſkorne.

V.

Virgill, quhilk was prudent, graive, and ſaige,
Was lichtleit be his luve without remeid,
And for diſpyt ſcho hang hym in ane caige.
And Ariſtotill, quhilk diverſs docktrines maid,
His lady patt ane brydill on his heid.
Bot all thay ſkornis can nocht comparit be
Till half the ſchame that my luve gart me drie.

VI.

Siclyk ſcho wald be grit ſubtiltie
Reſſaif fra me luve drureifs, belt, and ring,
And than thay ſame giftis offer wald ſche
Hir paramour, and lait him want no thing.
Upoun the morne the ſame ring he wald bring,
And weir thame for diſpyt befoir my face,
To gar me ken he was mair in hir grace.

VII.

God wait quhat wo had Troyelus in deid,
Quhen he beheld the belt, the broche, and ring,
Hingand upon the ſpeir of Diomede,
Quhilk Troyellus gaif to Creſſeid in luve taking.
On that ſame ſort ſcho did to me maling;
For the giftis that I gafe till hir all hour,
With thame ſcho did poſſeſs hir paramour.

VIII.

Bot quhan ſcho was into neceſſitie,
Than flatter me ſcho wald with woirdis fair;
Ane fenyeit teir ſcho wald thriſt fra hir é,

Lyk

Lyk as for luve of me ſcho wald forfair.
Hir fenyeit *no* did ſop my hart with cair,
Than petie gart me grant till hir deſyre,
Becauſs that luve brunt me lyk the wuld fyre.

IX.

So day be day ſcho plaid with me buk hud,
With mony ſkornis and mokkis behind my bak;
Hir ſubtyll wylis gart me ſpend all my gud,
Quhill that my clayis grew threid bair on my bak.
My vane perſut gart me in ſchame and lak,
Quhill fra ſic foly my hart dois now refrane;
The devill reſſave me and I doid agane.

QUOD WEDDERBURNE.

WEDDERBURNE.

WEDDERBURNE.

It has already been observed that the reformation of religion in Scotland was greatly promoted through the means of WEDDERBURNE's "Pſalms and Ballands of Godlie purpoſes." *The earlieſt edition of them now extant, is that printed at Edinburgh by* Robert Smyth, *Nether-bow,* 1599: *But, from the manner in which they are mentioned in a "Hiſtory of the kirk of Scotland MS.* 1560," *they muſt have made their appearance ſome conſiderable time before the date of that Manuſcript, and probably are alluded to in a canon of the Provincial Council* 1549, *which denounces ſevere puniſhment againſt thoſe who kept in their poſſeſſion* "aliquos libros "rythmorum ſeu cantilenarum vulgarium, ſcandaloſa "eccleſiaſticorum,—aut quamcunque hœreſim in ſe "continentia." *Of the author nothing is known, or with reaſonable probability can be conjectured, unleſs that he may be the ſame* WEDDERBURNE, *who in the Harleian catalogue is named as the author of* "The Complaint of Scotland 1549," *or to whom the preceding poem and two others of no great merit, are aſcribed in the* Bannatyne MS. *Pſalms and paraphraſes are not preciſely ſuitable to the plan of this compilation. But we find intermingled with them a variety of ſatirical invectives againſt the corruption and abuſes of the eſtabliſhed Kirk; artfully enough deviſed for the illumination of the vulgar, who, although they were incapable of reading pamphlets, might eaſily be taught to ſing ballads, eſpecially when adapted, as many of them ſeem to be, to popular airs. A few of theſe are therefore curious in*

more

more reſpects than one. The others are ſuited to the intention ſet forth in the prologue,—for the uſe of "yong perſouns and ſik as are nocht exerciſit in the "ſcripture, quho will ſooner conſave the trew word nor "quhen thay heir it ſung in Latine, the quhilk thay "wat nocht quhat it is: Bot quhen thay heir it ſung, "or ſingis it themſelvis into thair vulgair toung with "ſweit melodie, than ſall thay love thair God—and "put away bawdrie and unclein ſangs. Praiſe to God. "Amen."

ANDRO HART *in his edition* 1621, *reduced the orthography to the ſtandard nearly of his own time, in the ſame manner as he had treated* Barbour's Bruce *in the preceding year, and indeed every other Scottiſh compoſition that iſſued from his preſs.*

GUDE AND GODLY BALLATES.

TELL ME NOW, AND IN WHAT WISE.

TELL me now, and in quhat wiſe,
How that I ſuld my lufe forga.
Baith day and nicht ane thouſand ſiſe,
Thir tyrannis waikens me with wa.

At midnight mirke thay will us take,
And into priſon will us fling,
There mon we ly quhile we forſake,
The name of God quhilk is our King.

Then faggots man we burne or beir,
Or to the deid they will us bring:
It does them gude to do us deir,
And to confuſion us down thring.

Alace

Alace your Grace hes done greit wrang,
To ſuffer tyrannis in ſic ſort,
Daylie your lieges till ouergang,
That does but Chriſtis word report.

Chriſt, ſen your Grace wald cry ane cry,
Out throw the realme of all Scotland,
" The man that wald live faithfully,
" Ye wald him ſuffer in the land."

Then ſuld we outher do or die,
Or els our life we ſuld lay for'd,
And ever to live in cheritie,
Be Chriſt Jeſu quhilk is our Lord.

Pluck up your herts and make yow bowne,
For Chriſtis word ſee ye ſtand for'd,
Their crueltie it ſall come downe
Be Chriſt Jeſus quhilk is our Lord.

Thow King of Glory grant us thy bliſſe,
Send us ſupport and comforting,
Agains our fais that biſie is,
Thy ſheipe to ſtroy baith auld and ying.

In houre of deid grant us thy ſtrength,
Glaidly to thoill their crueltie,
And that we may with thee at length,
Receive thy joy eternallie.

St. 3. l. 1. " Faggots." Part of the ceremony of recantation was to burn a faggot, called by Knox or ſome other contemporary hiſtorian " a bill," which perhaps implies the articles of hereſy with which the culprit was charged.

The 5th ſtanza alludes to the baniſhment of Knox, Balnavis and other promoters of the reformation, in 1548.

O CHRIST

O CHRIST QUHILK ART THE LIGHT OF D...

Church Tune, "Chriſte qui lux es & dies."

O CHRIST quhilk art the licht of day,
The clude of nicht thou dryves away,
The beam of glore belevit richt,
Shawand till us thy perfite licht.

This is na nicht as naturall,
Nor yit na clude materiall,
That thow expels, as I heir ſay,
O Chriſt quhilk art the licht of day.

This nicht I call Idolatrie,
The clude ouerſpred, Hipocriſie,
Send from the Prince of all unricht,
O Chriſt, for till obſcure thy licht.

Quhilk twa hes had dominion
Lang ledand to deſtruction
The maiſt part of this warld aſtray
Fra Chriſt, quhilk is the licht of day.

Turnand till Goddis infinite,
Puttand their hope and their delyte
In markis inventit with the ſlicht
Of Sathan, contrair to thy licht.

Sum makis Goddis of ſticks and ſtane,
Sum makis Goddis of Sainctis bane,
Quhilk wer they livand heir wald ſay,
Idolatrie do way, do way !

To us give nouther laud nor glore,
O fulis gif ye ſpeir quhairfoir :
We had na thing throw our awin micht,
Bot all we had throw Chriſt our licht.

To that, exempill ſall be Paull,
At Liſtra quha refuſit all
Maner of gloir, and thus did ſay,
Give gloir to Chriſt, the licht of day.

Give nane to us, we are but men,
Mortall as ye, your ſelfis may ken;
O fulis, quhairfoir take ye flicht
Rinnand fra Chriſt the perfite licht.

Sum makis Goddis of freiris caip.
Thay monſtours mot in gallous gaip;
For they have led us lang aſtray
Fra Chriſt, quhilk is the licht of day.

Sum mumlit aveis, ſum raknit creidis,
Sum makis Goddis of thair beidis,
Quhilk wot not quhat they ſing nor ſay.
Alas! this is an wrangous way.

St. laſt, l. 2. "Sum makis Goddis of thair beidis." In Becon's *Reliques of Rome*, we have the following account of the manner of praying on or bydding the beads, and of the benefits that accrued from going through that piece of ſervice in a correct and proper manner: "Ye ſhall have (ſay the prieſtes) for everye word in the Pater-noſter, Ave Maria and Credo ſaid on the *Five pardon beades* three hundred days of pardon in purgatorie: Unto all thoſe that the beades do ſtring, or cauſe to be ſtringed in time of neceſſitye, eightye days of pardon: Alſo ye muſt ſay firſt on the five beads five Pater noſters, five Avie Maries, and a Crede in the worſhip of the five woundes of our Saviour Chriſt: And then after every Crede, ſay on the firſt white bead of the fyve, *Jeſu for thy holy name;* and then on the red beade, *and for thy bitter paſſion;* then on the firſt black beade, *ſave us from ſin and thame;* then on the ſecond black beade, *and endleſs damnation;* and then on the laſt white beade, *bring us to thy bliſſe, That never ſhall myſſe ſweet Jeſu! Amen;* the pardon whereof, (remembryng all the woundes great and ſmall,) is fyve thouſand four hundred ſeventy-fyve yeares, *totiens quotiens.*"

MUSAND GREITLY IN MY MINDE.

To the tune, probably, of "Downe, belly, downe."

MUSAND greitly in my minde,
The cruell kirkmen in their kinde,
Quhilk bene indurit and ſa blinde,
And trowes neuer to cum downe.

Thocht thow be Paip or Cardinall,
So heich in thy pontificall,
Reſiſt thow God that creat all,
Then downe thow ſall cum downe.

Thocht thow be Archbiſchop or Deane,
Chantour, Chancelair, or Chaplane,
Reſiſt thow God, thy glore is gane,
And downe thow ſall cum downe.

Thocht thow flow in philoſophie,
Or graduate be in theologie,
Yet and thow ſyll the veritie,
Then downe thow ſall cum downe.

Thocht thow be of religioun
The ſtraiteſt in all regioun,
Yet and thow glaike or gagioun
The trueth, thow ſall cum downe.

Where is Chore and Abiron?
Jamnes, Jambres, and Dathan become?
To reſiſt God, quhilke made them boune,
Are they nought all cummit downe,

And quhere is Balaam's falſe counſell?
Quhere is the prophets of Jeſabell,
And Belis preiſtes be Daniell,
Downe they were all put downe.

And mony ma I culd you ſchaw,
Quhilke of thair God wald ſtand na aw,
Bot him reſiſtit and his law,
And downe they ar cum downe.

Thair is na kingdome nor Empriour,
Erle nor Duke of greit valour,
Fra tyme ye knaw their falſe errour,
But he ſall plucke them downe.

Ophni and Phenis gat no grace,
Hely brak his necke, alace,
And his offspring put from their place,
King Salomon put them downe.

And King Achab and Helyas,
The fals prophets deſtroyit hes,
And als the nobill Joſias,
Put all theſe prophets downe.

Is there na ma? quhy ſaid I all?
Yet many thouſand ſall have ane fall,
Quhilke haldis Chriſten men in thrall,
Princes ſall put them downe.

Wald they na mair impung the trueth,
Syne in their office be not ſlueth,
Then Chriſt on them ſuld have ſic rueth,
That they ſuld nocht cum downe.

I pray to God that they and wee,
Obey his word in unitie,
Throw faith workand by cheritie,
And let us never come downe.

St. 5. l. 4. Gagioun (or gagoiun) is probably erroneous, or ſome new coined word from *diſguiſe*.

The original words, *Downe, belly, downe*, may be ſeen in Hawkin's Hiſt. of Muſic, III. 18.

WAY IS THE HIRDIS OF ISRAELL.

WAY is the hirdis of Iſraell,
That feids nocht Chriſtis flock,
But dantily they feid them ſell
Syne does the pepill mock.

The ſilly ſheep was all forlorne,
And was the wolfis prey,
The hirdis teindit all the corne,
The ſheep culd get na ſtray.

They gadderit up baith wooll and milk,
And ſyne tuke na mair cure,
Bot cled them with the coſtly ſilk,
And ſiclyke cled their hure.

Therefore ſayis God, I will require,
My ſcheip furth of their hands:
And give them hyrds at my deſire,
To teich them my commands.

And they ſall nouther feid them ſell,
Nor yit hunger my ſheep:
I ſall them from my kirk expell,
And gif them ſwyne to keip.

Two hundred years before this time, John Wicliff taught, in a ſimilar ſtrain, that "in many caas ſujets may lefully withſtond tythes; the curates being more curſed of God for withdrawing of teaching in word and deed in good enſample, than the ſujets in withdrawing tythes, when the prieſts don not well their godly office—but live in covetiſſe and glotony, drunkeneſs and lechery, with fair horſe, and jolly and gay ſaddles and bridles ringing by the way, and himſelf in coſtly cloths and pelure, while their poor neighbours periſh for hunger and cold."

GOD

GOD SEND EVERY PREIST ANE WYFE.

God ſend everie Preiſt ane wyfe,
And everie Nunne a man,
That they may live that haly lyfe,
As firſt the kirk began.

Sanct Peter, quhom nane can reprufe,
His life in mariage led,
All gude Preiſtis quhom God did lufe,
Their maryit wyfis hed.

Greit cauſis then I grant had they,
Fra wyfis to refraine:
Bot greiter cauſes have they may,
Now wyfis to wed againe.

For then ſuld nocht ſa mony hure,
Be up and downe this land:
Nor yit ſa mony beggers pure,
In kirk and mercat ſtand,

And not ſa meikill baſtard ſeid
Throw out this cuntrie ſawin.
Nor gude men uncouth fry ſuld feid,
And all the ſuith were knawin.

Sen Chriſtis law and common law,
And Doctours will admit,
That Prieſtis in that yock ſuld draw,
Quha dar ſay contrair it!

THE WIND BLAWIS CALD, FURIOUS AND BALD.

Doubtleſs, to the tune of "Up in the morning early."

THE wind blawis cald, furious and bald,
This lang and mony day:
Bot Chriſt's mercie we mon all die,
Or keip the cald wind away.

This wind ſa keine, that I of meine,
It is the vyce of auld;
Our faith is incluſit, and plainly abuſit,
This wind hes blawin too cald.

This wind has blawin lang the pepill amang,
And blinded hes their wit;
The ignorant pepill, ſa lawit bene and febill,
That they wot nocht quhom to wyte.

Gods word and lawis, the pepill miſknawis,
Na credence hes the ſcripture;
Quha the ſuith does infer, prieſts ſay they erre,
Sic bene their buſie cure.

Quha dois preſent the New Teſtament,
Quhilk is our faith ſurelie:
Prieſts callis him like ane heretike,
And ſayis, burnt ſall he be.

This cryis on hie, the Spiritualtie,
As nane them ſuld defy:
But their illuſion and fals abuſion,
The pepill dois now eſpy.

Quhom ſuld we wyte of this diſpyte,
That hid fra us Gods law:
But Prieſts and Clarkis, and their evil warkis,
Quhilk dois their God miſknaw.

Their

Their greit extortion, and plaine oppreſſion,
Aſcendis in the aire.
Without God puneis their cruell vice,
This warld ſall all forfair.

The theif Judas did greit treſpas,
That Chriſt for ſilver ſald:
But Preiſts will take, and his price make,
For les be mony fald.

With wrang abſolutions, and deceitful pardons,
For lucre to them given:
They blinde us now, and gars us trow,
Sic will bring us till hevin.

Gif eirdly pardons might be our ſalvations,
Then Chriſt dyit in vaine:
Gif geir micht buy Gods greit mercy,
Then fals is the ſcripture plaine.

Syne for our ſchoir, he died therefoir,
And tholit paine for our mis:
Is nane but he that may ſurelie
Bring us to hevins blis.

Then be na way, ſee that ye pray,
To Peter, James, nor Johne:
Nor yit to Paull, to ſave your ſaull,
For power have they none.

Saif Chriſt onlie that died on trie,
He may baith lowſe and bind,
In uthers mo gif ye traiſt ſo,
On yow blawes cald the winde.

Now ſee ye pray baith night and day,
To Chriſt that bought us deir;
For on the rude he ſhed his blude,
To ſaif our ſaulls but weir.

PREISTIS CHRIST BELIEVE.

PREISTIS Chriſt beleve,
And only traiſt into his blude,
And nocht into your warkis gude,
As plainly Paull can preve.

Preiſtis learne to preich,
And put away your ignorance;
Praiſe only God, his word avance,
And Chriſtis pepill teich.

Preiſtis cut your goune,
Your nukit bonet put away,
And cut your tippit into tway,
Go preich from toune to toune.

Preiſtis take your ſtaffe
And preich the Evangell on your feit,
And ſet on ſandellis full meit,
But caſt your pantons of.

Preiſtis keip no gold,
Silver nor cunye in your purs,
Nor yit twa cotes with you turs,
Bot ſhoone to keip fra cold.

Preiſtis thole to preich,
Sen ye your ſelf can preich na thing,
Or we your brawling downe ſall bring,
And na mair with you fleech.

Preiſtis take na teind,
Except the word of God ye ſhaw.
Thocht ye alledge your uſe and law,
It is nocht as ye weind.

Preiſtis take na kyis,
The umoſt claith ye ſall quite-claime
Fra ſax pure bairnis with their dame,
A vengeance on you cryis.

Preiſtis burne na ma.
Of wrang delation ye may hyre,
And fals witnes na mair inquire,
And let abjuring ga.

Preiſtis all and ſum
Suld call ane counſell generall,
And dres all thingis ſpirituall.
But there they will nocht cum.

Preiſtis read and write,
And your falſe common lawes let bee,
Quhair Paipis contraire ſcripture lie,
And contrair Doctoures write:

Preiſtis pryde yow nocht,
Quhat your counſels does conclude,
Contrair the write and Chriſtis blude,
The quhilk ſo deir us bocht.

Preiſtis curſe no more,
And not your heartes indure,
Bot on your flockes take cure,
Or God ſall curſe yow ſore.

Preiſtis leve your pryde,
Your ſcarlat and your velvate ſoft,
Your horſe and mulis coſtly coft,
And jack-men be your ſyde.

Preiſtis ſober bee,
And fecht not, nouther boiſt nor ſchoir,
Miſreule the realme and court no moir,
And to your kirkis flee.

Preiſtis mend your life,
And leif your foull ſenſualitie,
And vyld ſtinkand chaſtitie,
And ilke ane take ane wife.

Preiſtis pray no more,
To Sanct Anthone to ſave your ſow,
Nor to Sanct Bride to keipe your cow,
That greives God right ſore.

Preiſtis worſchip God,
And put away imagerie,
Your pardons and fraternitie,
To hell the way and rod.

Preiſtis ſell no meſſe,
Bot miniſter that ſacrament,
As Chriſt in the New Teſtament,
Commandit yow expreſſe.

Preiſtis put away
Your paintit fire of purgatrie,
The ground of your idolatrie,
It is neir domeſe-day.

Preiſtis change your tune,
And ſing into your mother tung,
Inglis pſames and ye impung,
Ye dyne afternoone.

Preiſtis prief yow men,
And now defend your libertie,
For France and for your dignitie,
Ye brak the peace ye ken.

Preiſtis now confeſſe,
How ye ſo lang did us begyle,
With many haly bellie wyle,
To live in idilneſſe.

I yow exhort,
Your office to doe perfite,
For I ſay nothing in diſpite,
Sa God mot me ſupport.

In *Piers Ploughmans Crede*, written about A. D. 1380, a prieſt is thus repreſented wheedling a man out of his money, on pretence of building a church:

We haven forſaken the world, and in wo liveth,
In penaunce and poverté, and precheth the puple
By enſample of our liif, ſoulis to helpen.
And in poverté preien for all our parteneres
That gyveth us any good, God to honouren,
Other bel, other book, or bred to our foode,
Other cattel, other cloth, to coveren with our bones;
Moneye, other money worth here mede is in heven.——
For mighteſtou amenden us with moneye of thy owen,
Thou chouldeſt knel biſore Chriſt, in compas of gold,
In the wyde window weſtward, wel neigh in the mydel,
And St. Francis himſelf ſhall fold thé in his cope,
And preſent thé to the Trinite, and pray for thy ſynnes;
Thy name ſhall noblich ben wryten and wrought for the nones,
And in remembrance of thé y'raid there for ever.

REMEMBER MAN, REMEMBER MAN.

Air, probably, No. IX. *in* Forbes's Songs, Aberdeen, 1660.

I.

REMEMBER man, remember man,
That I thy ſaull from Sathan wan:
And hes done for thee quhat I can,
Thow art full deir to me.
Is, was, nor ſall be none,
That may thee ſave but I allone,
Onely therefore beleive me on,
And thow ſall neuer die.

II.

Wolves, quhom of my Evangeliſtes write,
And Paull and Peter did of dite,
Allace, have yow deceived quite,
With falſe hypocriſie.
My New Teſtament plaine and gude,
For quhilk I ſhed my precious blude,
With crewal ſuffering, on the rude,
They hald for hereſie;

III.

And hes ſet up their falſe doctrine
For covetice inſteid of mine,
With fire and ſword defendes it ſyne,
Contrare my word and mee.
The Antichriſt is cumit bot dout,
And hes yow trapped round about;
Foorth of his girne therefore come out,
Gif ye wald ſaved bee.

IV.

IV.

His pilgrimage and purgatrie,
His worſchiping of imagerie,
His pardouns and fraternitie,
With zeill and good intent:
The quhilſperit ſinnes callit th' Eir-confeſſioun,
With his Prieſtes mumblit abſolutioun,
And mony other falſe abuſioun,
The Paip hes done invent.

V.

With meſſis ſauld be Prieſt and Freir
For land and money wonder deir,
Quhilk is the ground-ſtone of their queir,
And rute of all their pryde.
His Pater-noſter bocht and ſauld,
His numered Aveis and Pſalmes tald,
Quhilk my New Teſtament nor my Auld,
On no wayes can abide.

VI.

Their haly Matines faſt they patter,
They give yow breid, and ſelles yow water,
His curſinges on yow als they clatter,
Thocht they can hurt yow nocht
Gif ye will give them caip or bell,
The cling thereof they will yow ſell,
Suppoſe the ſaull ſuld go to hell,
They get nathing unbocht.

VII.

They ſell yow als the Sacramentis ſevin,
They micht have made als weill ellevin:
Few, or mony, od or evin,
Your purſes for to pyke.
Wald they let bot twa uſit be,
Of Baptiſme and of my bodie,
As they wer inſtitute be me,
Men wald them better like.

VIII.

VIII.

Mariage is an bleſſed band,
Quhilk I gave men in my command,
To keepe, but they my word withſtand,
Ane Sacrament it maid.
Unto the other Sacramentes fyve,
Our Salvatioun they aſcryve,
From my trew faith yow for to dryve,
In vaine to make my deid.

IX.

Their trifles all are made by men,
Quhilk my Goſpell did never ken,
My law and my commandements ten
They hyd from mens eine:
My New Teſtament they wald keep downe,
Quhilk ſuld be preached from towne to towne,
Cauſe it wald cut their lang tailit gowne,
And ſhaw their lyve uncleine.

X.

And now they are with dolour pinde,
And like to rage out of their minde,
Becauſe from them we are inclinde,
And will no leſings heir.
Therefore they make ſo greit uproir,
Contrare the ſtocke of Chriſtis ſtoir,
Determit or they will give it ouer,
To fecht all into feir.

XI.

Bot hald yow at my Teſtment faſt,
And be no quhite of them agaſt,
For I ſall bring downe at the laſt,
Their pride and crueltie.
Then cleirly ſall my word be ſhawne,
And their falſet ſall be knawne,
That they into all landes have ſawne,
Be their idolatrie.

XII.

And ye ſall live in reſt and peace,
Inſtructed with my word of grace,
For I the Antichriſt deface
Sall and true preachers ſend.
Repent your ſinne with all your hert,
And with true faith to me convert,
And hevinlie glore ſall be your part,
With me to bruke but end.

XIII.

We pray thee Chriſt Jeſus our Lord,
Conforme our lyvis to thy word,
That we may live with ane accord,
In perfite charitie.
And forgive us our ſinfulneſſe,
And cleith us with thy righteouſneſſe,
Of thy favour and gentilneſſe,
We pray thee that ſo be.

The verſes in "Forbes's Collection" are quite in the devout ſtyle.—The ſecond ſtrain of the muſic deſerves attention, from its ſtriking reſemblance to, or rather identity with, the ſame part of the favourite Air, *God Save the King*. See Edin. Voc. Mag. Vol. I. Song VIII.

St. 6. l. 1. "The word "hag" is here omitted, it being difficult to conjecture the meaning of "haly hag." Perhaps it has been originally written, ſomewhat in the Anglo Saxon form, *halyeh* for holy. It ſurely can have no reference to the Matines of Our Lady, who in theſe godly ballads is repeatedly mentioned with the higheſt reſpect.

Tune "*The hunt is up, The hunt is up,*
And now it is almoſt day;
And he that's in bed with another man's wyfe,
It's time to get away."

WITH huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perſite day:
Jeſus our King is gane in hunting,
Quha lykes to ſpeid they may.

Ane curſit fox lay hid in rox
This lang and mony ane day,
Devouring ſcheip; quhyle he micht creip,
Nane micht him ſchape away.

It did him gude to laip the blude
Of yung and tendir lammis:
Nane could him mis, for all was his,
The yung anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Chriſt, that huntis in haiſt,
The hundis are Peter and Paul:
The Paip is the fox, Rome is the rox,
That rubbis us on the gall.

That cruell beiſt, he never ceiſt
Be his uſurpit powr,
Under diſpence to get our pence,
Our ſaullis to devoure.

Quha could devyſe ſic merchandyſe,
As he had there to ſell,
Unles it wer proud Lucifer,
The grit maſter of hell.

He had to ſell the Tantonie bell,
And pardons therein was;
Remiſſioun of ſinnis in auld ſcheip ſkinnis,
Or ſauls to bring from grace.

With buls of leid, quhite wax and reid,
And uther quhiles with grene,
Cloſit in ane box, this uſit the fox;
Sic peltrie was never ſene.

With diſpenſations and obligations,
According to his law:
He wald diſpence for money from hence,
With them he never ſaw.

To curs and ban the ſempill poore man,
That had nocht to flee the paine:
Bot quhen he had payt all to ane myte,
He mon be abſolvit then.

To ſum, God wot, he gave tot quot,
And uther ſum pluralitie.
Bot firſt with pence he mon diſpence,
Or els it will nocht be.

Kings to marie, and ſum to tarie,
Sic is his power and micht;
Quha that hes gold, with him will be bold,
Thocht contrair to all richt.

O bliſſit Peter, the fox is ane lier,
Thou knawis weill it is nocht ſa,
Quhill at the laſt, he ſall be downe caſt,
His peltrie pardons and a'.

The original ſong was compoſed by one "Gray," in the reign of Henry VIII.

St. 7. "Tantonie bell," St. Anthony's bell. *Durandus*, in his *Ritual of divine ſervice*, ſayth that "bels be of ſuche vertue, that when they be roung they preſerve the frutes of the earth; they kepe both the mindes and the bodies of the faithful from al daunger, and put to flight the hoſtes of our enemyes. They drive away alſo all wicked ſpirits and devills; for (ſayth he) the devills are wonderfully afrayde when they hear the trompettes of the church militaunt, and immediately trudge away."

HAY

HAY TRIX, TRIM GO TRIX,
UNDER THE GRENE-WOD TRIE.

I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of pryde,
He hes us blindit lang:
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na wonder baith ga wrang;
Lyke Prince and King he led the ring.
Of all iniquitie,
Hay trix, trim go trix, under the grene-wod trie.

II.

Bot his abhominatioun,
The Lord hes brocht to licht;
His Popiſche pryde and thrinfald croun,
Almaiſt hes loſt thair micht:
His plak pardounis ar bot lurdounis
Of new found vanitie.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

III.

His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,
His Biſchoppis borne a back:
His Abbotis gat an uncouth turne,
Quhen ſchavellingis went to ſack.
With burges wyfis they led thair lyvis,
And fure better nor we.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

IV.

His Carmelites and Jacobinis,
His Dominikes had great do;
His Cordeileiris and Auguſtinis,

Sanct

Sanct Francis ordour to,
The filly Freiris mony yeiris,
With babling bleirit our ee.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

V.

The Sifters Gray before this day,
Did crune within thair cloſter;
Thay feeit ane Freir, thair keyis to beir,
The feind reſſave the foſter;
Syne in the mirk he weill culd wirk,
And kittil them wantonlie,
Hay trix, trim, &c.

VI.

The blind Biſchop he culd nocht preich,
For playing with the laſſis.
The ſyllie Freir behuifit to fleich,
For almous that he aſſis.
The Curat his creid, he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the companie.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

VII.

The Biſchop wald nocht wed ane wyfe;
The Abbot nocht perſew ane,
Thinkand it was ane luſtie life,
Ilk day to have ane new ane;
In every place an uncouth face,
His luſt to ſatisfie.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

VIII.

The Perſoun wald nocht have an hure,
Bot twa and thay wer bony.
The Viccar als thocht he was pure,
Behuifit to have as mony.
The pareis Preiſt, that brutall beiſt,
He polit thame wantonlie.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

IX.

IX.

Of Scotland Well, the Freirs of Faill,
The limmery lang hes laſtit.
The Monkis of Melros made gude kaill
Qn Fridayis quhen thay faſtit.
The ſeily Nunnis keiſt up thair bunnis,
And heiſit thair hippis on hie.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

X.

Of late I ſaw thir limmers ſtand,
Like mad men at miſchief,
Thinkand to get the upper hand,
Thay luke after relief.
Bot all in vaine, ga tell them plaine,
That day will never be.
Hay trix, trim, &c.

XI.

O Jeſu, gif thay thocht grit glie,
To ſee Goddis word doune ſmorit,
The Congregation made to flie,
Hypocriſie reſtorit,
With meſſis ſung, and bellis rung,
To thair idolatrie,
Mary God thank yow, we ſall gar brank yow,
Before that time trewlie.

St. 3. l. 4. "Quhen ſchavelingis went to ſack;" when the raſcally mob, as Knox calls them, proceeded to pull down the religious houſes (in 1559.) Thoſe of *Scotland-Well* in Kinroſs-ſhire, and *Faill*, (Failefurd in Ayr-ſhire?) mentioned in St. 9. were perhaps among the firſt that ſuffered. I ſuſpect the two firſt words of St. 10. were originally "At Leith," the ſucceeding lines ſeeming to allude to the ſhameful flight of the Congregation to Stirling in Nov. 1559, and the conſequent re-eſtabliſhment of the Romiſh worſhip in Edinburgh and other places that favoured the Queen Dowager's party.

BALLAD IN DERISIOUN OF THE POPISCHE MES.

I.

KNAW ye not God omnipotent,
He creat man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his commandement,
And eit of the forbiddin tre.
Had not that bliſſit bairne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis your lyves had bene forlorne,
For all your Mes.

II.

Sen we war all to ſin made ſure,
Throw Adamis inobedience,
Saif Chriſt there was na creature
Maid ſacrifice for our offence.
There is na Sanct may ſaif your ſaull
Fra ye tranſgres,
Suppois Sanct Peter and Sanct Paull
Had baith ſaid Mes.

III.

Knawing there is na Chriſt bot ane,
Quhilk rent was on the rude with roddis,
Quhy geve ye glore to ſtock and ſtane,
In worſchipping of uther Goddis:
Thir idolis that on alters ſtandis,
Ar fenyeitnes:
Ye gat not God amang your handis,
Mumling your Mes.

IV.

IV.

And ſen na Sanct your ſaull may ſaif,
Perchance ye will ſpeir at me than,
How may the Paip thir pardounis haif,
With power baith of beiſt and man.
Throw nathing bot ane fenyeit faith
For halynes:
Inventit wayis to get them graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

V.

Of mariage you maid you quyte,
Thinking it thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of wyfisis appetyte,
That courage micht incres againe.
Thay hony lippis ye did perſew,
Grew gall I ges,
Thinking it was contrition trew,
To dance ane Mes.

VI.

Gif God was maid of bittis of breid,
Eit ye not oukely ſax or ſevin,
As it had bene ane mortall feid,
Quhill ye had almaiſt heryit hevin?
Als mony devils ye mon devoir
Quhill hell grow les,
Or doutles we dar nocht reſtoir
Yow to your Mes.

VII.

Gif God be tranſubſtantiall
In breid with *hoc eſt corpus meum*,
Quhy are ye ſa unnaturall
To take him in your teeth and ſla him?
Tripairtit and devydit him
At your dum dreſſe,
Bot God knawis how ye gydit him,
Mumling your Mes.

VIII.

VIII.

Ye partit with dame Poverty,
Tuke Property to be your wyfe,
Fra Charity and Chaſtity,
With Lechery ye led your lyfe.
That raiſit the mother of miſchief
Your Gredines,
Beleiving ay to get relief
For ſaying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vaine venerienis,
Ye are nocht Sancts, thoch ye ſeme haly,
Proud poyſonit Epicurienis,
Quhilk had na God but your awin belly.
Beleve ye lounis the Lord allowis
Your idlenes?
Lang or the ſweet cum ouer your browis,
For ſaying Mes.

X.

Had not your ſelf begun the weiris,
Your ſtepills had bene ſtandand yit;
It was the flattering of your Freiris,
That ever gart Sanct Francis flit.
Ye grew ſa ſuperſtitious
In wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious
Contrair your Mes.

XI.

Your Biſchopis are degenerate,
Thocht they be mountit upon mulis,
With huredome clene effeminate:
And Freiris oftymes previs fules,
For Duſtifit and Bob-at-evin,
Do ſa incres,
Hes driven ſum of them to tein,
For all their Mes.

XII.

XII.

Chriſt keip faithful Chriſtiens
From perverſt pryde and Papiſtrie:
God grant thame trew intelligens
Of his law, word, and veritie:
God grant they may their lyfe amend,
Syne blis poſſes,
Throw faith on Chriſt all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

Syn Mes is nathing els to ſay,
Bot ane wickit inventioun,
Without authority or ſtay
Of ſcripture, or foundation
Gif Kings wald Mes to Rome hence dryve
With haiſtines,
Suld be the meane to have belyve
An end of Mes.

St. 7. The author might as well have avoided this indecent manner of treating the "holy houſel," as it was termed by our Saxon forefathers, who, by the by, ſeem not to have been quite orthodox in the article of tranſubſtantiation:—"Certainly (ſays one of their preachers) this huſell that now beith hallowed at God's altar, is only a taknung of Chriſtis lichama (body) that he for us offrode, and of his blode that he for us ſhed, &c."

OF THE FALSE FIRE OF PURGATORIE.

Of the fals fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane ſponke:
Thairfor ſayes Gedoe, Wayis me,
Gone is Preiſt, Freir, and Monke!

The reik ſa wounder deir thay ſolde,
For money, gold, and landis,
Quhill halfe the riches on the molde,
Is ſeaſit in thair handis.

They knew nathing but covetice,
And luve of paramouris,
And let the ſaulis burne and bis,
Of all their foundatouris.

For Corps-preſence they wald ſing;
For riches ſlocken the fyre;
Bot all pure folk that had na thing,
Was ſkaldit bane and lyre.

Yit ſat they heich in Parlement,
Lyke Lordis of grit renowne,
Quhill now that the New Teſtament,
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

And thocht they fuffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair bellies ryve,
The mair they blaw, full weil they knaw,
The mair it does miſthryve.

AW MY HERT THIS IS MY SANG.

Aw my hert! this is my ſang,
With double mirth and joy amang,
Sa blyth as bird my God to ſing;
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

Quha hes my hert but hevins king,
Quhilk cauſis me for joy to ſing,
Quhom that I lufe attour all thing!
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

He is fair, ſober, and bening,
Sweit, meik, and gentle in all thing,
Maiſt worthyeſt to have louing;
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

For us that bliſſit bairne was borne,
For us he was baith rent and torne,
For us he was crounit with thorne;
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

For us he ſched his precious blude,
For us he was nailit on the rude,
For us he mony batell ſtude;
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

Nixt him to lufe his Mother fair
With ſtedfaſt hert for evermair;
Scho bure the birth fred us fra cair;
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

We pray to God that ſittis above,
Fra him let neuer our hert remove,
Nor for no ſudden worldlie love.
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

He is the love of lovers all,
He cummis, on him quhen we call;
For us he drank the bitter gall;
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

Few readers need to be informed that the practice of tranſlating the pſalms of David and other parts of Scripture into rhyme, for the purpoſe of being ſung, began about this time to prevail in various parts of Europe. Flanders ſeems to have led the way in 1540; and the example was immediately followed in France by Clement Marot, who in 1542 publiſhed thirty pſalms in French metre, and twenty more in the following year. At firſt they were ſung to the airs of popular ballads, and were ſo much admired at the Court of Francis the Firſt, that every Lady had her favourite pſalm, in the ſame manner as they now have minuets and contrey dances. J. Calvin, who at that time was projecting a new form of worſhip, availed himſelf of this prevailing rage, and adopted Marot's pſalms, fitted, however, with ſolemn muſic, as an appendix to the Catechiſm of Geneva 1553. Upon the return of John Knox from Geneva to Scotland in 1555, we may preſume that he was inſtructed to introduce the ſame practice among his countrymen.—Wedderburne, the Clement Marot of Scotland, did not, however, confine his genius to the pſalms of David, Lord's prayer, Creed, and Ten Commands, but attempted to ſoar aloft in original compoſition, aſſuming probably for the model of his ſtyle, "The Canticles of Solomon done into Engliſh Meeter 1549." How far he ſucceeded, the Reader will be enabled to judge from this and the ſucceeding ſpecimens.

To the tune, it would ſeem, of

WHA IS AT MY CHAMBER DORE?
O WIDOW AR YE WAUKING.

QUHO is at my windo, quho, quho,
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
Quha callis there, ſo lyke ane ſtrangere,
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.

Lord, I am heir ane wratchit mortal,
That for thy mercie dois crie and call;
Unto thé, my Lord celeſtiall,
Sie quho is at my windo, quho, quho.

How daris thow for mercie crie,
Sa lang in ſinne as thow dois lye;
Mercie to have thow art not worthie,
Goe from my windo, goe.

My gylt, gude Lord, I will refuſe,
And the wicked life that I did uſe;
Traiſtand thy mercie ſall be my excuſe,
Sé quho is at my windo, quho.

To be excuſit thow wald richt faine,
In ſpending of thy lyfe invaine,
Having my goſpell in greit diſdaine,
Goe from my windo, goe.

O Lord, I have offendit thé,
Excuſe thereof there can nane be;
I have followit thame that ſa teichit me,
Sé quho is at my windo, quho.

Nay, I call thé nocht fra my doore I wis,
Lyke a ſtranger that unknawin is;
Thou art my brothir, and my will it is
In at my doore that thou goe.

With

With richt humble hert, Lord, I thé pray,
Thy comfort and grace obtaine I may;
Schaw me the path and ready way
In at thy doore for to goe.

I am chief gyde to rich and poore,
Shawand the pathway richt to my doore;
I am their comfort in every houre,
That in at my doore will go.

But thay that walk ane other way,
As mony did teich them from day to day,
They war indurit, my goſpell did ſay,
And far from my door ſall goe.

O Gracious Lord, comfort of all wicht!
For thy greit power and cheif excelling micht,
Sen thow art gyde and very light,
In at thy doore let me goe.

Man, I gave thé nocht free will,
That thow ſuld my goſpell ſpill;
Thou dois na gude, but evir ill,
Thairfore from my doore that thou goe.

That will, alace, hes me begylit,
That will ſa farre hes me defylit,
That will thy preſence hes me exylit;
In at thy doore let me goe.

To blame that will thow does not richt,
I gaif thee reſſoun quhereby thou micht
Have knawin the day be the dark night,
In at my doore to goe.

O Lord, I pray thé with all my hart,
Of thy greit mercie remufe my ſmart;
Let ane drop of thy grace be my part,
That in at thy doore I may goe.

I have ſpoken in my ſcripture,
I will the deid of na creature;
Quha will aſk mercie ſall be ſure
In at my doore for to goe.

O Lord, quhais mercy is but end,
Quherein ocht to thé I did offend,
Grant me ſpace my life to amend,
That in at thy doore I may go.

Remember thy ſin, and als thy ſmart,
And als for thé quhat was my part;
Remember the ſpeir that thirlit my hart,
And in at my doore thou ſall goe.

And it war fit to do againe,
Rather as thow ſuld lye in paine,
I wald ſuffer mair in certaine,
That in at my doore thou may goe.

I aſk na thing of thé, thairfore,
Bot lufe for life to ly in ſtore;
Give me thy hart, I aſk no more,
And in at my doore thou ſall goe.

O Gracious Lord celeſtiall,
As thow art Lord and King eternall,
Grant us grace that we may enter all,
And in at thy doore let me goe.

Quho is at my windo, quho,
Go fra my windo, go;
Cry no more there like ane ſtrangere,
But in at my doore thou goe.

TILL OUR GUDE-MAN, TILL OUR GUDE-MAN, KEIP FAITH AND LOVE TILL OUR GUDE-MAN,

For our gude-man in hevin does ring,
In glore and bliſſe without ending;
Quhere angels ſingis ever Oſan,
In laude and praiſe of our gude-man.

Our gude-man deſyris thré thingis,
Ane hart quhere fra contrition ſpringis,
Syne love him beſt our ſauls that wan,
Quhen we wer loſt fra our gude-man.

And our gude-man that euer was kind,
Requyres of us ane faithfull mind,
Syne cheritable be with every clan,
For luve onlie of our gude-man.

Yit our gude-man requyres more,
To give no creature his glore;
And gif we doe, doe quhat we can,
We ſall be loſt fra our gude-man.

Adame, our fore-father that was,
Hes loſt us all for his treſpas;
Quhais brukle banes we may ſair ban,
That gart us loſe our awne gude-man.

And our gude-man he promeiſt ſure,
To everie faithfull creature,
His greit mercie that now or than
Will call for grace at our gude-man.

Yet our gude-man, gracious and gude,
For our ſalvation ſhed his blude
Upon the croce, quhere there began
The mercifulneſſe of our gude-man.

This

This is the blude did us refreſh,
This is the blude that muſt us waſh,
That blude that from his hart farth ran,
Maid us free aires till our gude-man.

Now let us pray baith day and hour,
Till Chriſt our onely Mediatour,
Till ſave on the day that quhen
We ſall be judged be our gude-man.

Whoever will compare this with the common ſong, "*You'll never be like my auld gude-man*," beginning with "*Late in an ev'ning furth I went*," muſt be ſatisfied that the profane ballad, or part of it, was in exiſtence at the time this fanatic parody was compoſed; and that the muſic, in all probability, was the ſame ſimple beautiful air to which it continues to be ſung at this day. That ſuch a ſtrange burden could be aſſumed in an original devout hymn, without having any reference to a ſimilar burden in a profane ſong, is utterly incredible.

MY LUFE MURNIS FOR ME, FOR ME.

My lufe murnis for me, for me,
My lufe that murnis for me;
I am not kinde, hes not in minde
My lufe that murnis for me.

Quha is my lufe but God abuve,
Quhilk all the warld hes wrocht;
The King of bliſſe my lufe he is,
Full deir he hes me bocht.

His precious blude he ſched on rude,
That was to make us fre;
This ſall I prove by Goddis love,
That my lufe murnis for me.

This my lufe came from abuve,
And borne was of ane maid,
For to fulfill his father's will,
Till fill furth that he ſaid.

Man! have in minde, and thou be kinde,
Thy lufe that murnis for thee.
Now he on rude that ſched his blude,
From Sathan to make us free.

There is ſome appearance that the hint has here been taken from

"He's low doun, he's in the broom
"That's waiting for me, &c."

One ſong, or rather apparently two, with a burden ſomewhat of this ſort, being mentioned in the "Complaint of Scotland 1549

To

To the original air, doubtleſs, of

LEAVE THEE, LEAVE THEE,
I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE;

the modern muſic of which is probably a little corrupted.

Aw my love! leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Aw! my love leif me not,
Thus mine alone.

With ane burding on my bak,
I may not beir it, I am ſo waik;
Love! this burding from me tak,
Or elſe I am gone.

With ſinnes I am laden ſair,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With ſinnes I am laden ſair,
Leif me not allone.

I pray the Lord, therefore,
Keip not my ſinnes in ſtore,
Lowſe me or I be forlorne,
And heir my mone.

With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
Leif me not allone.

I was ſauld, and thow me bocht,
With thy blude thow hes me coſt,
Now I am hidder ſocht,
To thee Lord allone.

I cry and I call to thee,
To leif me not, leif me not,
I cry and I call to thee,
To leif me not allone.

All they that laden be,
Thow biddes thame cum to the,
Then ſall they ſavit be,
Throw thy mercie allone.

Thow ſaves all the penitent,
And leifs them not, leifs them not,
Thow ſaves all the penitent,
And leifs them not allone.

All that will their ſinnes repent,
Nane of them ſall be ſpent,
Suppoſe the bow be ready bent,
Of them thow killes none.

Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
Leif me not allone.

I pray thé Lord, grant to me
Thir godly giftis three,
Then ſall I ſavit be,
Dout have I none.

To thé, Father, be all glore,
That leifs us not, leifs us not,
To thé, Father, be all glore,
That leifs us not allone.

Sonne and Haly Ghoſt, evermore,
As it was of before,
Throw Chriſt our Saviour,
We are all ſaif every one.

To the common Tune.

Johne cum kiſs me now,
Johne cum kiſs me now,
Johne cum kiſs me by and by,
And mak no more adow.

THE Lord thy God I am,
That Johne dois thee call,
[Johne repreſentis man
By grace celeſtiall ;

For Johne Goddis grace it is,
Quha liſt till expone the ſame ;
O Johne thow did amiſs,
Quhen that thow loſt this name.]

Hevin and eirth of noucht
I maid them for thy ſake,
For evermore I thoucht,
To my likeneſs thee make.

In Paradice I plantit thee,
And maid thé Lord of all
My creatures, not forbidding thee
Nathing but ane of all.

Thus wald thow not obey,
Nor yit follow my will,
Bot did caſt thyſelfe away,
And thy poſteritie ſpill.

My juſtice condemned thee
To everlaſting paine,
Nan culd na remedie
To buy man free againe.

O pure

O pure life and mere mercie,
Mine awin Sonne downe I ſend,
God become man for thee,
For thy ſin his life did ſpend.

Thy atonement and peace to make,
He ſched his blude maiſt haly,
Suffering death for thy ſaik,
Quhat culd he do more for thee?

Thus quhen thow was in dangerous race,
Ready to ſink in hell,
Of my mercie and ſpeciall grace,
I ſend thee my goſpell.

My prophites call, my preachers cry,
Johne cum kiſs me now,
Johne cum kiſs me by and by,
And mak no more adow.

Ane ſpreit I am incorporat,
No mortallis eye can ſee,
Yet my word does intimat,
Johne how thow muſt kiſs me now.

Repent thy ſinne unfeinyeitlie,
Beleve my promiſe in Chriſtis death,
This kiſs of faith will juſtifie thee,
As my ſcripture plainlie ſaith.

Make no delay, cum by and by,
Quhen that I do thee call,
Leiſt do ſtrike thee ſuddenly,
And ſo cum nocht at all.

A few more of theſe fanatical rhapſodies ſeem evidently written to the muſic of ſongs which at that time muſt have been popular, although now either unknown, or not aſcertainable, by the few lines preſerved in the parodies.

There

There is, however, good reaſon to ſuppoſe that the following was ſung to *Gramachree*, or ſomething very like it. See Edin. Voc. Mag. Vol. II. Song XXVIII.

Intill ane mirthfull May morning,
Quhen Phebus up did ſpring,
Waking I lay in ane garding gay,
Thinkand on Chriſt ſa frie;
Quhilk meikly for mankind,
Tholit to be pynd
On croce cruellie, La-la, &c.

And the following, with ſome appearance of truth, is ſaid to have been ſung to the tune of *Hey tutti tatti.*

Hay now the day dallis,
Now Chriſt on us callis,
Now welth on our wallis
Appeiris anone:
Now the word of God ringis,
Quhilk is king of all kingis,
Now Chryſtis flock ſingis
The nicht is nere gone.

To the tune of *Baw lu la la* (perhaps the Gaelic *Bahou mo lenav*) is "Ane ſang of the birth of Chriſt."

This day to yow is borne ane childe,
Of Marie meeke and virgine mylde,
That bliſſit barne bening and kynde,
Sall yow rejoyce baith hart and mynde. . . .

But I ſall prais thé evir moir,
With ſangis ſueit unto thy gloir.
The kneis of my hert ſall I bow,
And ſing that richt *Balu la low.*

In Mr Ritſon's Ancient ſongs 1790, may be ſeen the (Engliſh) original of

Gryvous is my ſorrow,
Both at evin and morrow, &c.

SUPER

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS

is ſubmitted to the reader as a ſpecimen of WEDDER-
BURNE'S *verſion of the Pſalms.*

I.

At the rivers of Babylon,
Quhair we dwelt in captivitie,
Quhen we remembrit on Syon,
We weipit al full ſorrowfu lie.
On the ſauch tries our harpes we hang,
Quhen they requirit us an ſang.
They hald us into ſic thraldoune,
They bad us ſing ſum pſalm or hymme,
That we in Syon ſang ſum tyme,
To quhome we anſwerit full ſune.

II.

Nocht may we outher play or ſing,
The Pſalmis of our Lord ſa ſueit,
Until ane uncouth land or ring.
My richt hand firſt ſall that forleit,
Or Jeruſalem foryettin be.
Faſt to my chaftis my tung ſall be
Claſpit, or that I it foryet.
In my maiſt gladnes and my game,
I ſall remember Jeruſalem,
And all my hart upon it ſet.

III.

III.

O Lord, think on the Edomiteis,
How they did at Jeruſalem.
They bad deſtroy with cruelteis,
Put all to ſacke, and it ouerquhelm,
Bot wratchit ſall thow be, Babyloun!
And bleſſit is that champioun
Sall ſerve thé as thow ſervit us!
And he that ſall thy bairnis plaig,
And raſh thair harnes againſt ane craig,
Is happy and full glorious!

In this manner Wedderburne tranſlated about twenty-one of David's pſalms, which probably were ſung in the private meetings of the "Congregation of the Lord" for a few years before the eſtabliſhment of the reformed religion, when the verſion of Sternhold and Hopkins was univerſally adopted in the kirks of Scotland as well as of England, and an edition of it printed in Edinburgh in 1564. At the ſame conventicles, in all probability, were alſo ſung ſuch of the foregoing ballads as were moſt likely to render the eſtabliſhed clergy contemptible and odious; a more effectual method than which could not have been deviſed for ſerving the purpoſes of the reforming party. The others, ſuch as *Our auld Gude-man*, *John cum kiſs me now*, &c. undoubtedly belong to the ſame party; although it has been alledged that they were compoſed by the Catholicks with a view of ridiculing the fanatciſm of their adverſaries,

ANE SANG OF THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESCHE.

ALL Chriſtin men tak tent and lier,
How ſaull and body ar at wier
Upon this eird baith lait and air,
With cruell battell identlie,
And ane may nocht ane uther flie.

THE FLESCHE.

The fleſche ſaid, Sen I haif haill
In will in youth with luſtis daill,
Or age with ſorrow me aſſaill,
With joy I will my time ouerdryve,
And will not with my luſtis ſtryve.

THE SPIRIT.

The ſpirit ſaid, Thocht I charge thé nocht,
Dreid God, and have his law in thocht;
Thow hecht quhen thow to font was brocht,
Efter his law luſt to refraine,
And nocht to wirk his word agane.

THE FLESCHE.

The fleſche ſaid, I am ſtark and wycht,
To wacht gude wyne, freſche, cauld and bricht,
And tak my pleſour day and nicht,
With ſinging, playing, and to dance,
And ſet on ſax and ſevin the chance.

THE SPIRIT.

The ſpirit ſaid, Think on the rich man,
Quhilk all tyme in his luſtis ran;
Body and ſaull he loiſſit than,
And ſynde was buryit into hell,
As Jeſus Chriſt hes ſaid him ſell.

THE

THE FLESCHE.

The fleſche ſaid, Quhat hald I of this?
Laſer aneuch and tyme thair is,
In age for till amend my miſſe,
And from my vicious lyfe convert,
Quhen ſadnes hes ouerſet my hert.

THE SPIRIT.

The ſpirit ſaid, Power thow hes none,
In youcht nor yit in eild bygone;
With twinkling of ane eye anone,
God ſall the tak at evin or morne,
No certayne tyme ſet the beforne.

THE FLESCHE.

The fleſche ſaid, All tyme air and lait,
I ſe all warldly wyſe eſtait,
Hald luſt vertew in thair conſait,
With thame I will perſew my weird,
Als long as I leve on this eird.

THE SPIRIT.

The ſpirit, Yit ſall cum the day
The ſaull ſall part the body fray;
Than quhat ſall help thy game or play,
Quhen thow man turnit be in as,
As firſt in eird quhen thow maid was.

THE FLESCHE.

The fleſche ſaid, Thow hes vincuſt me,
I traiſt eternall gloir to ſe.
Chriſt grant that I may cum thairby.
Now will I to my God returne,
Repent my ſin richt, ſore I murne.

THE SPIRIT.

The ſpirit, Nane to ſchame I dryve,
Ane contreit hert help God alyve.
The fleſche man die, with pane and ſtryve,
For it was borne to that intent,
In eird with wormes for to be rent.

THE

THE FLESCHE.

The fleſche ſaid, O Lord God of peace,
Help me to turne throw Chriſtis grace!
O Holy Goſt, my faith increſſe,
That I may thole this eirthlie noy,
My hope is in eternall joy.

THE SPIRIT.

The ſpirit ſaid, Now I haif my micht,
Thoch I be ane unworthie knycht.
Thow God! the quhilk is onlie richt,
Thow ſaif me from the Devillis net!
Thairfore thow on the croce was plet.

THE DYTER.

Now hes this ballat heir an end,
God grant ilk man his hart amend,
To ſin na more, ſyne to Chriſt wend;
Than ſall he turne agane to us,
And give us his eternall blys.

Of the firſt introduction of ſinging (the *Magnificat*, *Te Deum*, &c.) into the ſervice of the Church, thus writeth *Becon* in his *Reliques of Rome*; "Pope Vitalian, A. D. 660, being a luſtye ſinger and a freſhe couragious muſition hymſelf, brought into the Church prickſong, deſcant, and all kynde of ſweete and pleaſaunt melodye; and bycauſe nothing ſhould want to delight the vayne, folyſh eares of fantaſtical men, he joyned the organs to the curious muſike, unto the great loſſe of tyme and the utter undoing of chriſten mens ſoules." Here muſt be a miſtake with reſpect to the time, for Auguſtine in the fourth century, "aſketh forgeveneſſe of God, bicauſe he had geven more heede, and better eare to the ſinging than to the weighty matter of the holy wordes." Cornelius Agrippa, A. D. 1530, compares the deſcant of the children "to the neying of coltes; the tenoure, to the bellowing of oxen; the counterpoynt, to the barking of doggis; the treble, to the roaring of bulles; and the baſe, to the grunting of hogges; ſo that an evil favoured noyſe is made, and the matter itſelf is nothing underſtanded."

JOHN

JOHN ROLLAND.

To the earlier part of this reign belongs "The Sevin Seages, *tranſlatit out of prois into Scottis meiter, by* JOHN ROLLAND, *in Dalkeith, with ane moralitie after everie Tale.*" *The original is the noted romance of* Prince Eraſtus; *from the names and manner, probably compoſed by a Greek in the middle ages. In early times, it appears to have been a favourite book, having been tranſlated into various European languages; and is ſtill to be found upon the ſtalls under the form of a two-penny volume in proſe, intituled,* The famous hiſtory of the Seven Maſters of Rome, *to which the curious are referred for farther information, not one of the verſified ſtories poſſeſſing a ſingle quality to juſtify a re-publication. Of the morality of the fable,* ROLLAND *preſents us with the following ridiculous explication, by way of preamble.*

TO KNOW QUHAT THE EMPEROUR, THE EMPRICE, AND THE YOUNG CHILDE, AND THE SEVEN DOCTOURS DOE SIGNIFIE.

I.

ERE we procede yet furthermare,
Of this matter ſumething will I ſchaw,
Quhat each thing meanis for to declare;
The matter better ye will knaw.

This

This Emperour that leades the law,
He ſignifies a man's perſoun,
That walters betwixt winde and waw,
Into this world aye up and doun.

II.

His Sonne betokens the ſoule of man,
Quhilk in the corps is aye incluiſe:
The Emprice ſignifies Sathan,
Quho ever open malice muiſe:
The ſeven Doctours are ſeven vertues,
Fechting contrare ſeven deadly ſinnes:
Quhilk that the ſillie ſoule perſues,
Quhen deſtruction it beginnes.

III.

The ſeven dayes this childe is dumbe,
Of mannis life they are the ſpace;
For in this world fra he firſt come,
He never hath perfect ſolace.
Quhile that God take him in his grace,
And forget all this worldlie luſt,
Then ſpeakes he to God face to face,
Quhen that the devill he hath vincuſt.

IV.

Even ſo is of this Emprice tale,
Tolde for to tempt the Emperour,
Trowing perfectlie to prevale;
And of this childe to be victour,
Tels on this tale for his pleaſour:
Of quhilk the Emperour was content,
As ye ſall hear, gude auditour,
Therefoir to purpoſe let us went.

The time and place of compoſition are thus mentioned in the Epi-logue:

So

So in ſeven weeks this quair was clene compleit,
Out of plaine proſe, now keiping meters feit:
Within the fort and towre of *Tamtalloun*,
Quhen the Engliſh float beſyde *Inchkeith* did fleit,
Upon the ſea in that great burning heate.
Both Scottis and Ingliſch of Leith lay at the toun,
With ſcharp aſſiege, and garneiſt gariſoun,
On ather ſort quhair ſundrie loſt the ſweit,
That ſame tyme I maid this tranſlatioun.

This ſpecification ſeems to point either to 1544 or 1547, after which there was no Engliſh fleet in the frith of Forth until the beginning of winter 1559

In the Prologue, he mentions another of his poetical efforts, the title of which is, "Ane Treatiſe callit *The Court of Venus*, devidit into four buikis: Compylit by Johne Rolland in Dalkeith, [printed 1575, 4to."] It is reported to be no leſs abſurd and pedantic than the *Sevin Seages*. In the ſame Prologue he thus celebrates the names of contemporary Scottiſh poets, when he wrote his *Court of Venus*.

In Court that tyme was gude Sir *David Lyndeſay*,
In vulgare toung he bure the bell that day,
To mak meter richt cunning and expert;
And Maſter *John Ballentine* ſooth to ſay,
Mak him marrow to David, well we may.
And for the third, Maſter *William Stewart*,
To mak in Scots he knew richt well the airt.
Biſchop *Durie*, ſometime of Galloway,
For his pleaſour ſometime wald tak thair pairt.

From this we learn the Chriſtian name of one of the two Stewarts who flouriſhed in the reign of James the Fifth. No poetical monument of Biſhop Durie ſeems to remain, or at leaſt is known as ſuch. The Court of Venus was probably written about 1540; and if any one were inclined to aſcribe the *Preiſts of Peblis* to the ſame author, I ſhould think it a difficult taſk to controvert his opinion.

In this metrical verſion of *Prince Eraſtus*, the whole fourteen ſtories are not, throughout, the ſame with thoſe in the French edition 1564, *Rolland*, or perhaps the Engliſh proſe tranſlater, having taken the liberty of ſubſtituting the Epheſian matron and ſeveral more in the room of others that did not ſo well ſuit his taſte.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW,

——*is here given from the* Evergreen, *where it seems to have been originally publiſhed. Some difference of opinion prevails with reſpect to its antiquity.* Mr Pinkerton *thinks,* "*from its manner, it might have been written ſoon after the event in* 1414." Mr Ritſon *ſays, that* "*it may, for any thing that appears either in or out of it, to the contrary, be as old as the fifteenth century.*" *Without heſitation, however, I concur in opinion with* Lord Hailes, *who obſerves, that* "*it appears to* "*have been* at leaſt retouched *by a more modern hand:* "*It does not ſpeak in the language or in the verſification* "*of the fifteenth century, and will probably be found to* "*be as recent as the days of* Queen Mary *or* James the "Sixth." *It may be added, that the* "*ſlaughter*" *mentioned in the ſecond ſtanza moſt probably alludes to ſome bloody engagement between the Engliſh and the Scots. If ſo, Under what* auld King Henry *did this happen? No battle anſwers ſuch a deſcription excepting that of Flodden in* 1513; *and I venture to ſay the author meant no other, notwithſtanding the abſurd anachroniſm with which he is chargeable. It may alſo admit of a queſtion whether* "*drums*" *were uſed in the Scottiſh army ſo early as the reign of* James the Firſt, *or even the regency of the* Earl of Arran, *when the* Complaint of Scotland *was written. Laſtly, ſome old words ſeem groſsly mis-applied in various parts of the poem, particularly* "*baldoun,*" *in the 7th ſtanza. I ſhould be glad to hear, however, that an authenticated copy*

could

could be produced of the age even of James the Sixth. *But, from a reſpect to the opinion of thoſe who are more competent judges, I here give it a place.*

I.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Alangſt the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and ſe
The noys and duleſum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

II.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wiſt nocht quha was fae or freind,
Yit quietly I did me carry.
But ſen the days of auld King Hairy,
Sic ſlauchter was not hard nor ſene;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For biſſineſs in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man and bad him ſtay,
Requeiſting him to mak me quaint,
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw.
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the truth ſould to me ſchaw.

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
Unto the lands of Roſs ſum richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht.
Quha ſaw his intereſt was but ſlicht,
And thairfore anſwerit with diſdain.
He haſtit hame baith day and nicht,
And ſent nae bodward back again.

V.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that anſwer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Roſs to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his graif.
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abuſit lyk a ſlaif:
That bargin ſould be deirly bocht.

IV.

Then haiſtylie he did command,
That all his weir-men ſhould convene,
Ilk ane well harniſit frae hand,
To meit and heir quhat he did mein.
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald ſurpryſe the North,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With money maid, with forſs and wyles,
Richt far and neir baith up and doun.
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Alangſt the land of Roſs he roars,
And all obeyit at his bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren ſhoars.

VIII.

VIII.

Then all the countrie men did yeild,
For nae reſiſtans durſt they mak,
Nor offer battill in the feild,
Be forſs of arms to beir him bak.
Syne thay reſolvit all and ſpak,
That beſt it was for thair behufe,
Thay ſould him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them lufe.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverneſs,
Throw Murray Land to mak a raid,
Frae Arthurſyre unto Spey-neſs.
And further mair, he ſent expreſs,
To ſchaw his collours and enſenyie,
To all and ſindry, mair and leſs,
Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enyie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpoſe was for to purſew,
And quhaſoevir durſt gainſtand,
That race they ſhould full fairly rew.
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forſs and ſlicht,
And promiſt them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of mekle micht.

XI.

Without reſiſtans, as he ſaid,
Throw all theſe parts he ſtoutly paſt,
Quhair ſum war wae, and ſum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agaſt.
Throw all theſe feilds he ſped him faſt,
For ſic a ſicht was never ſene;
And then, forſuith, he langd at laſt
To ſe the Bruch of Aberdene.

XII.

XII.

To hinder this prowd enterpriſe,
The ſtout and michty Erle of MARR,
With all his men in arms did ryſe,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
And down the ſyde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or DONALD came ſae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of MARR,
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did diſplay.
For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their ſemblance weil they ſaw,
Without all dangir, or delay,
Came haiſtily to the HARLAW.

XIV.

With him the braif Lord OGILVY,
Of Angus Sherriff principall,
The conſtabill of gude Dunde,
The vanguard led before them all.
Suppoſe in number they war ſmall,
Thay firſt richt bauldlie did purſew,
And maid thair faes before them fall,
Quha then that race did fairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord SALTON,
The ſtrong undoubted Laird of DRUM,
The ſtalwart Laird of LAWRISTON,
With ilk thair forces all and ſum.
PANMUIR with all his men did cum,
The Provoſt of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuick of Drum,
Came ſchortly in thair armour ſchene.

XVI.

XVI.

Theſe with the Erle of MARR came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair enemies to ſett upon;
In awfull manner hardilie,
Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony mylis
For to ſuppreſs the tyrannie
Of douted DONALD of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
Richt ſubtilie alang did ryde,
With Malcomtoſch and fell Maclean,
With all their power at thair ſyde,
Preſumeand on thair ſtrenth and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,
Richt bauldlie battill did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair HARLAW.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet ſounds,
The dandring drums alloud did touk,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the feild ſould bruik.
Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Ferſs was the fecht on ilka ſyde,
And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that thair did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutſum victorie they dealt,
The bludy battil laſtit lang,
Each man his nibours forſs thair felt;
The weakeſt aft-tymes gat the wrang.
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
That echo maid a dulefull ſang,
Thairto reſounding frae the rocks.

XX.

XX.

But Donald's men at laſt gaif back;
For they war all out of array.
The Earl of MARRIS men throw them brak,
Purſewing ſhairply in thair way,
Thair enemys to tak or ſlay,
Be dynt of forſs to gar them yield,
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And ſae for feirdneſs tint the feild.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full faſt,
To mountains heich for all his micht;
For he and his war all agaſt,
And ran till they war out of ſicht:
And ſae of Roſs he loſt his richt,
Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is, quod he, the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my diſcourſe be ſumthing ſchort,
Tak this to be a richt ſuthe ſaw.
Contrairie God and the Kingis law,
Thair was ſpilt mekle Chriſtian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw;
This is the ſum, ſae I conclude.

XXIII.

But yit a bony quhyle abyde,
And I ſall mak thé cleirly ken
Quhat ſlauchter was on ilkay ſyde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene.
Theſe lazie lowns micht weil be ſpaird,
Cheſſit lyke deirs into thair dens,
And gat thair waiges for rewaird.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Malcomtoſh of the clan heid cheif,
Macklean with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair ſuccour and releif,
War dulefully dung to the deid.
And now we are freid of thair feid,
They will not lang to cum again;
Thouſands with them without remeid,
On Donald's ſyd that day war ſlain.

XXV.

And on the uther ſyde war loſt,
Into the feild that diſmal day,
Chief men of worth, of mekle coſt,
To be lamentit ſair for ay.
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main;
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That ſae unhappylie was ſlain.

XXVI.

Of the beſt men amang them was,
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The Sheriff-Principal of Angus;
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie;
Had few fallows in the feild,
Yit fell by fatall deſtinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to yeild.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, Knicht,
Grit conſtabill of fair Dunde,
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht,
The Kingis cheif bannerman was he,
A valyiant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predeceſſors wan that place
At Spey, with gude King William frie,
Gainſt Murray and Macduncans race.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit Laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was bettir fene,
Quhen they war femblit all and fum,
To praiſe him we ſould not be dum,
For valour, witt, and worthyneſs,
To end his days he there did cum,
Quhois ranſom is remeidyleſs.

XXIX.

And thair the Knicht of Lawriſton
Was ſlain into his armour ſchene,
And gude Sir Robert Davidſon,
Quha Proveſt was of Aberdene,
The Knicht of Panmure, as was ſene,
A mortall man in armour bricht,
Sir Thomas Murray ſtout and kene,
Left to the warld thair laſt gude nicht.

XXX.

Thair was not ſen King Keneth's days
Sic ſtrange inteſtine crewel ſtryf
In Scotland ſene, as ilk man ſays,
Quhair mony liklie loſt thair lyfe;
Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony childrene fatherleſs,
Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
Lord help theſe lands, our wrangs redreſs.

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even,
That four and twenty diſmal day,
Twelve hundred, ten ſcore and eleven
Of yeirs ſen Chryſt, the ſuthe to ſay:
Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the veritie they knaw,
And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim battil of the Harlaw.

JAMES VI. 1567—1603.

—— *was himself not only a votary of the Muſes, but at the early age of eighteen, compoſed a treatiſe under the title of* "Rewllis and Cautelis of Scottis Poeſie."— *Hence perhaps it was that poets abounded more in this than in any of the preceding reigns. Almoſt every man of education wrote verſes either in Engliſh or Latin; many of which were publiſhed in the life-time of the authors, and well known to thoſe who have turned their attention to this ſubject. The greater part of them, however, appear to have been compoſed after the union of the crowns in* 1603; *and in ſouthern phraſeology, as the* Poetical Recreations *of* Alexander Craig of Roſe-craig, 1609; *thoſe of* David Murray, *Scoto-Britan*, 1611; *of* Patrick Hannay, 1622; *of* Drummond of Hawthorndean, 1616; *of the two* Hudſons, William Fowler, Robert Ayton, &c. *Others, of the nature of popular ballads, are not conſidered as properly belonging to the plan of this publication. The productions of* Montgomery, Arbuthnot, Hume of Polwart, Sempil, (*not including thoſe which have lately been re-printed;*) *together with the works of the King himſelf, ſeem to be all that come within the preſcribed limits.*

A few remaining pieces of Sir Richard Maitland *claim the firſt attention.*

ON THE MISERIES OF THE TYME. 1570.

By SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

—— *ſoon after the Regent* Murray's *death, when the nation being divided under the titles of* Queen's men *and* King's men, "*citizen fought againſt citizen, and brother againſt brother, with keen animoſity.*"

I.

O GRACIOUS God! almichtie, and eterne,
For Jeſus ſaike, thi ſone, we aſk at thé,
Us to defend. Conſarve us, and gnberne.
And tak fra us, Lord, for thi grit mercie,
Thir plaigis that apperis preſentlie;
Peſt, povertie, and moſt unkindlie weir;
Hungir, and darthe, that now is lyk to be,
Throw deid of beiſts, and ſkant of corne this yeir.

II.

Bot, Lord, this cumis, of thi juſt jugement,
For puneiſment of our iniquitie;
That never of our ſynnis will repent;
Bot perſaveris in impietie.
We ar ſo ſowpit in ſeuſualitié,
Bayth ſpiritual, and temporal eſtait,
The pepil ar miſgydit haillelie.
Nocht regneth now, bot Troubil and Debait.

III.

Sumtyme the preiſtis thocht that thai did weil,
Quhon that thai maid thair beirds, and ſhuif thair croun;
Uſit round caps; and gounis to thair heil:
And mes, and mateyns, ſaid of thair faſſoun.
Thoch that all vyces rang in thair perſoun,
Lecherie, gluttunrie, vain gloire, avarice;
With ſwerd and fyre, for rew of religioun,
Of chriſtin peple oft maid ſacrifice.

IV.

IV.

For quhilk God hes thame puneiſt richt ſcharplie.
Bot had thai left thair auld abuſioun,
And turnit thame fra vyce to God trewlie,
And ſyne forthocht thair wrang intruſioun
Into the kirk be fals eluſioun;
The word of God ſyn preitchit faythfullie,
Thay had nocht cum to ſic confuſioun,
Nor tholit had as yit ſic miſerie.

V.

Now is Proteſtains ryſin us amang.
Sayand thay wil mak reformatioun;
Bot yet as now ma vyces never rang,
(In ony former tyme, nor ony natioun,)
As pryd, invy, and fals diſſimulation;
Thift, reif, ſlauchtir, oppreſſioun of the puir;
Of policy a plaine alteratioun:
Of wrangous geir now na man takis cuir.

VI.

Thay think it weil (and thay the Paip do call
The Antechryſt; and meſs, idolatrie:
And ſyne eit fleſche upon the Frydays all;)
That thay ſerve God rycht than accordinglie:
Thoch in all thing thay leif maiſt wickitlie.
Bot God commandis us his law to keip;
Fyrſt honour him; and ſyne have cheretie
With our neichbours; and for our ſynnis weip.

VII.

Think weil that God, that puneiſt the papeiſts,
Is yet on lyve, and yow to puneis abil,
(As he did thame,) that in your ſyns inſiſts
As Godis word war halden bot ane fabil.
Bot gif your hairt on God be ferme and ſtabil,
(Thoch that his worde into your mouthe ye have,)
Except your lyf thairto be conformabil
In word and wark; ye bot yourſelf diſſave.

VIII.

VIII.

I mene nocht here of faythful chriſtianis ;
Nor miniſters of Godis word trewlie ;
Quha at the ſamen ſtedfaſtlie remanis,
In word, and wark, without hypocriſy.
Bot I do mene of thame allenarlie
That callit ar the fleſchlie goſpellaris ;
Quha in thair words apperis rycht godlie,
Bot yit thair warks the plain contrair declaris.

IX.

Bot, thoch of papiſts, and proteſtans, ſum
Hes bayth gane wrang, and Godis law tranſgreſt ;
Keip us, gud Lord, that never mair we cum
To ſic errour ; bot grace to do the beſt.
That with all men thy trew fayth be confeſt ;
That chriſtane folk may leif in unetie ;
(Vertew ſet up, and all vycis ſuppreſt,)
That all the warld, gud Lord, may honour thie.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland, 1570.

In another poem of the ſame date our venerable Baron "punns comfortably" upon the name of his eſtate of *Blyth*, (in Lauderdale,) which at that time had been plundered by a detachment of the Engliſh army under the command of the Earl of Suffolk :

Blind man be blyth, althoch that thow be wrangit:
Thoch Blythe be herreit, tak no melancolie.
Thow ſall be blyth, quhan that thay ſall be hangit,
That Blythe hes ſpulyeit ſa maliciouſlie.
Be blyth, and glaid ; that nane perſave in thé
That thy blythnes conſiſts into ryches ;
Bot that thow art blyth that eternalie
Sall ring with God in eternal blythnes.

"Quod Schir Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun Knycht. Quhan his "landis of Blythe was heriet be Rollent Foſter Ingliſman. Quha ſpulyeit "furthe of the ſaid baronie ſeve thouſand ſcheip, youngar, and eldar :— "Twa hundrithe nowt :—Threttie hors, and meiris, &c. the xvi. day of "Maij, the year of M. D. LXX. yeiris."

SOLACE

SOLACE IN AGE.

Perhaps 1571.

THOCH that this warld be verie ſtrange;
And theves hes done my rowmis range,
And teynd my fald:
Yit wald I leif, and byde ane change;
Thoch I be ald.

Now me to ſpulyie ſum not ſpairis;
To tak my geir no captane cairis;
Thay ar ſa bald.
Yit tyme may cum, may mend my fairis;
Thoch I be ald.

Sum now, be force of men of weir,
My hous, my landis, and my geir,
Fra me thay hald.
Yit, as I may, ſall mak gud cheir;
Thoch I be ald.

So weill is kend my innocence,
That I will not, for nane offence,
Flyte lyk ane ſkald:
Bot thank God, and tak patience;
For I am ald.

For e ld, and my infirmitie,
Warme clayths ar bettir far for me,
To keip fra cald:
Nor in dame Venus' chamber be;
Now being ald.

Of

Of Venus play paſt is the heit;
For I may not the miſtirs beit
Of Meg, nor Mald.
For ane young las I am not meit;
I am ſa ald.

The fairaſt wenche in all this toun,
Thoch I hir had in hir beſt goun,
Rycht braivlie brald;
With hir I micht not play the loun;
I am ſa ald.

My wyf ſumtyme wald talis trow,
And mony leiſings weill allow,
War of me tald:
Scho will not eyndill on me now;
And I ſa ald.

My hors, my harnés, and my ſpeir;
And all uther my hoiſting geir,
Now may be ſald.
I am not abill for the weir;
I am ſa ald.

Quhan young men cumis fra the grene,
(Playand at the fute-ball had bene,)
With brokin ſpald;
I thank my God, I want my ene;
And am ſa ald.

Thoch I be ſweir to ryd or gang,
Thair is ſumthing, I've wantit lang,
Fane have I wald——
Thame punyſit that did me wrang;
Thoch I be ald.

Quod R. Maitland of Lethington.

COMPLAINT

COMPLAINT AGANIS THE LANG LAW-SUTES.

Probably 1581.

I.

SAIR is the recent murmour, and regreit,
Amang the leigis riſin of the lait,
Throw all the countrie, bayth of rich and puir;
Plenand upon the Lordis of the Sait,
That thair lang proces may no man induire.

II.

The Barouns ſay that they have far mair ſpendit
Upon the law, or thair mater wes endit,
Nor it wes wourth. Thairfoir richt ſair thay rew
To found ane plie that ever thay pretendit:
Bot left it to thair airis to perſew.

III.

The puir folk ſay that thay, for falt of ſpending,
Man leif the law, it is ſa lang in ending:
Lang proces thame to povertie hes brocht.
For of thair ſkayth be law can get na mending,
That thay ar faine to grie for thing of nocht.

IV.

Sum geves the wyte that thair is on the Seſſioun
Sum not ſa cunning, nor of ſa gud diſcretioun,
As thair befoir into that rowme hes bein;
Quhilk, doing juſtice, keipit thair profeſſioun;
Of quhom thair wes na caus for to complein.

V.

Now, ye that ar nocht of this Sait content,
Pas to the Prince; to him your caus lament.
And him exhort, and pray affectiouſlie,
That in that Sait he wald na man preſent,
In tyme to cum, bot thay that ar worthie.

VI.

VI.

Gud cunning men, that ar wyis and diſcreit;
Practitiours gud; and for that ſenat meit.
Men of gud conſcience, honeſtie, and fame;
That can with wit and treuth all maters treit:
And hes be prudence purchaſt ane gud name.

VII.

And ſyne gar call the College of Juſtice,
All thair dependers, and uthers that ar wyis,
And try the caus of law the langſumnes;
And gar thame ſone ſum gud ordour devyis
To furder juſtice, and ſchorten the lang proces.

VIII.

Bot gif this mater unmendit be ourſein,
The leigis can na greter ſcayth ſuſtein;
For na man ſall be ſuir of land or geir.
The trew and peur ſall be oppreſſit clein;
And this Colledge ſall not lang perſeveir.

IX.

And gif this Sait of Senetors gang doun,
The ſpunk of juſtice in this regioun,
I wait not how this realme ſall rewlit be.
Better it had gud reformatioun,
Nor let it periſche ſo imprudentlie.

X.

For gif this Sait of Juſtice ſall not ſtand,
Than everie wicked man, at his awin hand,
Sall him revenge as he ſall think it beſt.
Ilk bangeiſter, and limmer, of this land
With frie brydil ſall (quham thay pleis moleſt.)

XI.

Our Soverane Lord! to this mateir have ee;
For it perteinis to thy majeſtie
This Colledge to uphauld, or lat it doun.
Bot, will thow it uphauld, as it ſould be,
It will thé help for to mantein thy croun.

XII.

XII.

Cauſis ilk day ſo faiſt dois multiplie,
That with this Sait cannot ourtaken be;
Bot wald thy hienes thairof eik the nummer,
Of Senatours; men cunning and godlie
Wald monie mater end that makis cummer.

XIII.

Schir, at thy gift is monye Abeceis,
Perſonagis, Proveſtreis, and Prebendareis,
Now ſen doun is the auld religioun.
To eik ſum lordis gif ſum benefeis;
And ſum to help the auld fundatioun.

XIV.

Becaus the lordis hes our litil feis,
Bot of uncertaine caſualiteis,
Of quhilk thay never get payment complei.
And now ſic derthe is reſin, all men ſayis,
What coiſt ane pound befoir, now coſtis thrie.

XV.

Schir, thou may gar, (unhurt thy propertie,)
The Sait of Juſtice weill advancit be.
Quhilk being done, thair daylie ſall incres,
Into this land gud peice, and policie:
And thow be brocht to honour, and riches.

XVI.

O loving Lord! ſupport this cruell Sait;
And give thame grace to gang the nareſt gait
Juſtice to do with expeditioun:
And bring all thing againe to gud eſtait,
Following the firſt gud inſtitutioun.

S. R. M.

This poem being partly an addreſs to the young King, we may infer that it was not compoſed before the year 1580, when he firſt began to aſſert his own authority, and when Lord Leidington was at leaſt in his 84th year.

AGANIS OPPRESSIOUN OF THE COMMOUNS.

I.

It is grit petie for to ſe
How the commouns of this cuntré,
For thift, and reif, and plane oppreſſioun,
Can nathing keip in thair poſſeſſioun,
Quhairof that thay may mak ane lyfe:
Yit nane will puneis that tranſgreſſioun;
Till nocht be left to man nor wyfe.

II.

Sum with deir ferme ar hirreit haill,
That wount to pay bot penny maill.
Sum be thair lordis ar oppreſt;
Put fra the land that thay poſſeſt.
Sair ſervice hes ſum hirreit ſone.
For carrage als ſum hes no reſt;
Thoch thair awin wark ſould ly undone.

III.

Sum comouns, that hes bene weill ſtakkit
Under kirkmen, ar now all wrakit;
Sen that the teynd, and the kirk landis,
Came in grit temporale mennis handis.
Thay gar the tennents pay ſic ſowmes,
As thay will aſk; or, quha ganeſtandis,
Thay will be put ſone fra thair rowmes.

IV.

The teynd, quhilk tennents had befoir
Of thair awin malings, corne, and ſtoir,
Thair laird hes tane it our thair heid:
And gars thame to his yaird it leid.

Bot

Bot thair awin ſtok thay dar not ſteir ;
Thoch all thair bairnis ſould want breid,
Quhill thay have led that teynd ilk yeir.

V.

Sic extortioun and taxatioun
Wes never ſene into this natioun,
Tane of the comouns of this land,
Of quhilk ſum is left waiſt liand,
Becaus few may ſic chairgis beir.
Mony hes quhips now in thair hand,
That wont to have bayth jak and ſpeir.

VI.

Quhairthrow the haill communité
Is brocht now to ſic povertie.
For thay, that had gude hors and geir,
Hes ſkantlie now ane crukit meir :
And for thair ſadils thay have ſoddis.
Thay have na weipens worthe for weir ;
Bot man defend with ſtanes and cloddis.

VII.

Thairfore, my lordis, I yow pray
For the puir comouns find ſum way.
Your land to thame for ſic pryce geif,
As on thair maling thay may leif
Sufficientlie to thair eſtait.
Syne thame defend, that nane thame greif ;
That thay may ſerve yow ayre and lait.

VIII.

Riche comouns ar richt profitable,
Quhan thay, to ſerve thair lord, ar able
Thair native cuntrie to defend
Fra thame that hurt it wald pretend.
For we will be ouir few a nummer,
Gif comouns to the weir not wend.
Nobils may not beir all the cummer.

IX.

IX.

Help the comouns bayth Lord and Laird!
And God thairfore ſall yow rewaird.
And gif ye will not thame ſupplie,
God will yow plaig thairfore juſtlie.
And your ſucceſſioun, eftir yow,
Gif thay ſall have na mair petie
On the comouns, nor ye have now.

Quod Sir R. Maitland.

As Mr Pinkerton juſtly obſerves, this poem "does the higheſt honour to the philanthropy of the author; and merits praiſes ſuperior to any that genius can procure." The oppreſſion of the commons, here inveighed againſt, ſeems to have been occaſioned chiefly by their exchanging ſpiritual for temporal exactors of tythes. "Every thing in the Book of Diſcipline, that repugned to the corrupt affectiouns of the nobility, (ſaith *John Knox*, the principal compiler,) was tearmed in thair mockage *devoit imaginatiounis*. Sum of them had gredily grippit the poſſeſſiouns of the kirk, and uthers thocht they wald not lack thair parte of Chriſtis cote; yea and that befoir that evir he was hangit.—— Thare war nane mair unmercifull to the puir miniſteris thane war they that had the gritteſt rentes of the kirkes. Bot, according to the auld proverbe, The bellie has na earis."

Beſides poems, Sir R. Maitland left in MS. a Hiſtorie of the houſe and ſurname of Seaton; and a Collection of Deciſions of the Court of Seſſion from 15th Dec. 1550, till 30th July 1565.

James VI. in one of his letters, acknowledges the faithful ſervice of Sir Richard to his Grandfir (James V.) Goodfir (Matthew Earl of Lennox;) Goodam (Mary of Guiſe;) his mother Queen Mary, and himſelf,

AGANIS

AGANIS ȝKLANDEROUS TOUNGIS. 1572.

This piece might probably have escaped the observation of Mr Pinkerton *in the* Maitland MSS. *had it not been for the colophon* "Quod John Maitland, &c." *He was the second son of* Lord Lethington, *and through him the line of the family was carried on, his nephew (son of the Secretary) having died without issue. Being a steady adherent of* Queen Mary *after she was cruelly driven from the throne, the ruling powers deprived him of his benefice of Coldingham, and office of Lord Privy Seal; after which, being taken prisoner at the surrender of Edinburgh castle* 1573, *he was condemned to a species of confinement, from which he was not liberated until the fall of the regent* Morton *in* 1578. *He then found means to ingratiate himself completely with the young Prince; and, "as no subject enjoyed a greater share of his favour, so none deserved it better." A full account of his life may be found in* Crawford *and* Mackenzie; *and several Latin poems by him in the* Deliciæ poetarum Scotorum. *He died in* 1595.

I.

Gif bissie-branit bodeis yow bakbyte;
And of sum wickit wittis ye ar invyit,
Quha wald deprave your doings for dispyte;
Dispyis thair devilliche deming, and defy it.

For

For fra that tyme and treuthe thair talis have tryit,
The ſuythe ſall ſchew itſelfe out to thair ſchame.
And be thair ſpeche thair ſpyte ſal be eſpyit,
And have na fayth, nor foute aganes your fame.

II.

Miſknaw thair craft; and kythe not as ye kend it:
Thair doings will thair deling ſone detect.
For gif ye frieit, find falt, or be offendit,
Thair ſawis to be ſuythe ſum will ſuſpect.
Bot gif thair leyis ye lychtlie, and neglect,
And lat thame lie, and tax yow as thay liſt;
Fra tyme thay find thair fabils faill effect,
Thay will deny thair deling and deſiſt.

III.

As furious fluds with gritter force ay flowis,
And ſtarkar ſtevin, quhen ſtoppit ar the ſtremis;
And gorgit waters ever gritter growis;
And forcit fyres with gritter gleids out glemis;
And ay moir bricht and burning is the beymis
Of Phebus' face, that faſtaſt ar reflexit;
So gude renoun, quhilk railars' rage repremis,
Advanſis moir, the moir invyars vex it.

IV.

The moir thay ſpeik, the ſonar ar thay ſpyit.
The moir thay lie, your lak will be the les.
The moir thay talk, the treuth is ſonar tryit.
The moir planelie thair poyſone thay expres,
The les thay caus thair credit to incres.
The moir thay wirk, the les thair wark avancis.
The moir thay preis your prayſis to oppres,
The gritter of your gloir is the glancis.

V.

Do quhat ye dow, detractours ay will deme yow,
Quhais crafte is to calumpniat but caus:
Bakbytars ay be brutis will blaſpheme yow;
Althoch the contrair all the cuntrie knaus.

And,

And, walde ye ward yow up betwene tua wais,
Yit ſo ye ſall not from thair ſayings ſave yow.
Bot, gif thay ſee ye ſuffie of thair ſais,
Blaſone thay will, how ever ye behave yow.

VI.

Gif ye be ſecreit, ſad, and ſolitair;
Peirtlie thay ſpeik that privalie ye play:
And gif in publick places ye repair,
Ye ſeke to ſe, and to be ſene, thay ſay.
War ye a ſanct, thay ſuld ſuſpect yow ay.
Be ye humane, our humill thay will hald you.
Gif ye beir ſtrange, thay yow eſteme owr ſtay:
And trows it is *we*, or ſum els hes it tald you.

VII.

Gif ye be blythe, your lychtnes thay will lak.
Gif ye be grave, your gravité is clekit.
Gif ye lyk maſk, and mirthe, or mirrie mak,
Thay ſweir ye feill ane ſtring, and bowns to brek it.
Gif ye be ſeik, ſum ſlychtis ar ſuſpectit;
And all your fairris callet ſecreit ſunyeis.
Claiths thai diſpyte, and be ye daylie deckit,
'Perſave,' thay ſay, 'the papingo that pruinyeis.'

VIII.

Gif ye be wyis, and well in vertew verſit;
Cunning, thay call, uncumlie for your kynd.
And ſay it is bot ſlychtis ye have feirſit
To clok the crafte, quhairto ye ar inclynd.
Gif ye be meik, yit thay miſtak your mind;
And ſwer ye ar far ſchrewdar nor ye ſeme.
Sua do your beſt, thus ſall ye be defynd:
And all your deidis ſall detractours deme.

IX.

Yit thay will leif thair léing at the laſt,
Fra thay advert invy will not availl.
Bakbytars' brutis bydis bot ane blaſt:
Thay flureis ſone, but forder fructe thay faill.

Rek

Rek not thairfoir how raſchlie ravars raill:
For never wes vertew yit without invy.
Sua promptlie ſall your patience prevaill,
Quhen thay perhap ſic demyng ſall deir by.

Quod John Maitland, Commendator of Coldinghame, and ſone aftir Lord Thirlſtane, and Chancellor of Scotland.

The general idea of this poem, Mr Pinkerton remarks, is that excellent one of Tacitus, *Injuriæ ſi iraſcaris agnitæ videntur; ſpretæ exoleſcunt:* a maxim which Lord Thirlſtane expands, but does not weaken.

St. 6. l. 8. "—— and trows it is *ye* or els ſum, &c. MS. According to Mr Pinkerton, this obſcure line ſeems to mean, "They will "ironically ſay, *They think it is you, (you who are haughty naturally:) or* "*elſe, you are a weak man, and are proud becauſe ſomebody has told you to be* "*ſo.*"—As the poem may, however, be conſidered perhaps of ſimilar purpoſe with the ſucceeding "Admonition," and compoſed, apparently, for the uſe of the ſame illuſtrious perſon, I have ſubſtituted *we* for *ye*; that is, "we the *Queen's party*," who at that time were ſuppoſed to poſſeſs conſiderable influence with the regent Mar, and perhaps expected that in proper time he would take a decided part in her favour.

ANE

ANE ADMONITIOUN TO MY LORD OF MAR, REGENT.

Supposed by LORD THIRLSTANE, A. D. 1571.

I.

MAIST loyal lord, ay for thy lawtie lovit,
Now be not lakit for deloyaltie!
Thoch to the Princis place thow be promovit,
Be not abusit be authoritie.
Bot schaw thy treuth, and thyne integritie.
Sene we so far ourselfis have submittit,
And king, and cuntrie, laws, and libertie,
Unto thy cuir, and credit, haif committit.

II.

Thy hous hes ay bene trustie, and inteir;
Defamit nocht with fraud, or fickilnes.
Bot schaw thyself bayth sage, scharp, and sinceir;
Indewit with vertew, wit, and worthines,
Ingyne, jugement, justés, and gentilnes;
Craft, conduct, cair, and knawlege to command;
Heroik hart, honour, and hardines:
Or in this storme thy stait will never stand.

III.

We haif thé chosin to the cheifest charge,
Our tossit galay to governe, and to gyde.
Bewar with bobbis! Scho is ane brukill barge,
And may nocht bitter blastis weill abyde.
Thow may hir tyne, in turning of ane tyde.
Cast weill thy cours; thow hes ane kittil cure.
Of perals pance, and for sum port provyde;
And anker sicker quhair thow may be sure.

IV.

All Boreas' bittir blaſtis ar nocht blawin
I feir ſum boid, and bobbis be behind.
Be tyde and tempeſt thow may be ourthrauin;
And mony fairlie fortouns thow may find:
As chanels, craggis, bedds, and bankis blind;
Lekkis, and wanluks, quhairby thow may be loſt.
Bewar, thairfoir, with weddir, waw, and wind,
With uncouth courſis, and unknawin coſt.

V.

Thow may put all into appeirand perrell,
Gif Inglis forcis in this realme repair.
Sic ar nocht meit for to decyde our querrell;
Thoch farland fules ſeime to haif fedders fair.
Cum thay acquaint, thay will creip inner mair;
And will be noyſum nychbours, and enorme:
And ſchortlie will ſit to our ſydes as ſair,
As now thy rebells, quhome thay ſould reforme.

VI.

That freindſhip is ay faythfulleſt afar;
And langeſt will indure with lytle daill.
I feir with uſe and tyme it work to war,
Fra thay aganes our partie anes prevail.
Quha wait bot ſyne ourſelfs thay will aſſaill:
Auld fayis ar ſindill faythful freyndis found:
Firſt helpe the halfe, and ſyne ourharl the haill,
Will be ane weful weilfair to our wound.

VII.

Be thair exempill learne experience,
Ane forane mache, or maiſter, to admit.
Reid, quhane the Saxons gat pre-eminence,
How ſone thay ſocht as ſoverans for to ſit.
Reid how thay forcit the Briton folks to flit;
And yit poſſeids that peipils propertie.
Bewar! We may be wolterit or we wit:
And lykways lois our land, and libertie.

VIII.

VIII.

Ane thouſand ſic exempils I could ſchaw;
And mony noble natioun I may name,
Quho loſt at lenth thair libertie, and law,
And ſufferit hes bayth ſorow, ſkayth, and ſchame;
That for to helpe thair harmes, and hurt at hame,
Fetcht forane forcis in to thair ſupport,
Quha fulyeit ſyne thair fredome, force, and fame;
And thame ſubduit in the ſamin ſort.

IX.

Fleand Caribde bewar in Scyll to fall;
And ſa eſchew cruill diſſentioun,
That our eſtate to ſtrangers be not thrall,
The cankers of our auld contentioun
Will keip no conand nor conventioun.
And, gif yow gif thame credeit to correct us,
Be craftie way, will, and inventioun,
And ſubtell ſlychts, thay will ſeik to ſubject us.

X.

Scotland cum nevir yit in ſervitude,
Sene Fergus firſt; bot evir hes bene frie.
And hes bene always brukit be a blude;
And king of kings deſcendit grie be grie.
Gif that it be in bondage brocht be thé,
Thane wareit war thy weirdis and wanhap!
Thairfoir thir forane feiris ſa foirſee,
That catcht we be nocht with ane eftir-clap.

XI.

Mark and mynt at the honour, laud, and prais,
The vertew, worſchip, word, and vaſſilage,
Of ſic as hes done doichtelie in his dayis
To keip this realme from thraldome and boundage!
Mark als the vyld vitupour, and the wage
Of untreuth, treſoune, and of tyrannie:
And how ſome honour hes, and heretage,
And lyfis loſt, for thair diloyaltie.

XII.

XII.

So for thy facts thow will be ſuir to find
The lyke rewaird of vertew or of vyce.
Be not thairfoir ſyld as ane Bellie-blind;
Nor lat thyſelf be led upon the yce.
Nor, to content thy marrow's covatyce,
Put not thyſelf in perrell for to pereis.
Nor beir the blame, quhair uthers tak the pryce;
Nor beit the bus, that uthers eat the bereis.

XIII.

The trone of tryell, and theatre trew,
Is for to regne, and rewle above the reſt;
Who hes the woyne, him all the world dois vew;
And magiſtrat the man dois manifeſt.
Sua, ſen thow hes the princis place poſſeſt,
Louk to be praſit as thow plays thy pairt.
And, as thow luifis, ſo luifit be and leſt;
And always delt with eftir thy deſert.

This excellent ſtate poem is believed to be by the ſame author with the preceding, from its great ſimilarity of ſtyle, but ſtill more from its being marked in the MAITLAND Folio MS. after the title "*By* J. M. Y. *of* L." i. e. *Younger of Lethington*, or perhaps of Coldingham; the L. and C. being ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable in the Manuſcripts of that time. The Earl of Mar was choſen Regent September 1571, and died in October of the following year. Upon the election of the Earl of Morton to ſucceed him, the Queen's party daily declined, and in leſs than ſix months Mary had not a veſtige of ſovereignty in any part of the kingdom.

St. 12. l. 5. "—— thy marrow's covatyce.] "The cheif grit man "(ſays John Knox) that refuiſit to ſubſcryve the Buik of Diſcipline "was the Lord Erskine; and no wonder, for beſyds that he has a very "Jeſabell to his wyſe, if the puir, the ſcuillis, and the miniſters had "thair awin, his kitching wald want twa pairtes and mair of that "quhilk he now unjuſtly poſſeſſes."

ADVYCE TO BE BLYTH IN BAIL.

Perhaps by LORD THIRLSTANE, *or one of the ſame Family. From the* MAITLAND COLLECTION.

I.

IN bail be blyth, for that is beſt.
In barret gif thow be bowne to byde,
Lat comfort clenlie in thé reſt ;
Lat never thy cair in court be cryd.
Thy harmis het luik that thow hyde ;
Have houp in him that ay ſall leſt ;
Fra ſorow ſone be ſet on ſyde.
In bail be blyth, for that is beſt.

II.

Gif thow will not in bail be blyth,
Sone of this blis thow may be bair :
Albeit thow ſich ane thouſand ſyth,
It will nocht ſauf thé of thy ſair ;
Nor yet remeid thé of thy cair.
Lat comfort cleinlie in thé reſt :
Thow leyr this leſſoun at my lair,
In bail be blyth, for that is beſt.

III.

Deir on deis and thow be dicht,
And ſyne ſits drowpand lyke ane da,
Fayn will thay all be of that ſicht ;
And thay that onlie is thy fa,
Thay will nocht gruge to lat ye ga.
Thair is no gle with ſic ane geſt.
Oftſys ſayis the ſempill ſua,
In bail be blyth, for that is beſt.

IV.

IV.

Lat never thy inne meis with thy mis,
Nor mak thé mirth on na maneir;
How ever thay ſay with thé it is,
Of thy miſcheif lat thame nocht heir.
Thay will be blyth, as bird on breir,
In payn to ſee thé puniſt and preſt:
Thairfoir in countenance ay be cleir.
In bail be blyth, for that is beſt.

V.

For ay blyth I reid that we be,
That ever in blis we may be kend;
For this I ſay, be ma than me,
That murning may nothing amend.
Fra the feynd God us defend,
For bayth fute and hand wes faſt.
Of this mater I mak ane end.
In bail be blyth, for that is beſt.

St. 3. l. 1. "*Deir* on *deiſs* and thow be dicht." Mr Pinkerton explains thus, Though you be dearly (richly) dreſt, and ſitting in the place of honour.—*Deir* in this paſſage may, however, be put for *dern*, "retiredly, in a ſolitary manner;" and *deiſs* may ſignify, as at preſent, a ſeat made of earth or ſod, as is common in gardens and parks. "Syne ſits," in the next line, ought probably to be "ſene ſit." I conceive the poem to have been written by John Maitland while in a ſtate of confinement to the houſe and parks of *the Drum* near Dalkeith, and the hint to have been borrowed from his father's

Blind man be blyth, &c. p. 300.

AULD KYNDNES FORYETT,

——*from the* BANN. COLLECTION, *ſeems partly alter-ed from a ſimilar Ballad by* SIR R. MAITLAND.

I.

THIS warld is all bot fenyeit fair,
And als unſtable as the wind,
Gud faith is flemit, I wat nocht quhair,
Treſt fallowſhip is evil to find;
Gud conſcience is all maid blind,
And cheritie is nane to gett,
Leill, loif, and lawté lyis behind,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

II.

Quhill I had ony thing to ſpend,
And ſtuffit weill with warldis wrak,
Amang my freinds I wes weill kend:
Quhen I wes proud, and had a pak,
Thay wald me be the oxtar tak,
And at the hé buird I wes ſet;
Bot now thay latt me ſtand abak,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

III.

Now I find bot freindis few,
Sen I wes pryſit to be pure;
They hald me now bot for a ſchrew,
To me thay tak bot littill cure;
All that I do is bot injure:
Thocht I am bair I am nocht bett,
Thay latt me ſtand bot on the flure,
Sen auld kyndes is quyt foryett.

IV.

IV.

Suppois I mene, I am nocht mendit,
Sen I held pairt with poverté,
Away ſen that my pak wes ſpendit,
Adew all liberalité.
The proverb now is trew, I ſé,
" Quha may nocht gife, will littill gett ;
Thairfoir to ſay the varité,
Now auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

V.

Thay wald me hals with hude and hatt,
Quhyle I wes riche and had anewch,
About me freindis anew I gatt,
Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch ;
Bot now they mak it wondir tewch,
And lattis me ſtand befoir the yett :
Thairfoir this warld is verry frewch,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

VI.

Als lang as my cop ſtud evin,
I yeid bot ſeindill myne allane ;
I ſquyrit wes with ſex or ſevin,
Ay quhyle I gaif thame twa for ane ;
Bot ſuddanly fra that wes gane,
Thay paſſit by with handis plett,
With purtye fra I wes ourtane,
Than auld kyndnes was quyt foryett.

VII.

Into this warld ſuld na man trow ;
Thow may weill ſé the reſſoun quhy ;
For evir bot gif thy hand be fow,
Thow art bot littill ſettin by.
Thou art nocht tane in cumpany,
Bot thair be ſum fiſch in thy nett ;
Thairfoir this fals warld I defy,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SYR JOHNE MAITLAND OF THIRLSTAINE, SECRETAIR TO THE KING, HIS MAJESTIE. (*March* 1585-6.)

The following four ſonnets are much in the manner of James VI. Lord Thirlſtane, *on account of his zealous attachment to the intereſt of* Queen Mary, *was kept in a ſtate of confinement, at leaſt of baniſhment from Court, until the death of the Earl of* Morton. *The King's grace, upon* Maitland's *reſtoration to Court, is exemplified in the ſpeech made by* Ovid, *contraſting his own perpetual exile with the happier fortune of* Lord Thirleſtane, *who is here ſaid to have been received into favour "at his good Lord's requeſt;" that is, through the interceſſion of his father* Lord Ledington.

THE FIRST VISIOUN.

BEFORE my face, this night, to me appeir'd
My ſilent Muſe in ſorow all confound;
And, all diſmay'd, this queſtion at me ſpeir'd;
'Quhy do we not his glorious praiſe reſound?
'Quhoſe goodnes we beyond our hope hes found:
'Quhoſe favour hes ſurmounted our deſert.
'And, as he dois in pouer maiſt abound,
'So to our ayd the ſame he dois convert.'
"O Muſe," quod I, "even with a willing hairt
"I ſall fulfill this chairge with bent deſyre;

" So that to me your furye ye impart,
" And thir my verſes with lern'd ſkill inſpyre.
" For, ſen I ſould the maiſt renoum'd commend;
" Ye lykwyſe ought your ayde and help extend.

THE SECOND VISIOUN.

THUS as I ſpak I ſaw the Muſes nyne,
With harps in hand, about me ſone repair;
Sa that thair hymns, and voces, maiſt devyne,
By ſimpathie reſounded in the air.
' Sing! Let us ſing; and by our ſongs declair
' His worthie Stock, bayth valiant, ſtout, and wyſe,
' From quhilk he's ſprung, (of Muſes all the cair,
' Yea of the Gods, from quhom all grace dois ryſe,)
' His Father deir, quha neir his burial lyes;
' Ane Homer auld of everlaſting fame;
' A judge maiſt juſt; a lord quha hes the pryſe
' For conſcience pure, and ane unſpotted name;
' Of princes lov'd; in honour lang he livis,
' Quhoſe memorie his learned ſones revivis.'

THE THRID VISIOUN.

AND heir they ſtay'd till they had drawn thair breath.
Than they begun with ſchiller toons of joy.
Auterpe ſang, ' His fame ſurviveth death.'
And Clio ſaid, ' No force ſall him deſtroy.'
Thalia ſpak, ' Lat us our ſangs employ
' To blaiſe his praiſe, and eterniſe his gloire.'
Polhymna ſayde, ' I will and ſall convoy
' His conſell-wit, quhilk he hes in great ſtore,
' Through all the warld. And will him ſa decore,
' That, as he now ſurpaſſis with his Prence
' In grace and love all others, ſo before
' He ſall thame paſs in credit, but offence.

' Lang.

‘ Lang ſall he live in joy, in bliſs, and helth ;
‘ And on his bak ſall leane this comounwelth.’

THE FOURT VISIOUN.

As they did end, than Ovide from exyle
Of Pontus cam, quhair he till death remain'd,
Induiring cauld, and hounger ; all that quhyle
Conſeum'd with woe Auguſtus him diſdain'd.
‘ Alace,’ ſaid he, ‘ In vayne have I complain'd
‘ For to aſuage Auguſtus' yre, and wrath.
‘ And thocht that thou in preſoun wes detain'd,
‘ Yet happy thow, quho favour'd is ere death !
‘ Thy Monarch, and thy great Auguſtus, hath
‘ Extend his grace, at thy good lord's requeiſt,
‘ Quhoſe honour thou, till waiſted be thy breath,
‘ Sall keip in mynde within thy thankful breiſt.
‘ Thou ſall his glore with his deſairts proclame,
‘ And celebrat within the kirk of Fame.

Muſis ſine tempore tempus.

When theſe Viſions were written, Sir John Maitland was only Secretary to the King, but officiated as Chancellor; Captain James Stewart, who held the office, having been baniſhed from the royal preſence, and deprived of the title of Earl of Arran in November 1585. Within a few months after the execution of the Queen, or about May 1587, Stewart preferred an accuſation againſt the Secretary, “ as if by ſome “ underhand dealing he had been acceſſary to that unparalleled act of “ blood ; but failing to make good the charge, and not even appearing “ at the time appointed, he was inſtantly deprived of the office, and the “ ſame was conferred upon Sir John Maitland.” The King's favourable intentions are, however, ſufficiently declared in various parts of theſe Viſions.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND,

Probably 1570.

—— *from the Edinburgh Magazine, December* 1791, *where it is ſaid by the furniſher of the article to have been tranſcribed from a black letter ſheet, and to relate to the death of* King Henry Stewart. *Various circumſtances mentioned in the poem evince, however, that it alludes to the murder of the regent* Murray *by* Hamilton *of Bothwel-haugh, in Feb.* 1569-70, *the particulars of which may be ſeen in* Crawford *and other hiſtories of that period.* Ames, *in his* Scottiſh Typography, *enumerates about half a dozen Deploratiouns and Tragedies on the ſame ſubject, all of them ſingle ſheets, and printed in* 1570.— *Whether this be one of them, is neither a matter of certainty nor of importance, but it ſeems to be a genuine production of the time.*

I.

ADEW all glaidnes, ſport, and play !
Adew, fair weill, baith nycht and day !
All things that may mak merrie cheir !
Bot ſich rycht ſoir in hart, and ſay,
Allace ! to graif is gone my deir.

II.

My lothſoum lyfe I may lament,
With fixit face, and mynde attent,
In weiping wo to perſeveir,
And aſking ſtill for puniſchement,
Of thame hes brocht to graif my deir.

III.

Bot long allace I may complaine,
Befoir I find my deir againe,
To me was faithfull and inteir,
As turtill trew on me tuke paine:
Allace to graif is gone my deir.

IV.

Sen nathing may my murning mend,
On God maiſt hie I will depend,
My cairfull cauſe for to upreir:
For he ſupport to me will ſend,
Althocht to graif is gone my deir.

V.

My havie hap, and piteous plycht,
Dois peirs my hart baith day and nycht,
That lym nor lyth I may not ſteir,
Till ſum revenge with force and mycht
The cruel murther of my deir.

VI.

This cureles wound does greif me ſoir,
The lyke I never felt befoir,
Sen Fergus firſt of me tuke ſteir;
For now allace decayis my gloir,
Throw cruell murther of my deir.

VII.

O wickit wretche unfortunat!
O ſavage ſeid inſatiat!
Mycht thow not, frantik fule! forbear
To ſla with dart intoxicat,
And cruellie devoir my deir?

VIII.

VIII.

Wa worth the wretche, wa worth the clan,
Wa worth the wit, that firſt began
This deir debait for to upſteir,
Contrare the lawis of God and man,
To murther cruellie my deir.

IX.

Throw thé is lawles libertie,
Throw thé miſcheif and crueltie,
Throw thé fáls men thair heidis upbeir,
Throw thé is baneiſt equitie,
Throw thé to graif is gone my deir.

X.

Throw thé mae Kings than ane dois ring,
Throw thé all tratours blythelie ſing,
Throw thé is kendlit civill weir,
Throw thé murther wald beir the ſwing,
Throw thé to graif is gone my deir.

XI.

Throw thé is raſit ſturtſum ſtryfe,
Throw thé the vitall breith of lyfe
Is him bereft, did with thé beir,
Quhen gallow-pin, or cutting knyfe,
Suld ſtranglit the, and ſaift my deir.

XII.

Ungraitfull grome! ſic recompence
Was not condigne to thyne offence,
With glowing gunne that man to teir,
From doggis deith was thy defence:
To thé ſic mercie ſchew my deir.

XIII.

O curſit Cain, O hound of hell,
O bludie bairn of Iſhmaell,
Gedaliah! quhen thow did ſteir,
To vicis all thow rang the bell,
Throw cruel murther of my deir.

XIV.

XIV.

Allace my deir did not forſie,
Quhen he gaif pardone unto the,
Maiſt wickit wretche, to men ſinceir
Quhat paine he brocht, and miſerie,
With reuthfull ruin to my deir.

XV.

Bot trew it is, the godly men,
Quhilk think no harme, nor falſet ken,
Nor haitret dois to uthers beir,
Ar ſoneſt brocht to deithis den;
As may be ſene be this my deir.

XVI.

Thairfoir to the I ſay no moir,
Bot I traiſt to the King of Gloir,
That thow and thyne ſall yit reteir
Your camps with murning mynd richt ſoir,
For cruell murther of my deir.

XVII.

O nobill Lordis of renoun,
O baronis bauld, ye mak yow boun,
To fute the field with freche effeir,
And dintis douſe, the pride ding doun
Of thame that brocht to graif my deir.

XVIII.

Revenge his deith with ane aſſent,
With ane hart, will, mynde, and intent;
In faithfull friendſchip perſeveir:
God will yow favour, and thame ſchent,
Be work or word that ſlew my deir.

XIX.

Be crous ye Commouns, in this cace,
In aventure ye cry allace,
Quhen murtherars the ſwing ſall beir,
And from your native land yow chace,
Unles that ye revenge my deir.

XX.

XX.

Lat all that fiſche be trapt in net,
Was counſall, art, part, or reſet,
With thankfull mind and hartie cheir,
Or yit with helping hand him met,
Quhen he to graif did bring my deir.

XXI.

Defend your King, and feir your God,
Pray to avoyde his feirfull rod,
Leſt, in his angrie wrath auſteir,
Ye puneiſt be, baith even and and od,
For not revenging of my deir.

XXII.

And do not feir the number ſmall,
Thocht ye be few, on God ye call,
With faithfull hart, and mynde ſinceir,
He will be ay your braſin wall,
Gif ye with ſpeid revenge my deir.

XXIII.

Remuve all ſluggiſche ſlewth away,
Lat lurking invy clene decay,
Gar commoun weill your baner beir,
And peace and concorde it diſplay,
Quhen ye pas to revenge my deir.

XXIV.

With ſobbing ſych I to yow ſend
This my complaynt with dew commend,
Deſiring yow all, without feir,
My pure Scotland for to defend,
Sen now to graif is gone my deir.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT

—— *is known as a Poet by the two following pieces which have been preſerved in the* Maitland Manuſcript. Spotſwood *ſays that* Alexander Arbuthnot, *Principal of the King's College Aberdeen, who died in* 1583, "*was expert in all the ſciences, and* a good poet." *I can therefore ſee no reaſon why we may not ſafely conſider him as the author of the* Miſeries of a poor Scholar, *particularly as one of the diſtinguiſhing traits of his character appears very prominently in various parts of the poem.* "*He was, ſays the Archbiſhop, in ſuch* "*account, for his moderation, with the chief men* "*of the* North, (i. e. *about Aberdeen,*) *that with-* "*out his advice they could almoſt do nothing, which* "*put him to great faſhery.*" *Principal* Arbuthnot *was the third ſon of* Robert Arbuthnot, dominus ejuſdem, *in the ſhire of the Merns, and was educated for the Bar; but upon his declaring himſelf in favour of the Reformation, he was prevailed upon to enter into orders, and about the year* 1568 *is deſigned Parſon of* Arbuthnot, *and* Logy-Buchan. *In that year he was appointed by the General Aſſembly to call in and reviſe a book entitled* "The Fall of the Church of Rome," *wherein the King had been called the head of the Church; and a Pſalm book with a lewd ſong at the end of it, called* Welcome fortunes. *In* 1569 *he was made Principal of the College of Aberdeen, in the room of* Alexander Anderſon, *ſuperſeded for refuſing to ſign the Confeſſion of Faith. Farther particulars of his life may be found in*

Mackenzie's Scots Writers, *Vol. 3d. where he is ſaid to be the author of* Orationes de origene & dignitate juris ; Edinburg. 1572, 4to.

THE MISERIES OF A PURE SCOLAR.

I.

O WRATCHIT warld ! O fals fenyeat Fortoun !
O hecht unhappie ! O cruel deſtanie !
O clene miſtemperit conſtellatioun !
O evil aſpect in my nativitie !
O weird ſiſteris, quhat alis yow at me ?
That all dois wirk thus contrair my intent.
Quhilk is the cauſe that I mourne and lament.

II.

All thing dois quyt proceid aganes my will ;
Bayth hevin and erth ar contrair me conjurit.
I luif the gude, and cummerit am with ill ;
With wickit bait I daylie am allurit.
To cheis my lyf I cannot be aſſurit ;
Now till ane thing, now till another bent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

III.

My hairt dois luf the trew religioun,
And the trew God wald trewlie ſerve, bot dout ;
Bot atheiſme, and ſuperſtitioun,
Hes ſa me now environit about,
That ſcantlie can I find quhair to get out,
Betwix thir twa I am ſo daylie rent,
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

IV.

Under my God, I wald obey my prince ;
Bot civile weir dois ſa trouble the cais,
That ſcarcelie wait I quham to reverence ;

Quhat

Quhat till eſchew, or quhat for till embrace.
Our nobils now ſa fickil ar, alace !
This day thay ſay, the morne thay will repent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

V.

Faine wald I leif in concord, and in peice ;
Without deviſioun, rancour, or debait.
Bot now, alace ! in every land and place,
The fyr of hatrent kindlit is ſo hait,
That cheretie doth ring in nane eſtait ;
Thoch all concur to hurt the innocent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

VI.

I hate thraldome ; yet man I binge, and bek,
And jouk, and nod, ſum patroun for to pleys.
I luf fredome ; yet man I be ſubject ;
I am compellit to flatter with my feys.
I me torment ſum uther for till eis,
Quha of my travale ſcantlie is content.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

VII.

I luif na thing bot pure ſimplicitie ;
And to diſſemble man my tung aſſyle.
The plane hie pathe is maiſt pleſand to me ;
Yit ſumtyme man I arm me with a wyle.
Or, do I not, men ſall me ſoune begyle ;
Firſt me diſſave ſyn lauch quhen I am ſchent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

VIII.

I luif larges, and liberalitie ;
Yet povertie to ſpend dois mak me ſpair.
I hate averice, and prodigalitie ;
To get ſum geir yet maun I haif grit cair.
In vanitie ſyn I man it outwair——
Woun be ane wretche, and into waiſtrie ſpent !—
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

IX.

I luif the vertew honeſt chaiſtitie ;
To bawdiſche bourdis yet man I oft gif ear ;
To ſatisfie ane fleſchlie cumpanie,
Lyk ruffian I man me ſumtyme beir.
In Venus' ſcule I man ſum leſſoun leir,
Gif I wald comptit be courtés and gent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

X.

I luif delyt ; and wrappit am in wo.
I luif pleſour ; and plungit am in pane.
I liſt to reſt ; yet man I ryde and go.
And quhen I liſt to flie I maun remain.
With warldlie cair a gentil hart is ſlane !
I feil the ſmart, and dar nocht mak my plent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XI.

I hait flatterie ; and into wourdis plane,
And unaffectit language, I delyte ;
Yet man I leir to flatter, glois, and fayne,
Quhidder I liſt to ſpeik, or yit to wryte ;
Or els men ſall nocht compt me worth a myte,
I ſall be rakinit rude or negligent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XII.

Scorning I hait ; yet maun I ſmyle, and ſmirk,
Quhen I the mokks of uther men behald.
Yea oft-tymes man I lauch, ſuppoſe I irk,
Quhen bitterlie thair tauntis thay have tauld.
And ſumtyme als, quhidder I nyl or wald,
And ſcorne for ſcorne to gif I man tak tent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XIII.

I luif modeſt ſober civilitie,
Mixit with gentil courtés lawlines ;
Bot outher man I uſe ſcurrilitie,

Or

Or els ſic ſtraunge and uncouth fremmitnes,
That I wait nocht quhane to mak merines ;
Nor be quhat mene with men me to acquent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XIV.

With temperance I wald uſe meit and drink ;
And hes all ſurfat-banket in deſpyt ;
And yit at feiſt and banket maun I wink ;
And at thame hant quhair I have no delyte.
I uſe the ewil, and hes withall the wyte ;
Thoch body bow yet dois the hairt diſſent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XV.

All coſtlie clayths I compt nocht worthe ane preine,
Quhilk dois bot foſter pryde and vanitie ;
Yit dar I nocht in commoun place be ſene,
Les I be clothit ſumquhat gorgeouſlie.
And be I nocht, thane men ſall talk of me ;
And call me owther Wretche or Indigent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XVI.

With hairt and mynd I luif humilitie ;
And pauchtie pryd richt ſair do I deteſt ;
But with the heich yet man I heichlie be :
Or with that ſort I ſall na ſit in reſt.
This warld hes maid the proverb manifeſt.
Quha is ane ſcheip the woulf will ſune him rent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XVII.

With patience richt ferme I wald ouercum,
And uther mens infirmities endure ;
Bot thane am I comptit ane batie-bum ;
And all men thinks a play me till injure.
No ſufferance, but vice, dois thame allure ;
The mair I thole, the mair thay me torment.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XVIII.

XVIII.

I luif ſilence and taciturnitie ;
And in few wordis wald my purpois tell ;
Yet ſumtyme man I wourdis multiplie,
And mak my toung to ring as dois ane bell :
With wylfull folk I man bayth cry and yell,
Or yeld to thame and quyt the argument.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XIX.

I hait all ſchameles glorifitie ;
And me delyte in modeſt ſchamefaſtnes ;
Yet ſall I nocht be comptit worth ane flie,
Without I ſpeik of all mater be ges ;
Gloir, and brag out, and tak a face of bres ;
Nathing miſknaw under the firmament.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XX.

To charge, to aſk, to put ane man to pane !——
I wald be courtés, gentil, and diſcreit ;
Bot quhyle I am, an ganand tyme remane,
I am ay ſervit at the later meit ;
And ſum uthar is placit in my ſeit,
That thocht no ſhame for to be impudent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXI.

I luif the vertew callit gratitude,
And lyk for lyk I yarne to yeild agane ;
Yet can I nocht reſave bot ill for gude.
And thay, in quhais danger I remane,
I cannot quyt, albeit I wald richt fane.
I want all micht ; na powar is me lent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXII.

I luif juſtice ; and wald that everie man
Had that quhilk richtlie dois to him perteine ;
Yet all my kyn, allya, or my clan,

In

In richt or wrang I man alwayis mantene.
I maun applaud, quhen thay thair matters mene,
Thoch conſcience thairto do not conſent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

XXIII.

Sua thoch I luif the richt, and nocht the wrang,
Yet, gif ane freyndis caſe ſall cum in hand,
It to aſſiſt I maun bayth ryde and gang:
And, as ane ſcolar, leir to underſtand,
That it is not repute vyce in this land,
For wrang to rander wrang equivalent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

XXIV.

Of trew freyndis faine wald I have gud ſtoir,
With thame the leig of amitie to bind:
Bot thoch I ſeik amang ane hundreth ſcoir,
Ane faythful frende now ſcantlie can I find,
That is nocht lycht, lyk weddercok in wynd.
It is thocht vyce now to be permanent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

XXV.

In poetrie I preis to pas the tyme,
When cairfull thochts with ſorow ſailyes me;
Bot gif I mell with meter, or with ryme,
With raſcal rymours I ſall rakint be.
Thay ſal me bourdin als with mony lie,
In charging me with that quhilk neuer I ment.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament.

XXVI.

I wald travel; and ydlenes I hait;
Gif I culd find ſum gude vocatioun.
Bot all for nocht: in vain lang may I wait,
Or I get honeſt occupatioun.
Letters ar lichtliet in our natioun.
For lernyng now is nother lyf nor rent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

XXVII.

XXVII.

And ſchortlie now, at ane wourde to conclude,
I think this warld ſa wrappit in miſcheif,
That gude is ill; and ill is callit gude.
All thing I ſee dois bot augment my greif.
I feil the wo, and can nocht ſe releif:
The Lordis plaig thronchout the warld is went.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Quod Maiſter Alexander Arbuthnot. 1572.

That Principal Arbuthnot, and Arbuthnot the Printer, were different perſons, *ſeems* not unlikely; but, notwithſtanding of all that has been advanced upon the ſubject by Mr Chalmers in his Life of Ruddiman, p. 71. it is by no means aſcertained that the Principal was not the perſon to whom Buchanan committed the care of publiſhing his hiſtory, although the Edinburgh Arbuthnot might be the actual printer. Mackenzie, p. 192. vol. 3d. is ſo circumſtantial in his account of this matter, that one can ſcarcely withhold aſſenting to the truth of his narrative. Perhaps there is equal room for doubt with reſpect to the identity of the perſon who was appointed to call in Baſſendyne's edition of the Pſalms. For it would be ſomewhat ſingular if the General Aſſembly ſhould in 1568 fix upon Alexander Arbuthnot, Parſon of Logy-Buchan, to reviſe and publiſh pſalms for the uſe of the kirk of Scotland, and yet that *another* Alexander Arbuthnot, in leſs than a dozen years afterwards, ſhould be appointed to print and publiſh an edition of the Bible, while the former was ſtill in the prime of life, in the higheſt favour with the Proteſtant Clergy, and had ſhown himſelf anxious for ſome lucrative employment. In ſtanza 8th of the above poem, he ſays,

I hate averice and prodigalitie;
To get ſum geir yet maun I haif grit cair.

And again, in ſtanza 26th.

I wald *labour*, and ydleneſs I hait,
Gif I culd get ſum gude vocatioun; . . . .
Bot—Letters ar lichtliet in our natioun. . . . .

Is it not rather probable that this very poem procured him the appointment of King's printer? The circumſtance of the publiſher of Buchanan being a Burgeſs of Edinburgh, is nothing to the purpoſe. So was Gawin Douglas, Biſhop of Dunkeld, though not a trafficker.

THE

THE PRAISES OF WEMEN.

By the Same. From the MAITAND COLLECTION.

I.

QUHA dewlie wald decerne,
The nature of gud wemen ;
Or quha wald wis or yairne
That cumlie clan to ken ;
He hes grit neid, I ſay indeid,
Of toungis ma then ten :
That pleſand ſort ar all confort,
And mirrines to men.

II.

The wyſeſt thing of wit
That ever Nature wrocht :
Quha can fra purpoſe flit,
Bot fickilnes of thocht.
Wald ye now wis ane erthlie blis,
Solace gif ye have ſocht ;—
Ane marchandyce of griteſt pryce
That ever ony bocht.

III.

The brichteſt thing, bot baill,
That ever creat bein ;
The luſtieſt, and maiſt leil ;
The gayeſt, and beſt gain ;
The thing faireſt, and langeſt leſt ;
From all canker maiſt clein ;
The trimmeſt face, with gudlie grace,
That lichtlie may be ſein.

IV.

The blytheſt thing in bour ;
The bonyeſt in bed,
Pleſant at everie hour ;
And eithe for to be ſted ;
An innocent, plaine and patent ;
With craftines oncled ;
Ane ſimple thing, ſueit and bening,
For deir nocht to be dred.

V.

To man obedient,
Evin lyk ane willie wand ;
Bayth faythfull, and fervent,
Ay reddie at command.
Thay luif maiſt leill, thoch men do feill,
And ſchaikis oft of hand.
Quhair anes thay love thay not remove ;
Bot ſteidfaſtlie thay ſtand.

VI.

And, rychtlie to compair,
Scho is ane turtill trew ;
Hir fedderis ar rycht fair,
And of an hevinlie hew.
Ane luifing wicht, bayth fair and bricht,
Gud properteis anew.
Freind with delyte : ſo but diſpyte,
Quho luves hir ſall not rew.

VII.

Suppoſe ſcho ſeim offendit,
Quhen men dois hir conſtraine ;
That falt is ſone amendit,
Hir mynde is ſo humaine.
Scho is content, gif men repent
Thair falt ; and turne agane.
Scho has no gyle, nor ſubtil wyle ;
Hir pathis ar ay plane.

VIII.

VIII.

Ane lyife full of delyite
Gif ye your dayis wald drie;
In paſtyme maiſt perfyite
Gif that ye liſt to be;
In gud eſtait, bayth air and lait,
Gif ye wald leif or die;
With wemen deill. Its trew I tell;
Yeis luik I ſall not lie.

IX.

Gif ony fault thair be,
Alace! men hes the wyit
That geves ſa gouketlie
Sic rewleris onperfyte;
Suld have the blame, and beir lyk ſchame,
Thoch thay wemen bakbyit,
Wer thay wittie, wemen wald be
Ane happie hairte's delyit.

X.

The properteis perpend
Of everie warldlie wicht;
Sa comlie nane ar kend,
As is a ladye brycht.
Pleſand in bed, bowſum and red;
Ane daintie day and nycht.
Ane haleſum thing, ane hairtes lyking,
Gif men wald rewl thame richt.

XI.

Quhen God maid all of nocht,
He did this weill declare,
The laſt thing that he wrocht,
It was ane woman fair.
In workes we ſee the laſt to be
Maiſt pleſand and preclair,
Ane help to man God maid hir than:
Quhat will ye I ſay mair?

XII.

XII.

The papingo in hew
Excedis birdis all;
The turtill is maiſt trew;
The pawne but peregal.
Yit nevir the les, ye may confes,
Woman is worth thame all;
Fair, ſueit, pleſant; trew, meik, conſtant;
Without all bitter gall.

XIII.

And thoch for wemennis ſaik
Greit trouble hes bein ſein,
Yit that dois naways maik
That wemen wicked bein.
We ſie that kingis, for pretious thingis,
Dois greteſt weir ſuſtein.
And yit the geir, for quhilk thay weir,
Is not the worſe a prein.

XIV.

Realmes and grit impyris
Than ſould be worthe na thing;
For cruell bluid, and fyris,
Ar ſein in conqueſing.
All precious geir we ſould forbeir;
Refuis to be ane king;
Ya Chriſtis worde ſould be abhor'd.
For all dois troubills bring.

XV.

Confes thairfoir for ſchame,
For ſo ye muſt indeid,
That it is na defame
To prys of womanheid.
Suppoſe that men, for luve of thame,
In battels oft did bleid:
That ſets thame furthe to the maiſt worthe;
And ſo thay ar indeid.

XVI.

XVI.

Ye wemen vicious,
Gif ony ſic be now,
Grow not owr glorious;
I ſpak no thing of yow:
Thair is anew, bayth traiſt and trew,
Quhom onlie I allowe.
Thoch ſum be ruid, monye ar gud.
Ilk man cheis him ane dow.

Quod Mr. A. Arbuthnot.

Here are omitted ſome ſtanzas containing trite examples of the virtuous and vicious conduct of women, ſelected from ancient hiſtory, ſacred and prophane; and ſerving no other purpoſe but to add to the prolixity of the poem.

In addition to what was offered in p. 336, it may be obſerved, that the only books which appear with the name of Arbuthnot as printer are,—1ſt. "The Bible," in folio, 1579.—2d. "Buchanan's Hiſtory:"—3d.—"Welwood's De aqua in altum exprimenda demonſtratio," both in 1582. To the two former of theſe, the reverend Principal has at leaſt a ſpecious claim; and I believe that Welwood's pamphlet (Edin. Coll. Lib.) will be found to have iſſued from the ſame preſs. Impreſſions by the contemporary printers of Scotland are common: See Ames's Hiſt. of Scottiſh printing. Even although one or two more editions by Arbuthnot ſhould be diſcovered, this argument will not be invalidated, unleſs the typographical ornaments are different from thoſe of Buchanan's Hiſtory, or the date ſubſequent to 1583.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY

—— *is characterised by* Mr Pinkerton *as a "quaint affected writer, and a great dealer in tinsel;" while, on the other hand, by* Lord Hailes *he is designed "the* elegant author *of the* Cherrie and Slae,"—*a compliment which has not fallen to the share of many of our ancient poets from a pen so eminently qualified to appretiate their merits. To what family* Montgomery *belonged, and how he became entitled to the appellation of* Captain, *are circumstances which have not been ascertained — There seems no appearance of his being nearly allied to the house of Eglinton; but we cannot doubt that the Lady* Margaret Montgomery *whom he celebrates in his smaller pieces, was the eldest daughter of* Hugh, *third Earl of Eglinton; afterwards, or about* 1575, *married to* Robert, *Earl of Winton, for whose benefit probably they were composed, rather than for that of the author himself. The* Cherry and Slae *has been supposed to contain some allusion to the poet's choice of a wife or mistress. The true scope of the allegory seems, however, to be nothing more than what is expressed in the title of the Latin Version,* 1631, *viz.* Opus poematicum de virtutum & vitiorum pugna, sive, Electio status in adolescentia. Per T. D. &c. *In the same title* Montgomery *is designed* nobilis; *and, from his* Flyting *with* Polwart, *it appears that he was the intimate friend of* Sempill, *probably* Robert *the third Lord, whom I take to be the author of some facetious poems in the* Evergreen. *He married the younger sister of the Lady* Margaret

Margaret Montgomery, *and is thus mentioned by* Polwart *in one of his poetical epiſtles to our author.*

Farder thow fleyis with uther fowlis wingis,
Oer clade with colours cleirer than thy awn,
But ſpeciallie with ſome of *Semple's* thingis.

Whether this alludes merely to the Flyting, *is uncertain.* Polwart *alſo repreſents him as a ſchiſmatick, coming from Argyle, "fidging and fykand with Heiland cheir," which leads to a recollection that about this time* (1580) *there was a* Robert Montgomery, *Miniſter in Stirling, who was made Archbiſhop of Glaſgow in* 1581, *but in a few years ſurrendered the See and became Miniſter of Symontoun in Kyle in* 1587. *In the* Bannatyne MS. *are two or three pſalms tranſlated by* Robert Montgomery, *probably the ſame conſcientious Parſon, and perhaps the brother of Captain* Montgomery.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

About an bank with balmy bewis,
Quhair Nychtingales thair notis renewis,
With gallant Goldſpinks gay;
The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,
The Lintquhyt, Lark, and Lavrock loud,
Salutit mirthful May.
Quhen Philomel had ſweitly ſung,
To Progne ſcho deplord,
How Tereus cut out hir tung,
And falſly hir deflord;
Quhilk ſtory ſo ſorie to ſchaw hirſelf ſcho feimt,
To heir hir ſo neir hir, I doutit if I dreimt.

The

The Cuſhat crouds, the Corbie crys,
The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,
To geck hir they begin.
The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Craws, and keckling Kays,
They deavt me with thair din.
The painted pawn with Argos eyis,
Can on his mayock call;
The Turtle wails on witherit tries,
And Eccho anſwers all,
Repeting with greiting, how fair Narciſſus fell,
By lying and ſpying his ſchadow in the well.

I ſaw the Hurcheon and the Hare
In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
To mak thair morning mange.
The Con, the Cuning, and the Cat,
Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
With ſtif muſtachis ſtrange.
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart and falſe Fox;
The beardit Buck clam up the brae,
With birſſy Bairs and Brocks;
Sum feiding, ſum dreiding the hunters ſubtile ſnairs,
With ſkipping and tripping, they playit them in pairs.

The air was ſobir, ſoſt, and ſweit,
Nae miſty vapours, wind nor weit,
But quyit, calm, and cleir,
To foſter Flora's fragrant flowris,
Quhairon Apollo's paramouris,
Had trinklit mony a teir;
The quhilk lyke ſilver ſchaikers ſhynd,
Embroydering bewties bed,
Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
In Mayis collouris cled,
Sum knoping, ſum droping, of balmy liquor ſweit,
Excelling and ſmelling, throw Phebus hailſum heit.

Methocht

Methocht an heavenlie heartſum thing,
Quhair dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the treis,
To ſtudy on the fluriſt twiſts,
Admiring Nature's alcumiſts,
Laborious buſſie beis,
Quhairof ſum ſweiteſt honie ſocht,
To ſtay thair lyves frae ſterve,
And ſum the waxie veſchells wrocht,
Thair purchaſe to preſerve;
So heiping, for keiping it in thair hyves they hyde,
Preciſely and wyſely, for winter they provyde.

To pen the pleaſures of that park,
How every bloſſom, branch, and bark,
Againſt the ſun did ſhyne,
I paſs to Poetis to compyle,
In hich heroick ſtaitlie ſtyle,
Quhais Muſe ſurmatches myne.
But as I lukit myne alane,
I ſaw a river rin
Outowre a ſteipie rock of ſtane,
Syne lichtit in a lin,
With tumbling and rumbling amang the roches round,
Devalling and falling, into a pit profound.

Throw rowting of the river rang,
The roches ſounding lyke a ſang,
Quhair deſkant did abound;
With triple, tenor, counter, mein,
And Ecchoe blew a baſſe betwene,
In diapaſon ſound,
Set with the c-ſol-fa-uth cleif,
With lang and large at liſt;
With quaver, crotchet, ſemibreif,
And not an minum miſt,
Compleitly mair ſweitly ſcho fridound flat and ſcharp,
Nor Muſes that uſes to pin Apollo's harp.

Quha wald haif tyrt to heir that tune,
Quhilk birds corroborate ay abune,
With lays of luveſum Larks,
Quhilk clim ſae high in chryſtal ſkys,
Quhyle Cupid walkens with the crys,
Of Natures chappel clerks,
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,
Alichted on the eird.
Lo how that little Lord of luve,
Before me thair appeird,
Sae myld and chyld lyk, with bow three quarters ſcant,
Syne moylie and coylie, he lukit lyk ane Sant.

Ane cleinly criſp hang owre his eyis,
His quaver by his nakit thyis,
Hang in an ſilver lace;
Of gold betwixt his ſchoulders grew,
Twa pretty wings quhairwith he flew,
On his left arm ane brace.
This God ſone aff his geir he ſchuke,
Upon the graſſie grund;
I ran als lichtly for to luke,
Quhair ferlies micht be fund:
Amaſit I gaſit to ſee his geir ſa gay;
Perſaifing myne haveing, he countit me his prey.

His youth and ſtature made me ſtout,
Of doubleneſs I had na doubt,
But bourded with my boy.
Quod I, how call they thee, my chyld?
Cupido, Sir, quod he, and ſmyld,
Pleaſe you me to imploy;
For I can ſerve you in your ſuite,
If you pleaſe to impyre,
With wings to flie, and ſchafts to ſchute
Or flamis to ſet on fyre.
Mak choice then of thoſe then, or of a thouſand things,
But crave them & have them, with that I wo'd his wings.

Quhat

Quhat wald thou gif, my freind, quod he,
To haif thir wanton wings to flie,
To ſport thy ſprit a quhyle;
Or quhat gif I ſuld lend the heir,
Bow, quaver, ſchafts, and ſchuting geir,
Sum body to begyle!
That geir, quod I, cannot be bocht,
Yit I wald haif it fain.
Quhat gif, quod he, it coſt thee nocht,
But rendering all again:
His wings then he brings then, and band them on my bak,
Go flie now, quod he, now, and ſa my leif I tak.

I ſprang up with Cupidoes wings,
Quha bow and ſchuting geir reſings,
To lend me for a day.
As Icarus with borrowit flicht,
I mountit hichar nor I micht;
Owre perrelous ane play.
Then furth I drew that double dart
Quhilk ſumtyme ſchot his mother,
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton hart,
In hope to hurt ane uther:
It hurt me or burnt me, quhyl either end I handill;
Cum ſe now in me now the butterflie and candill.

As ſcho delyts into the low,
Sa was I browdin of my bow,
Als ignorant as ſcho;
And as ſcho flies quhyl ſcho be fyirt,
Sua with the dart that I deſyirt,
My hand has hurt me to;
As fuliſh Phæton be ſute
His father's cart obteind,
Sa langt I in lufis bow to ſchute,
Not marking quhat it meind;
Mair wilful than ſkilful, to flie I was ſa fond,
Deſyring, aſpyring, and ſa was ſene upond.

Too

Too late I knew quha hewis to hie,
The ſpail ſall fall into his eie,
Too late I went to ſchuils;
Too late I heard the ſwallow preich,
Too late Experience dois teich,
The ſchuil-maiſter of fuils;
Too late to fynd the neſt I ſeik,
Quhen all the birds ar flowin;
Too late the ſtabil dore I ſteik,
Quhen all the ſteids ar ſtowin;
Too late ay thair ſtate ay, all fuliſh folk eſpy,
Behind ſa, they find ſa remeid, and ſa do I.

Gif I had ryplie bene advyſt,
I had not raſchly enterpryſt,
To ſoir with borrowit pens;
Nor yit had ſeyd the archer-craft,
To ſchute my ſell with ſic a ſchaft,
As reaſon quyte miſkens:
Frae wilfullneſs gaif me my wound,
I had nae force to flie,
Then came I grainand to the ground.
Freind! welcum hame, quod he; [the buting?
Quhair flew ye? quhom flew ye? or quha brings hame
I ſe now, quod he, now, ye haif bene at the ſchuting.

As ſkorn cums commonly with ſkaith,
Sa I behuift to byde them baith,
Sae ſtakkering was my ſtait!
That undir cure I gat ſic chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
But either ſtail or mait;
My agony was ſa extreme,
I ſwelt and ſwound for feir,
But or I walkynt of my dreme,
He ſpulyied me of my geir;
With ſlicht then on hicht then ſprang Cupid in the ſkys,
Foryetting and ſetting at nocht my cairful crys.

Sae

Sae lang with ſicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelit eyes grew dim
With ſtairing on the ſtarns,
Quhilk flew ſae thick befoir my ein,
Sum reid, ſum yellow, blew, ſum grene,
Quhilk trublit all my harns,
That every thing apperit twae
To my barbulyeit brain,
But lang micht I ly luiking ſae,
Or Cupid came again; [the air
Quhais thundering, with wondering, I hard up throw
Throw cluds ſo he thuds ſo, and flew I wiſt not quhair.

Then frae I ſaw the God was gane,
And I in langour left allane,
And ſair tormentit to;
Sumtyme I ſicht, quhyl I was ſad,
Sumtyme I muſit and maiſt gane mad,
I wiſt not quhat to do;
Sumtyme I ravit, half in a rage,
As ane into diſpair,
To be oppreſt with ſic a page,
Lord gif my heart was ſair.
Lyke Dido, Cupido, I widdill and I warie,
Quha reft me and left me in ſic a feirie-farie.

Then felt I Curage and Deſyre
Inflame my heart with uncouth fyre,
To me befoir unknawn;
But now nae blude in me remains
Unbrunt and boyld within my vaines,
By luve his bellies blawin;
To quench it or I was devorit,
With ſichs I went about,
But ay the mair I ſchupe to ſmorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preiſing bot ceiſing, quhyl it micht brek the bounds,
My hew ſo furth ſchew ſo the dolour of my wounds.

With

With deidly viſage, pail and wan,
Mair lyke ane atomy than man,
I widdert clein away ;
As wax befoir the fyre, I felt
My heart within my boſom melt,
And peice and peice decay,
My veines with brangling lyk to brek,
My punſis lap with pith ;
Sae fervency did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith :
My heart ay did ſtart ay, the fyrie flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping, to leap at libertie.

But, O alace! it was abuſit,
My cairfull corps keipt it incluſit,
In preſoun of my breiſt ;
With ſichs ſae ſowpit and owre-ſet,
Lyk to ane fiſch faſt in the net,
In deid thraw undeceiſt,
Quha thocht in vain ſcho ſtryve by ſtrenth
For to pull out hir heid,
Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haiſtning to hir deid :
With wriſting and thriſting, the faſter ſtill is ſcho,
Thair I ſo did ly ſo, my death advancing to.

The mair I wreſtlit with the wind,
The faſter ſtill my ſelf I find,
Nae mirth my mynd micht meiſe ;
Mair noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
I was ſae altert and owre-gane,
Throw drowth of my diſeiſe :
Yit weakly as I micht, I raiſe,
My ſicht grew dim and dark,
I ſtakkerit at the windill-ſtraes,
Nae takin I was ſtark ;
Baith ſichtles and michtles I grew almaiſt at ains,
In angwiſche I langwiſche, with mony grievous grains.

With

With ſober pace I did approche
Hard to the river and the roche,
Quhairof I ſpak befoir ;
The river ſic a murmur maid,
As to the ſea it ſaftly ſlaid,
The craig hich, ſtay and ſchoir :
Then Pleaſure did me ſae provok
Thair partly to repair,
Betwixt the river and the rock,
Quhair Houp grew with Diſpaire ;
A trie than I ſie than of Cherries on the braes,
Below to I ſaw to ane buſs of bitter Slaes.

The Cherries hang abune my heid,
Lyke twynkland rubies round and reid,
Sae hich up in the hewch,
Quhais ſchaddowis in the river ſchew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew
On trimbling twiſtis, and tewch,
Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair birth,
Declyning doun thair toppis,
Reflex of Phebus off the firth,
New colourit all thair knoppis ;
With danſing and glanſing in tryl, as dornik champ,
Quhilk ſtreimed and leimed throw lichtneſs of that lamp.

With earneſt eie, quhyl I eſpy
The fruit betwixt me and the ſky,
Half-gaite almaiſt to hevin ;
The craig ſae cumberſum to clim,
The trie ſae tall of growth, and trim,
As ony arrow evin :
I calld to mynd how Daphne did
Within the laurell ſchrink,
Quhen from Apollo ſcho hir hid
A thouſand tymes I think ;
That trie thair to me thair, as he his laurell thocht,
Aſpyring, bot tyring, to get that fruit I ſocht.

To

To clim the craig it was nae buit,
Let be to preiſs to pull the fruit
In top of all the trie;
I ſaw nae way quhairby to cum,
Be ony craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
The craig was ugly, ſtay, and dreich,
The trie lang, ſound and ſmall,
I was affrayd to clim ſa hich,
For feir to fetch a fall;
Affrayit to ſey it, I luikit up on loft, [oft.
Quhyls minting, quhyls ſtinting, my purpoſe changit

Then Dreid ,with Danger and Diſpair,
Forbad my minting onie mair
To rax abune my reiche.
Quhat, tuſche, quod Curage, man go to,
He is but daft that has to do,
And ſpairs for every ſpeiche:
For I haif aft hard fuith men ſay,
And we may ſee ourſells,
That fortune helps the hardy ay,
And pultrones plain repells; [Diſpair,
Then feir nocht, nor heir nocht, Dreid, Danger, or
To fazarts hard hazarts is deid or they cum thair.

Quha ſpeids, but ſic as heich aſpyris?
Quha triumphs nocht, but ſic as tyres
To win a nobill name?
Of ſchrinking, quhat but ſchame ſucceids?
Then do as thou wald haif thy deids
In regiſter of fame:
I put the cais thou nocht prevaild,
Sae thou with honour die;
Thy lyfe, but not thy courage, faild,
Sall poets pen of thee:
Thy name than from fame than ſall nevir be cut aff,
Thy graif ay ſall haif ay that honeſt epitaff.

Quhat

Quhat can thou loſſe, quhen honour lives?
Renown thy vertew ay revives,
Gif valiauntlie thou end:
Quod Danger, huly, freind, tak heid,
Untymous ſpurring ſpills the ſteid;
Tak tent quhat ye pretend:
Thocht Courage counſell thee to clim,
Beware thou kep nae ſkaith;
Haif thou nae help but Hope and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thyſell now may tell now the counſell of thae clerks.
Quhairthrow yit I trow yit thy breiſt beiris the marks.

Brunt bairns with fyre the danger dreids,
Sa I belief thy boſome bleids,
Sen laſt that fyre thou felt:
Beſyds that, ſeindle tymes thou ſeis
That evir Courage keips the keis
Of knawledge at his belt.
Thocht he bid fordwart with his guns,
Small powder he provyds.
Be not ane novice of that nunnes,
That ſaw nocht baith the ſyds;
Fule-haiſt ay, almaiſt ay, owre-ſyles the ſicht of ſum,
Quha huks not, nor luks not, quhat eftirward may cum.

Yit Wiſdom wiſches thee to wey
This figure in philoſophy,
A leſſoun worth to leir,
Quhilk is in tyme for to tak tent,
And not quhen tyme is paſt, repent,
And buy repentance deir.
Is thair nae honour eftir lyfe,
Except thou ſlay thyſell?
Quhairfoir has Atropos that knyfe?
I trow thou cannot tell.
Quha but it wald cut it, quhilk Clotho ſkairs hes ſpun,
Diſtroying thy joying befoir it be begun.

All owres ar repute to be vyce,
Owre hich, owre law, owre raſch, owre nyce,
Owre het or yit owre cauld.
Thou ſeims unconſtant, be thy ſigns,
Thy thocht is on a thouſand things,
Thou wats not quhat thou wald.
Let fame hir pitie on the poure,
Quhen all thy banes ar brokin,
Yone Slae, ſuppoſe thou think it ſoure,
May ſatisfie to ſlokkin {deſyre,
Thy drouth now, of youth now, quhilk drys thee with
Aſwage than thy rage, man, foul water quenches fyre.

Quhat fule art thou to die of thriſt,
And now may quench it, gif thou liſt,
Sae eaſylie bot pain!
Mair honour is to vanquiſch ane
Than feicht with tenſum and be tane,
And owther hurt or ſlain.
The prattick is to bring to pas,
And not to enterpryſe;
And als gude drinking out of glas,
As gold in ony wyſe;
I levir haif evir a foul in hand or tway,
Nor ſieand ten flieand about me all the day.

Luke quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
And ſlip na certainty for howp,
Quha gyds thee but begeſs.
Quod Courage, cowards tak nae cure
To ſit with ſchame, ſae they be ſure,
I lyke them all the leſs.
Quhat pleſure purcheſt is bot pain?
Or honour win with eiſe?
He will not ly quhair he is ſlain,
That douttis befoir he dies:
For feir then I heir then, but only ane remeid,
Quhilk lat is, and that is for to cut off the heid.

Quhat

Quhat is the way to heil thy hurt?
Quhat is the way to ſtay thy ſturt?
Quhat meins may mak thee merrie?
Quhat is the comfort thar thou craivs?
Suppoſe thir ſophiſts thee deſaivs:
Thou knaws it is the Cherrie.
Sen for it only thou but thriſts,
The Slae can be nae buit;
In it alſo thy helth conſiſts,
And in nae uther fruit.
Quhy quaiks now, and ſchaiks thow and ſtudys at our [ſtryfe?
Advyſe thee, it lyes thee, on nae leſs than thy lyfe.

Gif ony patient wald be panſt,
Quhy ſuld he lowp quhen he is lanſt,
Or ſchrink quhen he is ſchorn?
For I haif hard chirurgians ſay,
Aftymes defferring of a day,
Micht not be mend the morn.
Tak time in time, or time be tint;
For time will not remain.
Quhat forces fyre out of the flint,
But als hard match again!
Delay not, and fray not, and thou ſall ſie it ſae,
Sic gets ay that ſets ay, ſtout ſtomaks to the brae.

Thocht all beginnings be maiſt hard,
The end is pleſand afterward;
Then ſchrink not for a ſchowre;
Frae anes that thou thy greining get,
Thy pain and travel is foryet;
The ſweit exceids the ſoure.
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
For Howp gude hap hes hecht.
Quod Danger, be not ſudden, Sir,
The matter is of wecht; [ill,
Firſt ſpy baith, and try baith, advyſement does nane
I ſay then, ye may then, be wilfull quhen ye will.

But

But yit to mynd the proverb call,
" Quha uſes perrils periſh ſall,"
Schort quhyle thair lyfe them laſts.
And I haif hard, quod Howp, that he
Sall nevir ſchaip to ſail the ſe,
That for all perrills caſts.
How mony throw diſpair are deid,
That nevir perrills preivit?
How mony alſo, gif thou reid,
Of lyves have we releivit?
Quha being evin dieing, bot danger, but diſpaird;
A hunder, I wonder, but thou haſt hard declaird.

Gif we twa hald not up thy hart,
Quhilk is the cheif and nobleſt part,
Thy wark wald not gang weil;
Conſidering thae companions can
Diſwade a ſilly ſimple man,
To haſard for his heil,
Suppoſe they haif deſavit ſum,
Or they and we micht meit;
They get nae credence quhair we cum,
With ony man of ſpreit;
By reaſoun thair treaſoun be us is firſt eſpyt,
Reveiling thair deiling, quhilk dow not be denyt.

With ſleikit ſophiſms ſeiming ſweit,
As all thair doings war diſcreit,
They wiſh thee to be wyſe,
Poſtponing tyme frae hour to hour,
But faith in underneath the flowr,
The lurking ſerpent lyes;
Suppoſe thou ſeis her not a ſtyme,
Till that ſcho ſtings thy fute.
Perſaifs thou nocht quhat precious tyme,
Thy ſlewthing does owreſchute?
Allace man! thy caſe man, in lingring I lament,
Go to now and do now, that Courage be content.

Quhat

Quhat gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour loſt;
For he will hald thee hard and faſt,
Till tyme and place and fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the ghoſt.
Than ſall be graivd upon the ſtane,
Quhilk on thy graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived ſic a ane;
But how ſall it be ſaid?
Here lyes now, but pryſe now into diſhonours bed,
An cowart as thou art, that from his fortune fled.

Imagyne man, gif thou wer laid
In graif, and ſyne micht heir this ſaid,
Wald thou not ſweit for ſchame?
Yes, faith I doubt nocht but thou wald;
Therefoir gif thou has ene behald,
How they wald ſmoir thy fame.
Gae to and mak nae mair excuſe,
Or lyfe and honour loſe,
And outher them or us refuſe,
Thair is nae uther choſe.
Conſidder togidder, that we can nevir dwell,
At length ay by ſtrength ay thae pultrones we expell.

Quod Danger, ſen I underſtand,
That counſell can be nae command,
I have nae mair to ſay,
Except gif that ye thocht it good,
Tak counſell yit or ye conclude
Of wyſer men nor thay;
They are but rackleſs, yung and raſche;
Suppoſe they think us fleit;
Gif of our fellowſchip you faſche,
Gang with them hardly beit,
God ſpeid you, they leid you, that has not meikle wit.
Expell us, yeil tell us, heiraftir comes not yit.

Quhyle Danger and Diſpair retyrt,
Experience came in and ſpeirt
Quhat all the matter meind;
With him came Reaſon, Wit, and Skill,
And they began to ſpeir at Will,
Quhair mak ye to my freind?
To pluck yone luſty Cherrie loe,
Quod he, and quyte the ſlae.
Quod they, is there nae mair ado,
Or ye win up the brae,
But to it, and do it? perforce the fruit to pluck
Weil, brother, ſum uther were better to conduct.

We grant ye may be gude aneuch;
But yit the hazard of yon heuch,
Requyris ane graver gyde;
As wyſe as ye are may gae wrang;
Thairfore tak counſail or ye gang
Of ſum that ſtand beſyde. . . . . .
Quod Wit, ane way ther is of thre,
Quhilk I ſall to ye ſchaw,
Quhairof the firſt twa cannot be,
For ony thing I knaw.
The way heir ſae ſtey heir, is that we cannot clim,
Evin owr now, we four now, that will be hard for him.

The next, gif we gae doun about,
Quhyle that this bend of craigs rin out,
The ſtreim is thair ſae ſtark,
And alſo paſſeth waiding deip,
And braider far than we dow leip,
It ſuld be ydle wark.
It grows ay braider to the ſea,
Sen owre the lin it came,
The deipneſs of the ſame:
I leive now to deive now, how that it ſwyftly ſlyds,
As ſleiping and creiping, but nature ſae provyds.

Our

Our way then lyes about the lin,
Quhairby I warrand we ſall win,
It is ſae ſtraight and plain,
The water alſo is ſae ſchald,
We ſall it paſs, evin as we wald,
With pleſour, and bot pain.
For as we ſe a miſcheif grow
Aft of a feckles thing,
Sae lykways dois this river flow
Forth of a prettie ſpring;
Quhois throt, Sir, I wot, Sir, ye may ſtap with your [neive,
As you, Sir, I trow, Sir, Experience can preive.

That, quod Experience, I can,
And all ye ſaid ſen ye began,
I ken to be a truth.
Quod Skill, the ſamyn I apruve;
Quod Reaſon, then let us remuve,
And ſleip nae mair in ſleuth:
Wit and Experience, quod he,
Sall gae befoir a pace,
The Man ſall cum with Skill and me
Into the ſecond place;
Attowre now you four now ſall cum into a band,
Proceiding and leiding ilk uther be the hand.

As Reaſon ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre raſch, nane was affrayd,
Our counſell was ſae wyſe,
As of our journey, Wit did note,
We fand it trew in ilka jot,
God bliſs the enterpryſe.
For evin as we came to the trie,
Quhilk as ye heard me tell,
Could not be clum thair ſuddenlie,
The fruit, for rypeneſs, fell;
Quhilk haiſting and taiſting, I fand myſelf relievd
Of cairs all and ſairs all that mynd and body grievd.

Quod Montgomery.

A tedious debate on the choice of a guide is here omitted, we hope without injury to the poem.

P. 351. St. 2. "In tryl as dornik-champ." So this line is found in ſeveral old editions: and in the Evergreen 1724, "In tyrles dornick camp;" both of them obſcure. The paſſage is thus rendered in the Latin verſion,

——— rubet ſub gurgite claro
Umbra velut rutilo ardentes præ ſole pyropi.

Dornick is a ſort of cloth, in-wrought with flowers or figures; ſo that the meaning may be, "like the variegated appearance of Dornick, or Tournay cloth."

In a poem called "The Woman's Univerſe," 1652, we have

The webſter with his jumbling hand,
And *Dornick champion* napries,
Will make the coyeſt wench to ſtand
A prentice to his ſop'ries.

SANG ON THE LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERIE.

By the Same.

I.

LUIFARIS leive of to loif ſo hie
Your ladeis; and thame ſtyel no mair
But peir, the eirthlie *A per ſe*,
And flour of feminine maiſt fair:
Sen thair is ane without compair,
Sic tytillis in your ſangs deleit;
And prais the pereles (pearl) preclair,
Montgomrie maikles Margareit.

II.

Quhoſe port, and pereles pulchritude,
Fair forme, and face angelicall,
Sua meik, and full of manſuetude,
With vertew ſupernaturall;
Makdome, and proper members all,
Sa perfyte, and with joy repleit,
Pruifs hir, but peir or peregall,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

III.

Sa wyſe in youth, and verteous,
Sic reſſoun for to rewl the reſt,
As in greit age wer marvelous.
Sua manerlie, myld, and modeſt;
Sa grave, ſa gracious, and digeſt;
And in all doings ſa diſcreit;
The maiſt bening, and bonieſt,
Mirrour of madins Margareit.

IV.

Pigmaleon, that ane portratour,
Be painting craft, did ſa decoir,
Himſelf thairwith in paramour
Fell ſuddenlie; and ſmert thairfoir.
Wer he alyve, he wald deploir
His folie; and his love forleit,
This fairer patrane to adoir,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

V.

Or had this nymphe bene in theſe dayis
Quhen Paris judgit in Helicon,
Venus had not obtenit ſic prayis.
Scho, and the goddeſſis ilk one,
Wald have prefert this paragon,
As marrowit, but matche, moſt meit
The goldin ball to bruik alone;
Marveling in this Margareit.

VI.

Quhoſe nobill birth, and royal bluid,
Hir better nature dois exceid.
Hir native giftes, and graces gud,
Sua bonteouſlie declair indeid
As waill, and wit of womanheid,
That ſa with vertew dois ourfleit.
Happie is he that ſall poſſeid
In marriage this Margareit!

VII.

Help, and graunt hap, gud Hemené!
Lat not thy pairt in hir inlaik.
Nor lat not dolful deſtanie,
Miſhap, or fortoun, work hir wraik.
Grant lyik unto hirſelf ane maik!
That will hir honour, luif, and treit;
And I ſall ſerve him for hir ſaik.
Fairweill, my Maiſtres Margareit.

A. M.

A POEME ON THE SAME LADY.

By the Same.

I.

Ye hevins abone, with heavenlie ornaments,
Extend your courtins of the criſtall air !
To aſuir colour turn your elements,
And ſoft this ſeaſon, quhilk hes bene ſchairp and fair.
Command the cluds that they diſſolve na mair ;
Nor us moleſt with miſtie vapours weit.
For now ſcho cums, the faireſt of all fair,
The mundane mirrour maikles Margareit.

II.

The myildeſt May ; the mekeſt, and modeſt ;
The faireſt flour, the freſcheſt flouriſhing ;
The lamp of licht ; of youth the luſtieſt ;
The blytheſt bird, of bewtie maiſt bening ;
Groundit with grace, and godlie governing,
As *A per ſe*, abone all elevat.
To quhame comparit is na erthlie thing ;
Nor with the gods ſo heichlie eſtimate.

III.

The goddes Diana, in hir hevinlie throne,
Evin at the full of all hir majeſtie,
Quhen ſhe belevit that danger was thair none,
Bot in hir ſphere aſcending up maiſt hie,
Upon this nymph fra that ſcho caſt hir ei,
Bluſching for ſchame, out of hir ſchyne ſhe ſlippis.
Thinking ſcho had bene Phebus verilie,
At whoſe depairt ſcho fell into th' eclippis.

IV.

IV.

The aſters cleir, and torchis of the nicht,
Quhilk in the ſterrie firmament wer fixit,
Fra thay perſavit Dame Phœbe los hir licht,
Lyk diamonts with criſtall perls mixit,
They did diſcend to ſchyne this nymph annixit;
Upon hir ſchoulders twinkling everie on.
Quhilk to depaint it wald be owr prolixit,
How thay in ordour gliſter on hir gown.

V.

Gif ſhe had bein into the dayis auld,
Quhen Jupiter the ſchape of bull did tak,
Befoir Europe quhen he his feit did fauld,
Quhill ſcho throw courage clam upon his bak.
Sum greater mayck, I wait, he had gart mak,
Hir to have ſtolin be his ſlichtis quent;
For to have paſt abone the zodiak,
As quein, and goddes of the firmament.

VI.

With golden ſchours, as he did Clemené,
He wald this virgine furteouſly deſave.
Bot I houp in the goddes Hemené,
Quhilk to hir brother ſo happie fortoun gave,
That ſcho ſall be exaltit, by the laif,
Baith for hir bewtie, and hir noble bluid.
And of myſelf ane ſervand ſcho ſall haif
Unto I die: and ſo I doe concluid.

Quod A. Montgomerie.

THE

THE SOLSEQUIUM, OR THE LOVER COMPAIRING HIMSELF TO A SUN-FLOWIR.

By the Same.

I.

Lyk as the dum Solſequium with cair owrecum
Dois ſorrow, quhen the ſun gois out of ſicht,
Hings doun his heid, and droupis as deid, and will not ſpreid,
But lukis his levis throw langour all the nicht,
Till fuliſch Phaeton aryſe with quhip in hand
To purge the chriſtal ſkyis, and licht the land.
Birds in thair bower wait on that hour,
And to thair King ane glade gude-morrow gives,
Frae thán that flowir liſts not to lour,
But lauchs on Phebús lowſing out his leivs.

II.

Swa ſtands with me, except I be quhair I may ſe
My lamp of licht, my lady and my luve,
Frae ſcho depairts, a thouſand dairts in ſindry airts
Thirle thruch my heavy heart, bot reſt or ruve.
My countenance declairs my inward greif,
And houp almaiſt diſpairs to find releif.
I die, I dwyne, play dois me pyne,
I loth on every thing I luke, allace!
Till Titan myne upon me ſchyne,
That I revive thruch favour of hir face.

III.

Frae ſcho appeir into hir ſphere, begins to cleir
The dawing of my lang deſyrit day.
Then courage cryis on houp to ryſe, quhen he eſpyis
The noyſum nicht of abſens went away;

No

No noyis, frae I awalke, can me impeſche,
But on my ſtaitly ſtalk I fluriſche freſche,
I ſpring, I ſprout, my leivs ly out,
My collour changis in ane hairtſum hew;
Na mair I lout, but ſtand up ſtout,
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV.

O happy day! go not away, Apollo ſtay
Thy chair frae going doun unto the weſt,
Of me thou mak thy Zodiak, that I may tak
My pleſour to behald quhome I luve beſt.
Thy preſens me reſtoris to lyfe from deth,
Thy abſens lykways ſchoris to cut my breth.
I wiſs in vain thee to remain.
Sen *primum mobile* ſays me always nay,
At leiſt thy wane bring ſune again,
Fareweil with patiens per forſs till day.

From Pſalm xxxvi.

BY THE SAME.

Leave ſin ere ſin leave thee; do gude;
And both without delay.
Leſs fit he will to-morrow be
Quho is not fit to-day.

ALEXANDER HUME,

Parſon of Logie, *was the ſecond ſon of* Patrick, *fifth Baron of Polwarth, the lineal anceſtor of the family of* Marchmont. *From his poems, printed in* 1599 *by* Robert Waldegrave, *he appears to have been intended for the bar; but, like his contemporary* Arbuthnot, *he relinquiſhed that purſuit for reaſons which he aſſigns in an excellent poetical epiſtle to his friend* Dr. Moncrieff, *the King's phyſician; and after making a fruitleſs attempt to obtain ſome promotion at Court, he entered into the ſervice of the Church. His Poems are dedicated to* "Ladie Elizabeth Mal-vill, Ladie Cumrie, *from Logie, Dec.* 1594," *and contain various internal marks of having been compoſed between the years* 1575 *and* 1590.— *The time of his death is uncertain, but that he was born about* 1550 *ſeems probable, as one of his younger brothers was Provoſt of Edinburgh in* 1591, *and his father died "at a great age" in the following year. I ſuſpect him to be the perſon who, under the name of* Polwart, *carried on a* Flyting *correſpondence with* Montgomery, *in imitation of that by* Dunbar *and* Kennedy.

ANE EPISTLE TO MAISTER GILBERT MONT-CREIF, MEDICINER TO THE KING'S MAJESTIE, WHEREIN IS SET DOWN THE INEXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR'S YOUTH.

My tender freind, Mont-creif Medicinar,
To Kings is kend thy knawledge ſingular;

Thow

Thow ſhawis thy ſelf, by practice evident,
Of Nature's warks obſerver diligent;
Thy quiet lyfe, and decent modeſtie,
Declares thé cunning in philoſophie.
Sen firſt we war acquaint, I fand thee kinde:
Sum medecine aſſigne me for the minde:
My ſicknes be the ſymptome ſall appeare
Into my diſcourſe, if thow liſt give eare.
O happy man is he (I have hard ſay)
A faithful freind that hes, with whom he may
Of everie thing as with himſelf confer
As I may do, diſert Mediciner!
Quhen pubertie my freedome did enlarge,
And Mercurie gave place to Venus charge,
I knew not yet the wavering vane eſtait
Of humaine kind; I knew of na debait,
Na lurking hait, invie, nor curſit ſtryfe
As followis faſt our ſhort unhappie lyfe:
I traiſted not, believe me weill, Mont-creif!
The bitter paines, the ſorrowes, and the greif;
Nor miſerie quhilk daylie dois betide
And compaſſis mans lyfe on everie ſide;
Bot like a chaſte and pudick virgine clein,
Inbrought to bide where ſhe had never bein;
Into the houſe of women let for hyre,
Quhen ſhe behalds all pleſour at deſyre,
A loſtie troup of ladyies in array,
Sum in a luth, ſum on a ſiſtre play:
Sum ſangs of love begin, and ſweitly ſing,
And minyionlie ſing danſing in a ring:
A lover here, diſcourſing all his beſt,
Ane uther there delighting all the reſt:
The buirdes decored with daintie diſhes fine,
With divers drogs, and wafers wet in wine:
Anone to dwell, the maid dois condiſcend,
Incertane quhat ſall be her cative end.

Swa

Swa inexpert yet at that time and houre,
I felt the ſweit, but had not cund the ſowre.
I thoucht that nocht was able to remove
From men on earth, trueth, equitie, and love;
Nor baniſhe from thair hearts humilitie,
Ruth, pittie joynd with affabilitie;
Bot that the force of reaſon ſuld manteine
The binding band quhilk laſtinglie has bein
Be nature knit, and ordained till indure,
Mens amitie and freindſhip to mak ſure.
For this I oft reduced and brought to mind,
How ſall men be but untill uther kind?
Lo! all the wichts that in this valley wuns
Are brethren all,—are thay not Adam's ſuns?
Quhy ſuld a freind his freind and brother greive,
Sen all are born of a firſt mother Eve?
Upon this earth, as in a citie wide,
Like citizens we dwell and dois abide:
And nature has preferred us to the beaſts,
By printing reaſon deeply in our breaſts:
The Barbar' rude of Thrace or Tartarie,
Of Boheme, Perſe, of weirly Getulie,
Of barrwin Syrt, and waſtie Scythia,
Of Finland, Freſland, and of India,
Of reaſon they are made participant
With them that dois the civill cities hant:
The facund Greece, the learnd Athenian,
The Roman ſtout, the ritch Venetian,
The Frenſhes frank of great civilitie,
Ar obliſt all to this ſocietie.
Then with myſelf I reaſond on this ſort,
If this be true quhilk truelie I report,
How mekill mair ſall love and lawtie ſtand
Amang the pepill native of a land,
Quhilk dois imbrace, obey, and onelie knaw
A kirk, a king, a language, and a law.

Or ſik as in a citie dois remane,
Participant of pleſour and of pane;
Or of a race has lineally diſcended,
And hes thair time and life together ſpended.
All this and mair I toſted in my thoucht,
And theſe effects to ſie I douted noucht:
As for my part, I plainely did pretend
My life in peace, in joy and eaſe till end;
Into the way to walk, and happy rod
Preſcrived be the law and word of God,
To love my freind and neighbour as my ſell,
With lippes but lies the ſimple treuth to tell;
Till everie man to keip my promiſe dew,
And nocht but right (bot rigour) to perſew;
From vice to flie, and vertew till embrace,
An upright heart to have in everie eace;
Contending hearts againe to reconceill
Was my pretence, and tender ay their weill;
To fortifie my friend in time and need
With good report, with counſell and good deede;
And finallie, quhat reaſon taught to crave,
I thought to doo, and ay the like receave.
Bot thoughts are vaine, my labour was but loſt,
"He counts agane that counts without his hoſt."
Through tract of time, quhilk ſwiftlie ſlides away,
And ſindrie fichts occurring day by day,
At laſt I learnd to mark, and clearly ken
The courſe of mortal things and mortal men.
From thee I learnd, with painfull diligence,
The maiſtres ſharp of fuiles, Experience!
I ſee the wit, the nature, and the mind
Of warldlie wights to wickednes inclind;
And naturallie ane auſtere frawardnes
The hardened hearts of mortal men poſſeſs.
Behald na realme, na cietie nor eſtait
Ar void of ſtryfe, contention and debait.

Ilk man his fo, like roiring lyons kein,
Waits to devore with rigor tygerrein:
How few regairds, we dailie may eſpy,
Their fallows loſs, if thay may gain thairby:
Sa hautie minds fulfilled with diſdaine,
Sa deip deceat, ſik gloſſing language vaine.
Mens doubill tungs are not aſhamed to lie;
The mair thay heght, the wors to truſt thay be.
Particular gaine dois ſa manis reaſon blind,
That ſkarſe on earth ane upright can I find;
Sa poyſoned breaſts with malice and envy,
Sum deidlie haitis, and cannot ſhaw yow why.
O monſtrous beaſt, Invy! O cruell peſt!
Quhair thow remains there is na quiet reſt.
Thow waſtes the bains, thow blackens fleſh and blude,
Ay glad of ill, ay enemie to gude.
Thow vexed art to ſee thy brothers weill,
Quhilk vailes thee nocht, nor harmes him never a deil.
I try na truth, nor na fidelitie,
I ſie na reuth, nor na nobilitie,
Na tender love, nor humble gentilnes,
As firſt they ſay our fathers did poſſes.
Bot fremmidnes, bot rude auſteritie,
Bot feinyed fraud, and feebil uncourteſie.
Quhen that I had employd my youth and paine
Four years in France, and was returnd againe,
I langd to learn, and curious was to knaw
The conſuetudes, the cuſtome, and the law
Quhairby our native ſoil was guide aright,
And juſtice deme to everie kind of wight.
To that effect three yeares, or near that ſpace,
I hanted maiſt our higheſt pleading place,
And Senate, quhair great cauſes reaſoned war,
My breaſt was bruiſit with leaning on the bar.
My buttons briſt, I partly ſpitted blood,
My gown was traild and trampid quhair I ſtood;

My

My eares war deifd with maiſſars cryes and din
Quhilk procutoris and parties callit in :
I daylie learnit, bot could not pleiſit be ;
I ſaw ſik things as pitie was to ſee.
Ane houſe owerlaid with proceſs ſa miſguidit,
That ſum to late, ſum never war decydit ;
The puir abuſit ane hundreth divers wayes
Poſtpond, differd with ſhifts and mere delayes ;
Conſumit in gudes, ouerſet with greif and paine ;
Your Advocate maun be refreſht with gaine ;
Or elſe he faints to ſpeake or to invent
Ane gude defence, or weightie argument.
Ye ſpill your cauſe ;—ye truble him to ſair
Unleſs his hand annointed be with mair.
Not ill beſtowit, be he's conſulted oft ;
Ane gude deviſe is worthie to be coſt.
Bot ſkaffay clerks with covetice inſpyred,
Till execute thair office maun be hyred.
Na caus thay call unleſs they hyrelings have ;
If not, it ſall be laid beneath the lave :
Quha them controlls, or them offends, but dout
Thair proces will be lang in ſeiking out.
In greateſt need ſome pieces will be loſt,
And than, to late, fund at the parties coſt.
In everie point thay will be ſlack and lang ;
The minutes of the proceſs may be wrang :
For acts, decreits, thay maun have doubil pryce ;
If there be haiſt, but hyre, thay mak it nyce.
As ſanguiſugs quhilk finds the feeding gud,
Cleaves to the ſkin quhill thay be full of blud,
Quhill all the vanes be bludeles, dry, and tume :
Na uther wayes the ſimple thay conſume.
The agent als maun have his wage provided,
Leiſt al the caus in abſence be miſguided :
He will let paſſe on wilfull indignation
Agains the actor ane ſtollen proteſtation ;

The

The poore defender, if he lacke expenſes,
Sall tyne his cauſe perhaps for null defenſes;
The peices ſhaw he will, and cauſe reveill
For greiter gane, be he not pleiſed weill.
And though the Lords ſuld tak gud heid thereto,
Yet are thay laith to make the houſe ado.
The Cenſor is impropre to correck,
That in himſelf hes ony kinde of bleck.
Even they themſelves the order partlie ſpills,
With bringing in of heapes of boſome bills;
Their oulks about on freinds thay do beſtow,
With ſmall regard of table, or of row.
Allace! ſik Lords had neede of reformation,
Quhair juſtice maiſt conſiſts in folliſtation.
Yit all folliſtars cannot juſtice have,
Bot ſik as may acquit them by the lave.
A Lord, ane Earle, or a wealthie man,
A courtier that meikil may, and can,
Without delay will come to their intent,
Howbeit their cauſe it be ſum deill on ſklent:
Bot ſimple ſauls, unſkilfull, moyenles,
The puir quhome ſtrang oppreſſors dois oppres,
Few of their right or cauſſes will take keip;
Their proces will ſa lang ly ouer and ſleip,
Quhill often tymes (there is na uther bute)
For povertie they maun leave of perſute.
Sum Senators, as weill as ſkaffing ſcribes,
Ar blindit oft with blinding buds and bribes;
And mair reſpects the perſon nor the cauſe,
And finds for divers perſons divers laws.
Our civil, canon, and municipall,
Suld equallie be minſtred to all:
They mon ſhaw favour to their awn dependers,
Quhatſa they be, perſewers or defenders.
I faint to tell their pervers partial pactions,
And how they all devided are in factions;

Confederate

Confederate haill with ſubtiltie and ſlight,
A way to vote in voting wrang or right.
O men! in quhom no fear of God is ludged;
O faithles judges! worthie to be judged.
Eſchame ye not, or ſtand ye not in aw
Laws to profeſs, and erre agains the law.
O members meete, for meere iniquitie,
Of Rhadamanth or Minos court to be.
The haill abuſe were ouer prolix to tell;
That Council-houſe it is maiſt like ane hell.
Quhere there is thrang affeare, and awfull cryes,
Quhere on the bar without puir parties lyes,
As on the rive of Acheron for ſin,
Awaitting faſt quhill Charon take them in;
Quhair everie man almaiſt is miſcontented,
Quhair ſilly ſaulis ar greevouſlie tormented.
Ay ſorrie, ſad; ay plungd in paine and greif,
Penſive in heart, and muſing of miſcheif.
Their bowells, entraills, with the robbed rout
Of gredie Harpyes, they are rugged out.
To lead that kind of life I wearied faſt,
In better hope I left it at the laſt,
And to the Court I ſhortly me addreſt,
Beleeving weill to chuſe it for the beſt:
But from the rocks of Cyclades fra hand,
I ſtruik into Charybdis ſinking ſand.
For reverence of Kings I will not ſtrive
To ſlander Courts, but them I may deſcrive,
As learned men hes them depaint before,
Or neare the ſuith, and I am wo therefore.
In Courts, Montcrief! is pride, invie, contention,
Diſſumulance, deſpite, diſceat, diſſention,
Fear, whiſperings, reports, and new ſuſpition,
Fraud, treaſon, lies, dread, guile, and ſedition;
Great gredines, and prodigalitie;
Luſts ſenſuall, and partialitie;

Impudence

Impudence, adulterie, and drunkinnes ;
Delicacie, and ſlouthful idilnes ;
Back-biting, lacking, mocking, mutenie,
Diſdainefulnes, and ſhameles flatterie ;
Meere vanitie, and naughtie ignorance ;
Inconſtancie, and changing with miſchance ;
Contempt of all religion and devotion,
To godlie deids na kind of perfite motion.
These qualities in generall, I ſay,
Into all Courts are common everie day.
I need not now ſik properties apply,
Thow knawes our Scottiſh Court as weill as I.
Our Princes ay, as we have heard and ſeen,
Thir mony yeares infortunat hes been :
And if I ſuld not ſpeak with flattering tung,
The greater part bot ſluggiſhlie hes rung.
Our Earles and Lords, for their nobilitie,
How inexpert and ignorant they be,
Upon the Privie Counſell mon be chuſed,
Or elſe the King and Counſell are abuſed ;
And if the Prince augment not ay thair rents,
Quhat is there mair ? they will be mal-contents.
Quhat ſuld the Court quhair virtew is neglected ?
Quhair men of ſpreit ſa little are reſpected ?
Quhilk is to be lamented all the mair,
That few of learning ſuld tak keip or care ;
As Cicero of Julius Ceſar ſayes,
Even in his tyme, governement, and dayes,
Quhilk eaſilie excells all uther kings
In learning, ſpreit, and all ſcholaſtik things.
Sum officers we ſee of naughtie braine,
Meere ignorants, proud, vicious, and vaine ;
Of learning, wit, and vertue all denude,
Maiſt blockiſh men, raſh, riotous, and rude,
And flattering fallows oft are mair regarded :
A lying ſlave will rather be rewarded,

Nor

Nor they that dois with reafons rule conferre
Their kind of life and actions, leaſt they erre.
Nor men diſcreit, wiſe, vertous, and modeſt,
Of galland ſpreit have trew and worthie treſt ;
Quhilk far fra hame civilitie hes ſene,
And be their maners ſhaws quhair they have bene :
Quhilk have the word of God before their eyes,
And weill can ſerve, but cannot Princes pleyſe.
For ſum with reaſon will not pleiſed be,
But that quhilk with thair humour dois agree.
Has thow not heard in oppin audience,
The purpos vaine, the feckles conference ;
The informal reaſons, and impertinent
Of courteours ? quhilks in accoutrement
War gorgious, maiſt glorious, yong, and gay ;
Bot, in effect, compare them weill I may,
Till images quhilks are in temples ſet,
Decor'd without, and all with gold ouerfrett,
With colours fine, and carved curiouſlie,
The place quhair they are ſet to beautifie ;
Bot quhen they are remarked all and ſum,
They are bot ſtocks and ſtanes ; bos, deif and dumb.
Bot now the Court I will not diſcommend,
I may it mane, bot may it not amend.
As for offence of ſpeech, I nathing fear it,
For upright men are therebie nathing deirit ;
And ſik as are with wickednes bewitched,
I ſuſſie not how vifelie they be tuitched.
And if, perhaps, ſum wald alledge that I
Have this invaid on malice and invie,
As he quhom in the Court few did regaird,
And got na gaine thereby, nor na rewaird.
I grant that may be trew : Bot quhat of that ?
I little gaine deſerved, and les I gat.
Bot, men ! behald his Hienes royal trine,
His palaces, and their apparel fine.

Behald

Behald his houſe! behald his yeirly rent!
His ſervants, heir if they have cauſe to plent.
Obſerve this realme throughout from eaſt to weſt,
From ſouth to north, if ony be oppreſt
Quhilk juſtice lacks! behald the common-weill,
Then judge if I be writer fals or leill.
Bot ſik as ſuld it mend, lat them lament
I hantid Court to lang: now I repent.
Theſe curſed times, this wors than iron age,
Quhair vertue lurks, quhair vice dois reign and rage,
Quhair faith and love, quhair freindſhip is neglected,
Contagiouſlie with time has me infected.
As uthers are, of fors ſa mon I be;
How can I doe bot as men doe to me?
In bordels vile a virgine chaiſt and peure,
Becomes with time a vile effronted heure:
A trew man tane with pirates on the ſea,
Is forſt to tak a pairt in piracie.
O ſentence ſuth! I ſay for to conclude,
Ill companie corrupteth maners gude.
Trew Damon's pairt to play I wald me bind,
Bot Pythias kind yet can I never find.
Love mutual wald be, for all in vaine
I favour ſhaw, if nane I find againe.
My heart is ſtane within, and yron without;
With triple bras my breiſt is ſet about;
For quhen of ſtrife and great miſchance I heir,
Of death, debate, they do me little deir.
For uthers harme me tuitches not at all,
Swa I be free, quhat rak I quhat befall?
The line of love I have almaiſt forget it,
For quhy, think I, to nane I am addettit.
Not threttie times as yet the ſhining ſun
His carrier round and propre courſe has run,
Sen nature firſt me buir to 'joy his light,
And yet I wald (if juſtly wiſh I might)

Diſſolved be, renewed, and be with Chriſt,
Or fleſh to farder follie me intiſt:
I fear the warld, I dread allurements ſair,
And ſtrang aſſaults corrupt me mair and mair.
Let Sathan rage, let wickednes incres,
I thank my God I am not comfortles.
My comfort, lo! my haill felicitie
Conſiſts in this—I may it ſhaw to thee:
To ſerve the Lord, and on his Chriſt repoſe,
To ſing him praiſe, and in his hechts rejoſe;
And ay to have my mind lift up on hie
Unto that place quhair all our joy ſall be.
My life and time I knaw it is ſa ſhort,
That here to dwell I think it bot a ſport:
I have delight in heart maiſt to behald
The pleaſant works of God ſa manifald;
And to my minde great pleaſour is indeid,
The nobil writts of learned men to reid:
As Chremes had, I have ane humaine hart,
And takes of things humaine na little part:
Be word and writt, my mind I mak it plaine
To faithfull freinds, and they to me againe.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF THE LORD AFTER THE MANNER OF MEN: ALLUDING TO THE DEFAIT OF THE SPANISH NAVIE, 1588.

By the Same.

TRIUMPHAND Lord of armies and of hoſtes,
Thou hes ſubdu'd the univerſall coaſtes;
From ſouth to north, from eaſt till occident,
Thow ſhawes thy ſelfe great God armipotent.
O Captaines, Kinges, and chriſtian men of weir,
Gar herraulds haiſt in coats of armor cleir
For to proclame with trumpet and with ſhout,
A great triumph the univers throughout;
For certainlie the Lord he will be knawin,
And have that praiſe quhilk juſtlie is his awin.
O ye that wuns amang the pleſaund feilds,
Quhair fertile crofts their yearlie profite yeilds,
And all that heigh up in the hieland dwells
Amang the mures, the mountaines, and the wells.
And ye that in the foreſt fare remaine
Far from the burghs, ga to the burghs againe.
Baith man and maides, put on your garments gay,
And ornaments made for the holie-day;
Leave of your wark, let all your labour be
This brave triumph, and royall feaſt to ſe.
Let cities, kirks, and everie noble towne
Be purified, and decked up and downe;
Let all the ſtreets, the corners, and the rewis
Be ſtrowd with leaves, and flowres of divers hewis,

With

With birkes and lawrell of the woddis wild;
With lavendar, with theme, and chammamild;
With mint and medworts, ſeemlie to be ſeen,
And lukin gowans of the medowes green.
Let temples, ſtairs, the porches, and the ports,
And windows wide quhair luickers on reſorts,
With tapiſtrie be hung, in Turkie ſought,
With claith of gold, and ſilver richly wrought.
Let every place and palace be repleat
With fine perfume and fragrant odors ſweat;
Suffumigat with nard and cinnamon,
With myrrhe and muſte, camphyre, and bdellium;
With incenſe frank, aloes, calamus;
With ſaffran, maſtick, and juniperus,
Expoſe your gold, and ſhyning ſilver bright
On covered cop-buirdes ſet in opin ſight;
Ouer gilted coups, with carved covers clear,
Fyne precious ſtanes, quhair thay may beſt appear;
Lavers in ranks, and ſilver baiſſings ſhine,
Saltfats out ſhorne, and glaſſes cryſtalline:
Make ſcaffalds clare for cumlie comedies,
For pleaſant playes, and morall tragedies;
All to decore with joy, and ane accord,
This new triumph, and ſaboth of the Lord.
Right as the point of day begins to ſpring,
And larks aloft melodiouſlie to ſing,
Bring foorth all kind of inſtruments of weere,
To ga before and make a noyiſs cleere.
Gar trumpets ſound the awfull battels blaſt;
On dreadful drums gar ſtrik alarum faſt;
Mak ſhouting ſhalms, and perſing phipbers ſhill,
Clear cleave the cluds, and piers the higheſt hill.
Cauſe mightely the weirly notis breik
On Hieland pypis, Scots and Hibernik.
Let beir the ſkraichs of deadly clarions,
And ſyne let of a volie of cannons.

Quhill

Quhill quhat for reick, rude rummiſhing and reard,
The heavens reſound, and trembling take the eard.
Let enter ſine in proper painted carts,
The buting rich, brought from the ſea-coiſt parts;
The ampleſt pray quhilk greit Jehovah wan,
From his fierſe fais, ſen firſt the warld began.
Sa ſall be ſeen the figoures of the flots,
With fearful flags and weill calſuterd bots;
Of gallays ſwift, and many gallias,
Quhilk through the ſeas, but perrell thought to pas.
Faire ſeemely ſhippes of four, five hundreth tuns,
All furniſht full of fire-warks, and of guns;
Quhairof be force thair was ſum captive led,
Sum clean deſtroit, ſum fugitivelie fled:
Yet from the Lord na way could find to flie,
Bot in thair flight wer toſſed on the ſie.
The weltering wals, and raging windie blaſt,
Maid up their towes, and cauſd them hew their maſt;
And ſine wer caſt, for all their brags and boſt,
Sum on a ſchald, ſum on an yrin coſt;
Sum gaid in tua-buird on ane forrain land,
Sum on a rock, ſum on a whirling ſand,
Quhill nane were ſafe unperiſht to be found,
Bot men and all went to the water's ground.
Let follow next, in order to be ſein,
Their armour cleare, and warlike weapins ſhein,
Hard halecrets, helmets, and hewmonts bright,
Ticht haberſchens, habriks, and harneis light;
Murrions for men of fute, and ſhining ſhields;
Barding for horſe appointed for the fields;
Gantlets ouergilt, wambraiſſis gainand weill;
Corſlets of pruif, and monie targe of ſteill;
Sum varneiſt bright, ſum dorrit diverſlie,
That men may muſe ſic precious geir to ſie.
Thilk ſamin wayis, example for to give,
Draw in on heaps their armour offenſive.

Great

Great ordinance, and feilding peices fell ;
Muſkets maiſt meet with men of armes to mell ;
Hagbuts with lunts, piſtolles with rowels fine ;
Swift fierie darts deviſd with greit ingyne ;
Croſbowes of waight, and Gnoſik gainyeis kein ;
Strang pouſſing picks the charge plaiſt to ſuſtein ;
Bunſhes of ſpeirs, and launces light and lang ;
Steill ax and maſſe for barded horſſes ſtrang ;
Fyne arming ſwords, and uther grunding glaves,
Quhilk maid na ſtead quhen they were rendered ſlaves.
Thair guns miſgave, their ſpeirs lyk bun-wands brak,
Thair fainted hearts for feare retird aback.

Thair threſours rich, quhairin they put thair treſt,
To all the warld ſall be made manifeſt :
Let men expres appointed be to beare
Thair ſilver heaps in plaits of ſilver cleare :
Thair coſtlie wark, and precious ornament,
Sall follow nixt in order ſubſequent.
Not to thair praiſe, but to thair ſchame and ſkorne,
Thair cuinyeid gold in baiſſings ſall be borne ;
Thair meltin gold full maſſive ſall be ſein,
With precious ſtains quhilk fed thair gredie ein ;
Thair goldſmith wark, and veſſels of greit weight,
To ken ſik ſooles agains the Lord to feight.

Let publikely be caried throw the townes,
The diadems, the ſcepters, and the crownes ;
The honour ſwerds of many puiſſat king,
Quhom Jah our God down from thair throne did thring.
Then Empriours and Kings ſall walk behinde,
(For greiter nane was on the earth to finde)
As men defait, cled all in dulefull black,
In coſchis traynd with ſlander, ſchame and lack.
Thair children yong, and menyonis in a rout,
Dreſt all in dule ſall march thair coſch about,
With bitter teares, with ſighes and curage cald,
When they thair Lords in ſik array behald.

Thair

Thair counſelors ſall gang with drerie chere,
And count thair wit to be bot follie mere.
The multitude then diverſlie ſall deim,
And of that ſight ſall diverſlie eſteim.
For ſum ſall ryn and gaze them in the face,
And ſair bewaile to ſee them in ſik cace.
Yea they that wiſt thair wrack and death before,
Thair miſerie ſall mein and pittie ſore;
Bot ſum, ſa ſoone as they thame ſie ga by,
Sall heave thair hands, and with a michty cry,
Deride thair force, and ſchout into thair eir:
Take this, ye kings! quhilk on the Lord made weir.
Ane uther ſort ſall ſich, and quhiſper thus:
Heir is, behald! ane matter marvelus!
Thir Monarchs grit confided in thair ſtrenth,
And thocht be forſe to win the warld at lenth;
To way the bils, and right up to the ſkies,
Bot now thair pryde and puiſſance broken lies.
Kings are bot men, men are bot wormes and duſt,
The God of Heaven is onely greit and juſt!
Als far as light the darkenes dois deface,
Or hell is from the higheſt holy place,
Als far as ſclaves are from the ſtait of kings,
Or widdring weids from everlaſting things,
Als far God's might ſurmounts the might of man,
His pompe and pride, and all the craft he can.
For, lo! his wraith conſumes lyke burning coles;
He turnes the heavens upon the ſtable poles;
Heigh ouer the earth he rydes apoun the ſkie,
Na mortal eyes may face to face eſpie
The Lord and live: His chariots are of fyre,
He makes the earth to trimble in his yre.
The angels bright ſtill compaſs him about;
Thunder and tempeſt form his army ſtout.
Heave up, therefore, ye Chriſtian men of weir,
Your hands, your harts, your eyes and voces cleir,

Unto

Unto the high and greit triumpher ſtrang,
This ſolemn day prolong your joyfull ſang:

O King of Kings! that ſits above!
Thy might, thy mercie, and thy love,
Thy works are wonderfull to tell!
In earth thy name mot praiſed be,
And in thy holie places hie,
For none is lyke unto thy ſell.

Upon the firmament thow rydes,
And all the world divinely gydes.
To Hell the power dois extend;
Men may imagine, men may deviſe,
Men may conclude, and interpriſe,
But thow dois modifie the end.

This day we magnifie thy name,
For thow hes put till oppin ſchame,
And turn'd thy fellon faes to flight;
Thair idols and thair armies grit,
Thair force availd them not a whit!
For thow, O God! did for us fight.

O Jah! our God: Be thow our gyde,
In battels be thow on our ſide,
And we ſall neither fall nor flee.
Throw Chriſt thy ſonne our ſinnes forgive,
And make us in thy law to live,
So ſhall we praiſe and worſhip thee.

THANKS FOR A SUMMER DAY.

By the Same.

O PERFITE light! quhilk ſchaid away
The darknes from the light,
And ſet a ruler ouer the day,
Ane uther ouer the night.

Thy glorie quhen the day forth flies,
Mair vively dois appeare,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes,
The ſhining ſun is cleare.

The ſhaddow of the earth, anon,
Removes and drawis by;
Sine in the eaſt quhen it is gone,
Appeares a clearer ſky.

Quhilk ſunne perceaves the lytill larkis,
The lapwing and the ſnype,
And tunes thair ſangs like nature's clarkis,
Ouer medow, muir, and ſtrype.

Bot everie bauld nocturnal beaſt
Na langer may abide,
They hy away, baith maiſt and leaſt,
Themſelves in houſe to hide.

They dread the day, fra they it ſee,
And from the ſight of men,
To ſeats and covers faſt they flee,
As lyons to their den.

Oure hemiſphere is poleiſt clein,
And lightened more and more,
Quhill everie thing be clearlie ſein
Quhilk ſemit dim before.

Except the gliſtering aſtres bright,
Quhilk all the night were cleare,
Offuſked with a greater light,
Na langer dois appeare.

The golden globe incontinent,
Sets up his ſhining head,
And ouer the earth and firmament,
Diſplays his beims abread.

For joy the birds, with boulden throats,
Agains his viſage ſhein,
Takes up their kindlie muſike nots
In woods and gardens grein.

Up braids the cairfull huſbandman,
His cornes and vines to ſee,
And everie tymous artiſan
In buith work beſilie.

The paſtor quits the ſloithfull ſleepe,
And paſſes forth with ſpeede,
His little camow-noſed ſheepe,
And rowtting kie to feede.

The paſſenger from perrels ſure,
Gangs gladlie forth the way.
Breife everie living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The ſubtile motty rayens light
At rifts they are in wonne;
The glanſing thains, and vitre bright,
Reſplends agains the ſunne.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearls white and round,

Or like to melted ſilver drops,
Refreſhes all the pound.

The miſtie rock, the clouds of raine
From tops of mountains ſkails;
Clear are the higheſt hills and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the ſapphire pend
With ſpraings of ſkarlet hew,
And preciouſly from end to end,
Damaſked white and blew.

The ample heaven of fabrik ſure,
In cleannes dois ſurpaſs,
The cryſtall and the ſilver pure,
As cleireſt poleiſt glaſs.

The time ſa tranquil is and ſtill,
That na where ſall ye find,
Saive on ane high and barren hill,
The aire of peeping wind.

All trees and ſimples, great and ſmall,
That balmie leaf do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Na mair they move or ſteir.

Calm is the deep and purpour ſé,
Yea ſmoother than the ſand;
The wallis that woltring wont to be,
Are ſtable like the land.

Sa ſilent is the ceſſile air,
That everie cry and call,
The hills and daills, and foreſt fair,
Againe repeats them all.

The rivers freſh, the callar ſtreams
Ouer rocks can ſoftlie rin;
The water clear, like cryſtal ſeams,
And makes a pleaſand din.

The feilds and earthly ſuperfice
With verdure grene is ſpredd,
And naturallie, but artifice,
In partie colours cledd.

The fluriſhes and fragrant flowres,
Throw Phæbus foſtring heit,
Refreſht with dew and ſilver ſhowres,
Caſts up an odor ſweit.

The clogged buſſie humming beis,
That never thinks to drowne,
On flowers and flouriſhes of treis,
Collects their liquor browne.

The ſunne maiſt like a ſpeidie poſt,
With ardent courſe aſcends,
The beauty of the heavenly hoſt
Up to our Zenith tends.

Nocht guided by a Phæton,
Nor trayned in a chayre,
Bot by the hie and holie On,
Quhilk dois all where empire.

The burning beims down from his face,
Sa fervently can beat,
That man and beaſt now ſeeks a place,
To ſave them fra the heat.

The breathleſs flocks drawes to the ſhade,
And frechure of their fald;
The ſtartling nolt, as they were madde,
Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath ſome leafy treis,
Amids the flowrs they lie;
The ſtabill ſhips upon the ſeis,
Tends up their ſails to drie.

The hart, the hind, and fallow deare,
Are tapiſht at their reſt;

The foules and birdes that made thé beare,
Prepares their prettie neſt.

The rayons dures deſcending down,
All kindles in a gleid.
In cittie, nor in borroughs-towne,
May nane ſet furth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whunn,
And from ilk plaiſter wall,
The hot reflexing of the ſunne
Inflames the air and all.

The labowrers that timelie raiſs,
All wearie, faint, and weake,
For heate down to their houſes gaiſs,
Noon-meate and ſleip to take.

The callour wine in cave is fought,
Mens brotheing breiſts to cule;
The water cald and cleir is brought,
And ſallets ſteipit in ule.

Sum pluckes the honie plown and peare,
The cherrie and the peſche;
Sum likes the rime, and London beare,
The bodie to refreſche.

Forth of their ſkeppes ſum raging beis
Lyes out, and will not caſt;
Sum uther ſwarmes hyves on the treis
In knots togidder faſt.

The korbeis, and the kekling kais
May ſcarce the heat abide;
Halks prunyeis on the ſunnie brais,
And wedders back and ſide.

With gilted eyes, and open wings,
The cock his courage ſhawis;
With claps of joy his breaſt he dings,
And twentie times he crawis.

The

The dow, with whiſtling wings ſa blew,
The winds can faſt collect;
Her purpour pennes turnes merry hew,
Agains the ſunne direct.

Now noone is went, gane is mid-day,
The heat dois ſlake at laſt;
The ſunne deſcends downe weſt away
Fra three o'clock be paſt.

A little cule of breathing wind
Now ſoftly can ariſe,
The warks throw heit that lay behind,
Now men may enterpriſe.

Furth faires the flocks to ſeek their fude
On everie hill and plaine,
Quhilk labourer as he thinks gude,
Steppes to his turn againe.

The rayons of the ſunne we ſee
Diminiſh in their ſtrenth;
The ſchad of everie towre and tree,
Extended is in lenth.

Great is the calm for everie quhair,
The wind is ſettin downe;
The reik thrawes right up in the air,
From everie towre and towne.

Their firdoning the bony birds,
In banks thay do begin;
With pipes of reeds the jolie hirds
Halds up the mirrie din.

The maveis and the philomeen,
The ſtirling whiſſels loud,
The cuſchetts on the branches green,
Full quietly they crowd.

The gloming comes, the day is ſpent,
The ſun goes out of ſight,

And painted is the occident
With purpour ſanguine bright.

The ſkarlet, nor the golden threid,
Who would their beautie try,
Are nathing like the color reid,
And beautie of the ſkie.

Our weſt horizon circuler,
Fra time the ſunne be ſet,
Is all with rubeis, as it wer,
Or roſes reid ouerfrett.

What pleſour wer to walk and ſee,
Endlang a river cleir,
The perfect form of everie tree
Within the deepe appeir!

The ſalmon out of cruives and creills,
Uphailed into ſkoutts;
The bels and circles on the weills,
Throw lowping of the trouts.

O! then, it wer a ſeemlie thing
While all is ſtill and calme,
The praiſe of God to play and ſing,
With cornet and with ſchalme.

Bot now the hirds with mony ſhout
Calls uther be their name.
Ga, Billie! turne our gude about,
Now time is to ga hame.

With bellie fow, the beaſts belyvé
Are turned fra the corne,
Quhilk ſoberly they hameward dryve
With pipe and lilting horne.

Throw all the land great is the gilde
Of ruſtik folks that cry;
Of bleiting ſheep, fra they be fild,
Of calves and rowtting ky.

All labourers draws hame at even,
And can till uther say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Quhilk sent this summer day.

The estate of Polwarth came into the possession of Hume of Wedderburne by the marriage of Sir Patrick H. with Margaret Sinclair-Polwart of Polwart. It is therefore not improbable that the name of Polwarth might be conjoined with that of Hume; or at least that it might, on some occasions, be applied to particular individuals of the family; such, for example, as the *Flyting* between our poet and Montgomery. This absurd and rare correspondence having had the honour of being quoted by the royal author of the *Art of Poesie*, some readers may not be displeased with a specimen.

MONTGOMERY TO POLWART.

Polwart, ye peip like a mouse among thorns,
No cunning ye keep, Polwart ye peip,
Ye look like a sheep and ye had twa horns,
Polwart ye peip like a mouse among thorns.
Bewar what thou speaks, little foul-earth tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks beware what thou speaks,
Or there shall be wat chieks for the last thou made;
Bewar what thou speaks, thou little foul-earth tade.
Foul mismade myting, born in the Merse. . . . .

POLWART TO MONTGOMERY.

Thy ragged roundels, raveand royt,
Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
With scabrous colours, fulsome floyt,
(Proceedand from a pynt of wine,)
Which haults for fault of feet like mine,
Yet fool thou thought no shame to write them,
At mens commands that laiks engine,
Which doited dyvours gart thee dite them.
When thou believes to win a name,
Thou shalt be banisht of all bield,
And syne receit baith skaith and shame,
And sae be forc'd to leave the field. : . . .
Only because, Owle, thou dois use it,
I will write verse of common kind,
And, swingeour, for thy sake refuse it;
To crabe thee humbler by thy mind,

Pedlar,

Pedlar! I pit'ye that opyned
To buckel with him that beares the bell.
Jackſtio! be better anes engyn'd,
Or I ſhall flyte againſt my ſell.
  Firſt of thy juſt genealogie,
Tyke! I ſhall tell thee truth I trow;
Thou was begotten, ſome ſayes me,
Betwixt the deil and a dun kow
A night that when the fiend was ſow,
At banquet bridland at the beir.
Thow ſowked ſyne a ſweit brod ſow,
Amang the middings mony a year.
  On ruites and runches in the feild,
With nolt thou nouriſh'd was a year,
While that thou paſt baith poor and peild
Into Argyle ſome lair to leir;
As the laſt night did well appeir,
When thou ſtood fidging at the fire,
Faſt fykand with thy Heiland chear;
My Flyting forc'd thee ſa to tyre.
  Into the land where thou was born,
I read of nought but it was ſkant
Of cattel, clething, and of corn,
Where wealth and well-fair baith doth want.
Now, tade-face, take this for no tant,
I hear your houſing is right fair,
Where howlring howlets ay doth hant,
With Robin-red-breaſt but repair.
  The Lords and Lairds within that land
I knaw are men of mekil rent,
And living, as I underſtand.
While in an innes they be content
To leive and let their houſe in lent,
In lentron month and the lang ſommer,
Where twelve Knights kitchens hath a vent,
Quhilke for to furniſh dois them cummer.

MONTGOMERY TO POLWART.

Vile venemous viper, wanthrifteſt of things,
Half an elf, half ane aip, of nature denyit,
Thou flait with a country the quhilk was the Kings,
But that bargan, falſe beaſt, dear ſhall thou buy it;
The cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,
This proverb, foul pelt, to thee is applyit.
Firſt ſpyder of ſpite, thou ſpews out ſprings.
Ye wanſhapen vowbet, of the Weirds invyſit,
I can tell thee how, when, where, and what gat thee,

The quhilk was neither man nor wife,
Nor human creature on life,
Thou ſtinkand ſtirrer up of ſtrife,
Falſe howlet have at thee.

In the hinder end of harveſt, on All-hallow e'en,
When our good neighbours dois ride, if I read right,
Some buckled on a bunewand, and ſome on a been,
Ay trottand in troups from the twilight.
Some ſaidled a ſhee ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a hemp ſtalk, hovand to the hight,
The King of Pharie and his court with the elf Queen,
With many elfiſh Incubus was ridand that night,
There an elf on an ape an unſel begat,
Into a pit by Powart-thorne,
That bratchart in a buſſe was born,
They fand a monſter on the morn,
War faced nor a cat.

The weird ſiſters wandring, as they were wont than,
Saw ravens ruggand at that ratton by a ron ruit,
They muſed at the mandrake unmade like a man,
A beaſt bund with a bunewand in an auld buit.
How that gaiſt had been gotten to gueſs they began,
Well ſwill'd in a ſwins ſkin, and ſmeird o're with ſuit.
The belly that it firſt bair full bitterly they ban,
Of this miſmade moidewart miſchief they muit,
The crooked camſchoch croyl, unchriſten they curſe,
They bad that baich ſhould not be but
The glengore, gravel, and the gut,
And all the plagues that firſt were put
Into Pandora's purſe.

Wo worth, quoth the Weirds, the wights that thee wrought,
Threed-bair be their thrift, as thou art wan-threvin:
Als hard be their handſel that helps thee to ought,
The rotten rim of thy wamb with rooks ſhall be revin,
All bounds where thou bides to bail ſhall be brought,
Thy gal and thy guiſſern to gleds ſhall be given;
Ay ſhort be thy ſolace, with ſhame be thou ſought;
In hell mot thou hant thee and hide thee fra heaven,
And as thou auld growes, ſo eikand be thy anger,
To leive with limmers and out-lawes,
With hurcheons eatand hips and hawes,
But when thou comes where the cock crawes,
Tarry there na langer.

When that the dames devotly had done the devore
In heving this hurcheon, they haſted them hame.
Of that matter to make remained no more,

Saving

Saving next how that nuns that worlin ſhould name;
They know'd all the kytral the face of it before,
And nib'd it ſae doon near, to ſee it was a ſhame;
They call'd it peild Powart, they puld it ſo ſore.
Where we clip, quoth the cummers, there needs na kame,
For we have height to Mahown for handſel this hair:
They made it like a ſcrapit ſwyne,
And as they cow'd they made it whryne;
It ſhaw'd the fell ay eu'r ſenſyne,
The beard was ſa baire.
Beand after midnight, their office was ended,
At that tyde was nae time for troumpours to tarry,
Syne backward on horſeback bravely they bendit,
That cam-noſed cocatrice they quite with them carry,
To Kait of Creif in a creil ſoon they gar ſend it,
Where ſeven year it ſat baith ſinged and ſairie,
The kin of it be the cry incontinent kend it,
Syne fetch food for to feed it forth from the pharie,
Ilk elf of them all brought an almouſs houſe oyſter,
Indeed it was a dainty diſh,
A foul flegmatick, foulſome fiſh,
Inſtead of ſauce, on it they piſh,
Sik food ſeed ſik a foſter.

POLWART TO MONTGOMERY.

At liberty to lie is thy intention,
I anſwer ay which thou cannot deny,
Thy friends are fiends, of apes thou feinyies mine.
(With my aſſiſtance ſaying all thou can.)
I count ſuch kindred better yet nor thine,
Withouten which thou might have barked waiſt;
I laid the ground whereon thou beſt began,
To big the brig whereof thou braggis maiſt.
Thy lack of judgment may be als perceived,
Thir twa chief points of reaſon wants in thee;
Thou attributes to aips, where thou has reaved
The ills of horſe; a monſtrous ſight to ſee!
Na marvel though ill won, ill wared be.
Farder thou flees with other fowlis wings,
O'reclade with clearer colours than thy awn,
But ſpecially with ſome of Semple's things;
Or for a plucked gooſe thou had been knawn,
Or like a cran, in manting ſoon ouerthrawn,
That muſt take ay nine ſteps before ſhe flee;
So in the gout thou might have ſtand and blawn,
As long as thou lay gravel'd like to die. . . . .

The

The following ſtrange *jeu d'eſprit* (from the Bannatyne MS.) has probably ſome connexion with this correſpondence :

Sanct Paul and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way,
Heigh up in Ardgyle, quhair thair gait lay.
Sanct Petir ſaid to Paul, in a ſport word,
Can ye not mak a Heiland man of this capyl tord?
Paul turnd oure the capyl tord with his pykit ſtaff,
And upſtart a Heiland man blak as ony draff.
Quod Paul to the Heiland man, Quhair wilt thou now?
I will down in the Lawland, ſchir, and thair ſteill a cow.
And thow ſteill a cow, carle, than thay will hang thé.
Quattrak, ſchir! of that; for aines mon I die.
Paul than he leuch, and oure the dyk lap,
And out of his ſcheith his geully out gatt.
Sanct Petir ſocht this goully faſt up and doun,
Yit could not find it in all that braid roun.
Now quho Paul, Heir a marvell! how can this be,
That I ſould want my gully, and we heir bot thré?
Humff quo the Heiland man, and turn'd him about,
And at his plaid nuk the gully fell out.
Fy quo Sanct Petir, thow will neuir do weill,
And thow bot new maid ſa ſone gais to ſteill.
Umff quo the Heiland man, and ſwere be yon kirk,
Sa lang as I get geir to ſteill, will I nevir wirk.

To this piece, the obſervations which Lord Hailes makes upon Montgomery's Reply, are no leſs applicable:—"It is equally illiberal and ſcurrilous, and ſhews how poor, how very poor, Genius appears, when its compoſitions are debaſed to the meaneſt prejudices of the meaneſt vulgar." Add to this, that the reply ſeems unintelligible.

Since the preceding ſheet was printed, I obſerve that Dempſter calls the author of the "Satire againſt Montgomery," *Patricius Hume——* equeſtri dignitate, a gentilicio patrimonio *Pouluartius* vocatus, magno ingenio, præclaro eventu poeticen Scoticam adornavit.—This laſt circumſtance probably alludes to Hume's poem on the Spaniſh Invaſion.—Dempſter deſigns Montgomery "eques Montanus vulgo vocatus."

ROBERT

ROBERT LORD SEMPLE.

The claims of this gentleman to a peerage ſtand thus: In "Birrell's Diary" *we find the following article;* "1568 *Jan.* 17. *Ane play was made by* Robert Semple, *and performed before the Lord Regent and divers uthers of the nobility.*" *The noble family of* Semple *having produced at leaſt one poet in the reign of* James VI. *it ſeems probable that a play, written by one of that name, would ſcarcely be ſuffered to periſh. The only dramatic piece in the Scottiſh language, that has any appearance of being compoſed about that period, is* PHILOTUS. *In ſtyle and manner, this play is extremely ſimilar to the poems of* Robert Semple *in the* Bannatyne MS. *From* Douglas's *Peerage it appears, that* Robert, *the fourth* Lord Semple, *who ſucceeded his grandfather in* 1571, *was a man of good parts, and continued to profeſs the Roman Catholic religion. He died in* 1611, *apparently at a conſiderable age; ſuppoſing* 70, *he would be about* 27 *when this play and the poems aſcribed to* Robert Semple, *were compoſed. All of them carry marks of youth, and of hoſtility to the fanaticiſm of the reformers. This* Lord Semple *married a ſiſter of the Lady who is ſo highly celebrated by* Captain Montgomery: *and a perſon of the name of* Semple *is alleged to be the co-adjutor of* Montgomery *in the* Flyting *between him and* Polwart. *From theſe circumſtances combined, it ſeems rather probable that* Lord Semple *was the author of the following dramatic performance. In judging of its merits, the reader muſt keep in his mind both the æra of its compoſition, and the age of the author.*

THE

THE NAMES OF THE INTERLOQUITORS.

PHILOTUS, the auld man.
The PLESANT.
EMILIE, the madyn.
The MACRELL, (*or* MACILEER.)
ALBERTO, the madynis father.
FLAVIUS, ane young man.
STEPHANO, ALBERTOIS ſervant.
PHILERNO, ALBERTOIS ſone.
BRISILLA, PHILOTUS his dochter.
The MINISTER.
The HUIR.
The MESSINGER.

PHILOTUS.

PHILOTUS *directis his Speich to* EMILIE,

O LUSTIE luifsome lamp of licht !
Your bonynes, your bewtie bricht,
Your ſtaitly ſtature, trim and ticht,
With geſture grave and gude :
Your countenance, your cullour cleir,
Your lauching lips, your ſmyling cheir,
Your properties dois all appeir,
My ſenſes to illude.

Quhen I your bewtie do behald,
I maun unto your fairnes fald :
I dow not flie howbeit I wald,
Bot bound I man be youris :
For yow, ſweit hart ! I wald forſaik
The Empryce for to be my maik,
Thairfoir, deir dow ! ſum pitie tak,
And ſaif me fra the ſchowris.

Deme na ill of my age, my dow !
Ife play the younkeris part to yow.
Firſt try the treuth, then may ye trow,
Gif I mynd to deſave :

For

For gold nor geir ye ſall not want,
Sweit hart with me thairs be na ſcant,
Thairfoir ſome grace unto me grant,
For courteſie I crave.

Emilie. I wait not weill, ſir, quhat ye meine,
Bot ſuirlie I have ſeindill ſeine,
Ane wower of your yeirs ſo keine,
As ye appeir to be:
I think ane man ſir of your yeiris,
Sould not be blyndit with the bleiris.
Ga ſeik ane partie of your peiris,
For ye get nane of me.

The Auld Man ſpeikis to the MACRELL *to allure the Madyn.*

Gude dame, I have yow to imploy;
Sa ye my purpoſe can convoy,
And that you laſſe I micht injoy,
Ye ſould not want rewaird:
Give hir this tablet and this ring,
This purſe of gold, and ſpair nathing:
Sa ye about all weill may bring,
Of gold tak na regaird.

Macrell. Na ſir, let me and that allane,
Suppoſe ſcho war maid of a ſtane,
Iſe gar hir grant or all be gane,
To be at your command:
Thocht ſcho be ſtrange, I think na wonder,
Blait things is ſone brocht in ane blunder,
Scho is not the firſt, ſir, of ane hunder,
That I have had in hand.

I am

I am ane fiſche, I am ane eill,
Can ſteir my toung and tayle richt weill,
I give me to the mekill deill,
Gif onie can do mair:
I can with fair anis fleitch and flatter,
And win ane crown bot with ane clatter,
That gars me drink gude wyne for watter,
Suppois my back ga bair.

The MACRELL *intends to allure the Madyn.*

God blis yow Maiſtres with your buik;
Leiſe me thay lippis that I on luik:
I hope in God to ſie yow bruik
Ane nobill houſe at hame:
I ken ane man into this toun,
Of hyeſt honour and renoun,
That wald be glaid to give his goun,
For to have yow his dame.

Emilie. Now be my ſaull I can not ſie
That thair ſik vertew is in me.
Gudwyfe, I pray yow quhat is he,
That man quhome of ye meine?
Macrell. Philotus is the man a faith,
Ane ground-riche man, and full of graith:
He wantis na jewels, claith, nor waith,
Bot is baith big and beine.

Weill war the woman all hir lyfe,
Had hap to be his weddit wyfe,
Scho micht have gold and geir als ryfe,
As copper in hir kiſt:

Yea, not a ladie in all this land,
I wait micht have mair wealth in hand,
Nor micht have mair at hir command,
To do with quhat ſcho liſt.

Fair floure! now ſen ye may him fang,
It war not gude to let him gang;
Unto yourſelf ye'ill do greit wrang,
Sweit hart now and ye ſlip him:
Now thair is twentie into this toun,
Of greitiſt riches and renoun,
That wald be glaid for to ſit doun
Upon their kneis to grip him.

Thocht he be auld my joy, quhat reck?
Quhen he is gane give him ane geck.
And tak another be the neck,
Quhen ye the graith have gottin:
Schaw me your mynd and quhat ye meine,
I ſall convoy all this ſa cleine,
That me ye ſall eſteme ane freine,
Quhen I am deid and rottin.

Emilie. I grant gude-wyfe he is richt gude,
Ane man of wealth and nobill blude,
Bot hes mair miſter of ane hude,
And mittanes till his handis,
Nor of ane bairnelie laſſe lyke me,
Mair meit his oy nor wyfe to be:
His age and myne cannot agrie,
Quhill that the warld ſtandis.

Macrell. Let that allane, he is not ſa auld,
Nor yit of curage half ſa cald,
Bot gif ye war his wyfe, ye wald
Be weill aneuch content:
With him mair treitment on ane day,
And get mair making off ye may,

Nor

Nor with ane wamfler, ſuith to ſay,
Quhen twentie yeiris ar ſpent.

Ye neyther mell with lad nor loun,
Bot with the beſt in all this toun,
His wyfe may ay ſit formeſt doun,
At eyther burde or bink:
Gang formeſt in at dure or yet,
And ay the firſt gude day wald get,
With all men honourit and weill tret,
As onie hart wald think.

Sé quhat a woman's mynde may meiſe,
And heir quhat honour, wealth, and eiſe,
Ye may get with him and ye pleiſe,
To do as I devyſe:
Your fyre ſall firſt be birnand cleir,
Your madynis than ſall have your geir,
Put in gude ordour and effeir,
Ilk morning or yow ryſe;

And ſay, lo, maiſtres! heir your muillis;
Put on your wylicote for it cuillis.
Lo, heir ane of your velvote ſtuillis,
Quhairon ye ſall ſit doun:
Than twaſum cummis to combe your hair,
Put on your heid-geir ſoft and fair.
Tak thair your glaſſe; ſie all be clair;
And ſa gais on your goun.

Than tak to ſtanche your morning drouth
Ane cup of maveſie for your mouth,
For fume caſt ſucker in at fouth,
Togidder with a toiſt:
Thrie garden gowps tak of the air,
And bid your page in haiſt prepair,
For your disjone ſum daintie fair,
And cair not for na coiſt.

Ane,

Ane pair of plevaris pypping hait,
Ane pertrick and ane quailyie get,
Ane cup of ſack, ſweit and weill ſet,
  May for ane breckfaſt gaine.
Your cater he may cair for ſyne
Sum delicate agane ye dyne.
Your cuke to ſeaſoun al ſa ſyne,
  Than dois imploy his paine.

To ſie your ſervantes may ye gang,
And luke your madynis all amang,
And gif thair onie wark be wrang,
  Than bitterlie them blame.
Than may ye have baith quaiffis and kellis,
Hich candie ruffes and barlet bellis,
All for your weiring and not ellis,
  Maid in your houſe at hame.

And now quhen all thir warks is done,
For your refreſching efter none,
Gar bring unto your chalmer ſone,
  Sum daintie diſche of meate:
Ane cup or twa with muſcadall,
Sum uther licht thing thairwithall,
For raſins or for capers call,
  Gif that ye pleaſe to eate.

Till ſupper tyme then may ye chois,
Unto your garden to repois,
Or merelie to tak ane glois,
  Or tak ane buke and reid on;
Syne to your ſupper ar ye brocht,
Till fair full far that hes bene ſocht,
And daintie diſches deirlie bocht,
  That ladies loves to feid on.

The organes than into your hall,
With ſchalme and tymbrell ſound they ſall,

The

The vyole and the lute with all,
To gar your meat diſgeſt:
The ſupper done, than up ye ryſe,
To gang ane quhyle as is the gyſe,
Be ye have rowmit ane alley thryſe,
It is ane myle almaiſt.

Than may ye to your chalmer gang,
Begyle the nicht gif it be lang,
With talk and merie mowes amang,
To elevate the ſplene:
For your collation tak and taiſt,
Sum lytill licht thing till diſgeſt,
At nicht uſe Renſe wyne ay almaiſt,
For it is cauld and clene.

And for your back I dar be bould,
That ye ſall weir even as ye would,
With doubill garniſchings of gould,
And craip above your hair:
Your velvote hat, your hude of ſtait,
Your myſſell quhen ye gang to gait,
Fra ſone and wind baith air and lait,
To keip that face ſa fair.

Of Pareis wark wrocht by the laif,
Your fyne half-cheinyeis ye ſall have.
For to decoir ane carkat craif
That cumlie collour bane:
Your greit gould cheinyie for your neck,
Be bowſum to the carle and beck,
For he has gould aneuch, quhat reck?
It will ſtand on nane.

And for your gownes, ay the new guyſe
Ye with your tailyeours may devyſe,
To have them louſe with plets and plyis,
Or claſped clois behind:

The ſtuffe, my hart! ye neid not haine,
Pan velvot, rayſde, figurit or plaine,
Silk, ſatyne, damayſe, or grograine,
The fyneſt ye can find.

Your claithes on cullouris cuttit out,
And all paſmentit round about;
My bleſſing on that ſemelie ſnout,
Sa weill I trow ſall ſet them:
Your ſchankis of ſilk, your velvot ſchone,
Your borderit wylicote abone,
As ye devyſe all ſall be done,
Uncraiſit quhen ye get them.

Your tablet be your hals that hinges
Gould bracelets and all uther things,
And all your fingers full of rings,
With pearls and precious ſtanes:
Ye ſall have ay quhill ye cry ho,
Rickillis of gould and jewellis to;
Quhat reck to tak the bogill-bo,
My bonie burd, for anis?

Sweit hart! quhat farther wald ye have?
Quhat greiter pleſour wald ye crave?
Now be my ſaull yow will deſave,
Your ſelf and ye forſaik him:
Thairfoir ſweit honie I yow pray,
Tak tent in tyme and nocht delay;
Sweit ſucker, nick me not with nay,
Bot be content to tak him.

[*Pleſant.* The devill cum lick that beird auld rowan.
Now ſie the trottibus and trowane,
Sa buſilie as ſcho is wowane,
Sie as the carling craks:
Begyle the barne ſho is bot young,
Foull fall thay lips, God nor that toung,

War

War doubill gilt with Nuriſch doung,
And ill cheir on thay cheikis.]

Emilie. Gude-wyfe all is bot gude I heir,
For weill I lufe to mak gude cheir,
For honouris, gould, and uther geir,
They can not be refuſit:
I grant indeid, my daylie fair,
Will be ſufficient and mair,
Bot be it gude ye do not ſpair,
As royallie to ruſe it.

I grant all day to be weill tret,
Honours anew and hicht upſet,
But quhat intreatment ſall I get,
I pray yow in my bed?
Bot with ane lairbair for to ly,
Ane auld deid ſtock, baith cauld and dry,
And all my dayes heir I deny,
That he my ſchankes ſched.

His eine half ſunken in his heid,
His lyre far caulder than the leid,
His froſtie fleſch as he war deid,
Will for na happing heit:
Unhealthſum hoſting ever mair,
His filthſum flewme is nathing fair,
Ay rumiſching with rift and rair,
Now, wow gif that be ſweit.

His ſkynne hard clappit to the bane,
With gut and gravell baith ouirgane;
Now quhen thir troubles hes him tane,
His wyfe gets all the wyte:
For Venus games I let them ga,
I geſſe he be not gude of thay;
I could weill of his maners ma,
Gif I liſt till indyte.

Macrell.

Macrell. For Venus game care not a cuit.
Waill me ane wamfler that can do it,
Sen thair may be na uther buit,
Plat on his head ane horne:
Handill me that with wit and ſkill,
Ye may have eaſments at your will.
At nicht gar young men cum yow till;
Put them away at morne.

Emilie. Gude-wyfe, all is bot vaine ye ſeik,
To me of ſik maters to ſpeik,
Your purpois is not worth ane leik,
I will heir yow na mair:
Mark dame, and this is all and ſum,
If ever ye this earand cum,
Or of your head I heir ane mum,
Ye ſall repent it ſair.

Macrell. Yon daintie dame, ſcho is ſa nyce,
Sche'ill nocht be win be na devyce,
For nouther prayer nor for pryce,
For gould nor uther gaine.
Scho is ſa ackwart and ſa thra,
That with refuſe I come hir fra,
Scho, be Sanct Marie, ſaynde me ſa,
I dar not ga agane.

PHILOTUS *enteris in conference with the Madynis Father.*

Gude goſſe! ſen ye have ever bene,
My trew and auld familiar freind,
To mak mair quentance us betwene,
I glaidly could agrie:

Ye

Ye have ane douchter quhome untill,
I beare ane paſſing grit gude will,
Quhais phiſnomie prefigures ſkill,
With wit and honeſtie.

Gif me that laſſe to be my wyfe,
For tocher-gude ſall be na ſtryfe,
Beleive me ſcho ſall have ane lyfe,
And for your geir I care not:
Faith ye your ſelf ſall modifie,
Hir lyfe-rent, land, and conjunct fie.
And goſſop, quhair thay ſame ſall be,
Appoynt the place and ſpair not.

Betwixt us twa the heyris-maill,
Sall bruik my heritage all haill,
Quhilks gif that thay happen to faill,
To her heyris quhat ſaever:
My moveables I will devyde,
Ane pairt my douchter to provyde,
Ane pairt to leave ſum freind aſyde,
Quhen deith ſall us diſſever.

Alberto. Gude ſir, and goſſop, I am glaid,
That all be done as ye have ſaid.
Tak baith my bliſſing and the maid,
Hame to your houſe togidder;
And gif that ſcho play not hir pairt,
In onie lawfull honeſt airt,
And honour yow with all hir hairt,
I wald ſho gaid not thither.

ALBERTO *ſpeiks to his Dochter.*

For the ane man I have foreſeine,
Ane man of micht and welth I meine,
That ſtaitlier may the ſuſteine,
Nor ony of all thy kin;

Ane man of honour and renoun,
Ane of the potentes of the toun ;
Quhair nane may beinlier ſit doun,
This citie all within.

Emilie. God and gude nature dois allow,
That I obedient be to yow,
And father, hithertils I trow,
Ye have nane uther ſeine :
And als eſtemis yow for to be,
Ane loving father unto me,
Thairfoir deir father let me ſee,
The man of quhome ye meine.

Alberto. Philotus is the man indeid,
Quhair thow ane nobill lyfe may leid,
With quhome I did ſa far proceid,
We want bot thy gude will :
Now give thy frie conſent thairfoir,
Deck up and do thy ſelf decoir,
Gang quickly to and ſay no moir ;
Thow man agrie thairtill.

Emilie. Gif ye fra furie wald refraine,
And patientlie heir me agane,
I ſould yow ſchaw in termis plane,
With reaſon ane excuſe :
Sen mariage bene but thraldome free,
God and gude nature dois agree,
That I quhair as it lykes not mee,
May lawfullie refuſe.

I am fourtene, and he fourſcoir,
I haill and ſound, he ſeik and ſoir,
How can I give conſent thairfoir,
Or yit till him agree?
Judge gif Philotus be diſcreit,
To ſeik ane match ſo far unmeit,

Thocht I refuſe him, father ſweit,
I pray yow pardon mee.

Alberto. How durſt thow, trumper, be ſa bald,
To tant or tell, that he was ald?
Or durſt refuſe ocht that I wald
Have bidden the obey?
Bot ſen ye ſtand ſa lytill aw,
Ife gar yow, maiſtres, for to knaw,
The impyre parents hes be law,
Abuif thair children ay.

And heir to God I mak ane vow,
Bot gif thow at my bidding bow,
I ſall the dreſſe, and harkin how,
And ſyne advyſe the better:
I ſall thee caſt intill ane pit,
Quhair thow for yeir and day ſall ſit,
With breid and water ſurely knit,
Hard bound intill ane fetter.

Thow ſat ſa ſoft upon thy ſtuill,
That making off made the ane fuill;
Bot I ſall mak thy curage cuill,
For all thy ſtomack ſtout:
That efterwards quhill that thow leif,
Thou's be agaſt me for to greif.
Perchance thow greines that play to preif,
Advyſe thee and ſpeik out.

Emilie. Sweit father, mitigate your rage;
Your wraith and anger, ſir, aſſwage;
Have pitie on my youthlie age,
Your awin fleſch and your blude:
Gif in your yre I be ouerthrawin,
Quhome have ye wraikit bot your awin?
Sik creweltie hes not bene knawin,
Amang the Turkes ſa rude.

The

The ſavage beiſts into thair kynde,
Thair young to pitie ar inclynd.
Let mercie thairfoir muif your mynde,
To her that humblie cryis:
Tak up and lenifie your yre,
Suſpend the furie of your fyre,
And grant me layſer, I deſyre,
Ane lytill to advyſe.

[*Heir followis the Oratioun of the yonker* Flavius *to the Madyn, hir anſwer and conſent, the convoying of her from her father: her father and the auld wower followis, and finds* Philerno, *the Madyns brother, laitlie arryved, quhome thay tak to be the Madyn; and of his deceit.*

FLAVIUS.

The raging low, the feirce and flaming fyre
That dois my breiſt and body al combure
Incendit with the dart of grit deſyre,
Fra force of theſe twa ſparking eyis ful ſure,
Hes me conſtraynit to cum and ſeik my cure
Of her, fra quhom proceidit hes my wound,
Quhom neyther ſalve nor ſyrop can aſſure,
Bot only ſho can mak me ſaif and ſound.

Lyke as the captive with ane tyrant taine,
Perforce with promiſe toiſtit to and fro,
Quhen that he ſeis all uther graces gaine,
Man ſuccour ſeik of him that wrocht his wo:
Sa mon I fald to my maiſt freindly ſo,
To ſeik for ſalve of her that gave the ſair:
To pray for peace, thocht rigour bid me go,
To cry for mercie, quhen as I may na mair.

Sa

Sa ſen ye have me captivate as thrall,
Sen ye prevaill, let pitie now have place;
Have mercie ſen ye maiſtres ar of all;
Grudge not to grant your ſupplicant ſum grace.
To ſlay ane tain man, war bot lack allace,
Fra that he cum voluntarlie in will:
Sen I am, miſtres, in the ſelf ſame cace,
Ane thrall conſenting pitie war to ſpill.

Quhat ferly thocht puir I, with luif oppreſt,
Confes the force of the blynd archer boy?
How was Appollo for his Daphne dreſt,
And Mars amaſit his Venus to enjoy?
Did not the thundering Jupiter convoy
For Danae him ſelf into ane ſhowre,
The gods above ſen luif hath maid them coy,
Unto his law then quhy ſould I not lowre?

As taine with ane nor Daphne mair decoir
Quhais vult to Venus may compairit be:
And bene in bewtie Danae befoir.
Suppoſe the God on hir did caſt his eye:
Quhais graces to hir bewtie dois agrie,
And in quhais fairnes is no foly found,
Quhat mervell, miſtres, than, ſuppoſe ye ſe,
With willing band me to your bewtie bound?

Quhais bricht conteyning bewtie with the beamis
Na les al uther pulchritude dois pas,
Nor to compair ane clud with glanſing gleames,
Bricht Venus cullour with ane landwart las:
The quhyteſt layke bot with the blackeſt aſſe,
The rubent rois bot with the wallowit weid;
As pureſt gold is precioufer nor glaſſe,
Your bewtie ſa all uther dois exceid.

Your hair lyk gold, and lyk the pole your eye,
Your ſnawiſch cheiks lyk quhyteſt allabaſt,

Your

Your loveſum lips ſad, ſoft, and ſweet we ſie,
As roſes red quhen that ane ſhowre is paſt:
Your toung micht mak Demoſthenes agaſt,
Your teith the peirls micht of thair place depryve
With bwillis of Indian ebur at the laſt
Your papis for the prioritie dois ſtryve.

And lyke as quhen the ſtamping ſeale is ſet
In wax weill wrocht, quhill it is ſoft I ſay,
The prent thairof remayning may ye get,
Suppois the ſeale it ſelf be tane away:
Your ſemlie ſhaip ſa ſall abyde for ay,
Quhilk throw the ſicht my ſenſis hes reſſaiſit,
Thocht abſent ye, yit I ſall nicht and day,
Your preſence have as in my hart ingraiſit.

Thocht fanſie be bot of ane figure fainit,
Na figure feids quhair thair is na effect:
Evin ſa ſweit ſaull I periſch bot as painit,
With fanſie fed that will na faſting breck:
Suppois I have the accident, quhat reck?
Grant me the ſolide ſubſtance to atteine.
Gif not, quhen ye to deith ſall me direct,
Quhom bot your awin have ye confoundit clein?

Laſt, ſen ye may my meladie remeid,
Releive your Syſiphus of his reſtles ſtane;
Your pitius breiſt that dois full ryfely bleid,
Grant grace thairto, befoir the grip be gane.
Cum ſtanche the thriſt of Tantalus anone,
And cure the wounds gevin with Achilles knyfe:
Accept for yours fair maiſtres, ſuch a one,
That for your ſaik dar ſacrifice his lyfe.

Emilie. Your oriſoun, ſir, ſoundis with ſic ſkill
In Cupid's court as ye had bene upbrocht:
Or foſterit in Parnaſſus forkit hill
Quhair poetis hes thair flame and furie focht.

Nocht

Nocht taiſting of ſweit Helicon for nocht,
As be your pleſant preface dois appeir:
Tending thairby, quhill as we have na thocht,
To mak us to your purpois to adheir.

With loving language tending till allure;
With ſweit diſcourſe the ſimpill till ouirſyle;
Ye caſt your craft, your cunning, and your cure,
Bot pure orphanes and madynis to begyle.
Your waillit out words, inventit for a wyle,
To trap all thoſe that trowis in yow na traine;
The frute of flattrie is bot to defyle,
And ſpred that we can never get againe.

Ye gar us trow that all our heids be cowit,
In prayſing of our bewtie by the ſkyis:
Quhen with your words we ar na mair bot mowit,
This way to ſie gif us ye may ſuppryſe:
Your doubill hart dois everie day devyſe,
Ane thowſand ſhifts was never in your thocht,
Ye labour thus with all that in yow lyis,
For till undo, and bring us all to nocht.

And this conceat is common to yow all,
For your awin luſt, ye ſet not by our ſchame,
Your ſweiteſt words ar ſeaſonit all with gall,
Your faireſt phraſe diſfigures bot defame.
I think thairfoir thay gritlie ar to blame,
That trowis in yow mair nor the thing thay ſé:
Bot I, quhill that Emilia is my name
To trow I ſall lyke to Sanct Thomas be.

Flavius. For feir, ſweit maiſtres, quhat remeid?
Quha may perſwade quhair thair is dreid?
Yit deme ye wrangouſlie in deid,
Now be my ſaull I ſweir:
Your honour, not your ſchame I ſeik,
I count not by my luſt ane leik,

It was na ſik thing, maiſtres meik,
That maid me to cum heir.

This is my ſute yé fall me truſt,
Judge ye your ſelf gif it be juſt,
In honeſt luif and honeſt luſt,
With yow to leid my lyfe:
This is the treuth of my intent,
In lawfull lufe bot onlie bent.
Advyſe yow gif ye can conſent,
To be my weddit wyfe.

Emilie. Sir, ſurelie gif I underſtude,
Your meining for to be as gude,
I think in ane we ſould conclude,
Befoir that it wer lang:
I am content to be your wyfe,
To lufe and ſerve yow all my lyfe,
Bot rather ſlay me with a knyfe,
Nor offer me ane wrang.

Bot Sir, ane thing I have to ſay,
My father hes this uther day,
In mariage promiſit me away,
Upon ane deid auld man;
With quhome thocht I be not content,
Till nane uther he will conſent,
Mak to thairfoir for till invent
Ane convoy, gif yow can.

Lykewayis yow mon firſt to me ſweir,
That ye to me ſall do na deir,
Nor ſall not cum my bodie neir,
For villanie nor ill;
Ay quhill the nuptiall day ſall ſtand.
And farther, ſir, gif me your hand,
With me for to compleit the band,
And promeis to fulfill.

Flavius.

Flavius. Have thair my hand with al my hart,
And faithfull promeis for my part,
Na tyme to change quhill deithis dart
Put till my lyfe ane end:
Bot be ane huſband traiſt and trew,
For na ſuſpect that anis ſall rew,
Bot readie ay to do my dew,
And nevir till offend.

Emilie. All day quhairto the trueth to tell,
I dar nocht with that matter mell,
Bot yit I ſall devyſe my ſell,
Ane ſchift to ſerve our turne:
For keiping ſtairt baith lait and air,
Unſend-furth may I never fair,
Make I ane mint and do na mair,
I may for ever murne.

Quhen I have unbethocht me thryſe,
I can na better way devyſe,
Bot that I man me diſagyſe,
In habite of ane man:
Thus I but danger or but dout,
This buſines may bring about,
In man's array unkend pas out,
For ocht my keipars can.

Thairfoir ye ſall gang and provyde,
Ane pages claithis in the meine tyde,
For all occaſions me beſyde,
Againſt I have ado:
Let men evin as thay liſt me call,
Or quhat ſumever me befall,
I hope within thrie dayis I ſall,
Cum quyetly yow to.

Flavius. Be my awin meins I ſall atteine,
And ſend to yow thay claithis unſene,

Convoy lat ſie all things ſa cleine
That never nane ſuſpeck:
I will wait on my ſelf and meit yow,
To ſe your new claiths as thay ſet yow,
The carle that hecht ſa weill to treit yow,
I think ſall get ane geck.

Emilie. I have won narrowlie away,
Yon carle half put me in effray,
He lay in wait and waiting ay,
In changing aff my claithis:
Sir, let us ga out of his ſicht,
Sen I am frie, my freind gude-nicht,
He lukis as all things wer not richt,
Lo yonder quhair he gais.

Flavius. My onlie luif and ladie quhyte,
My darling deir and my delyte,
How ſall I ever the requyte,
This grit gude will let ſee:
That, but reſpect that men callis ſchame,
Nor hazart of thy awin gude name,
For brute, for blaſphemie nor blame,
Hes venterit all for mee.

SMEPHANO, ALBERTOIS SERVANT.

Maiſter, full far I have yow ſocht,
And full ill newes I have yow brocht,
The thing allace, I never thocht,
Hes happinnit yow this day:
Your douchter, ſir, (ye had bot ane)
Ane mannis claithis hes on hir tane,
And quyetlie hes hir earand gane,
I can not tell quhat way.

I wonderit

I wonderit firſt and was agaſt,
Bot quhen I ſaw that ſhe was paſt,
I followit efter wonder faſt,
  Yit was I not the better;
Sche ſchiftit hes hir ſelf aſyde,
And in ſum hous ſhe did hir hyde.
Na ſir, quhat ever fall betyde,
  It will be hard to get her.

Alberto. Fals pewtene, hes ſcho playit that ſport?
Hes ſcho me handlit in this ſort?
To God I vow cum I athort,
  And lay on hir my handis:
I ſall hir ane exampill mak
To trumpers all, durſt undertak
For to commit ſa foull ane fack,
  Quhill that this citie ſtandis.

Vylde vagabound, fals harlot hure,
Had ſcho na ſchame, tuke ſcho na cure,
Of parentis that hir gat and bure,
  Nor blude of quhilk ſcho ſprang:
All honeſt bewtie to diſpyſe,
And lyke ane man hir diſagyſe,
Unwomanlie in ſik ane wyſe,
  As gudget for to gang?

Fals miſchant, full of all miſcheif,
Diſſaitfull traitour, commoun theif,
Of all thy kin curit not the greif,
  For fleſchly foull delyte;
Quha ſall into ſik trumpers truſt?
Quhais wickit wayis ar ſa unjuſt,
And led with lewd licentious luſt,
  And beaſtlie appetyte.

Philotus. O ſex uncertaine, frayle and fals,
Diſſimulate and diſſaitfull als,

With honie lips to haild in hals,
  Bot with ane wickit mynde:
Quhome will dois mair nor reaſon mufe,
Mair lecherie nor honeſt lufe,
Mair harlotrie nor gude behufe,
  Unconſtant and unkynde.

In quhome ane ſhaw, bot na ſhame ſinks,
That ane thing ſayis and uther thinks:
Ane eye lukis up, ane uther winks,
  With fair and feinyeit face:
Bot goſſop go, quhill it is greine,
For to ſeik out quha hes hir ſeine,
Gif of hir moyen we get ane meine,
  It war ane happie grace.

Philerno. Gude ſirs, is nane of yow can tell,
In quhat ſtreit dois Alberto dwell,
Or be quhat ſinge I'll knaw my ſell,
  Gude brethren all about?
For thocht I be his ſon and heyre,
I knaw him not a myte the mair,
And to this town dois now repair,
  My father to find out.

Alberto. Yea harlote, trowit thow for to ſkip?
Sen I have gottin of the ane grip,
Be Chriſt I ſall thy nurture nip,
  Richt ſcharply or we ſched:
For God nor I rax in ane raip,
And ever thow fra my hand eſcaip,
Quhill I have pullit thé lyke ane paip,
  Quhair nane ſall be to red.

Philotus. Rage not gude goſſe, bot hald your toung.
The las bot bairnlie is and young,
I wald be laith to wit hir dung,
  Suppoſe ſcho hath offendit:

Forgive

Forgive hir this ane fault for mee,
And I ſall ſouertie for hir bee,
That inſtantly ſcho ſall agree,
That this ſlip ſould be mendit.

Philerno. Father I grant my haill offence,
Thir claithes I have tane till ga hence,
And gif it pleaſe yow till diſpence,
With thir things that are paſt:
Thir bygane faultes will ye forgive,
And efter, father, quhill I live,
Agane I ſall yow never greive,
Quhill that my lyfe may laſt.

Schaw me the maner and the way,
And I your bidding ſall obey,
And never ſall your will gane ſay,
Bot be at your command.
Alberto. This fault heir frelie I forgive thee,
Philotus is the man releives thee,
Or utherwayis I had miſcheifit thee,
And now give me thy hand.

This is my ordinance and will,
Give thy conſent Philotus till,
To marie him and to fulfill,
That godlie bliſſit band.
Philerno. Father, I hartlie am content,
And heirto gives my full conſent,
For it richt ſair wald me repent,
Gif I ſould yow gainſtand.

Philotus. Heir is my hand, my darling dow,
To be ane faithfull ſpous to yow.
Now be my ſaull goſſop I trow,
This is ane happie meiting:
This matter, goſſe, is ſa weill dreſt,
That all things ar cumde for the beſt,

Bot

Bot let us ſet amang the reſt,
Ane day for all compleiting.

Alberto. Ane moneth and na langer day,
For it requyres na grit delay,
Tak thair your wyfe with yow away,
And uſe hir as ye will.

Philotus. Forſuith ye ſall ga with me hame,
Quhair I ſall keip yow ſaif fra ſchame,
Unto the day, or than me blame,
That ſcho ſall have nane ill.

Pleſant. Quha ever ſaw in all thair lyfe,
Twa cappit cairlis mak ſik ane ſtryfe,
To tak a young man for his wyfe,
That will play him ane paſſe:
Put doun thy hand vane carle and graip,
As thay had wont to cheis the paip,
For thow hes gotten ane jolie jaip,
In lykenes of ane laſſe.

PHILOTUS *ſpeiks to his Dochter* BRISILLA.

Briſilla, Dochter myne, give eir,
A mother I have brocht thé heir,
To me a wyfe and darling deir.
I thé command thairfoir,
Hir honour, ſerve, obey and luif,
Wirk ay the beſt for hir behuif,
To pleis hir ſie thy pairt thow pruif,
With wit and all devoir.

PHILOTUS *to his new Bryde.*

Uſe hir even as your awin my dow,
Keip hir, for ſcho fall ly with yow,

Quhill

Quhill I may lawfullie avow,
To lay yow be my ſyde.
Philerno. I ſall your dochter, huſband ſweit,
Na les nor my companyeoun treit,
And follow baith at bed and meit,
Quhill that I be ane bryde.

PHILERNO *to* BRISILLA.

How dois the quheill of fortoun go,
Quhat wickit weird hes wrocht our wo?
Briſilla youris and myne alſo,
Unhappilie, I ſay:
Our fathers baith hes done agrie,
That I to youris, evin as ye ſie,
And ye to myne ſall maryit be,
And all upon ane day.

Hard is our hap and luckles chance,
Quha pities us ſuppoſe we pance?
Full oft this mater did I ſkance,
Bot with my ſelf befoir:
I have bene threatnit and forflittin,
Sa oft that I am with it bittin,
Invent a way or it be wittin,
And remedie thairfoir.

Briſilla. Maiſtres, allace for ſik remeid,
That ſik ane purpois ſould proceid,
I wald wiſch rather to be deid,
Nor in that manner matchit:
Quhat aillit ye, parentes, to prepair,
Your childrens deip continuall cair?
Your crewell handes quhy did ye ſpair,
Firſt us to have diſpatchit,

Unnatural

Unnatural fathers now quhairfoir
Wald ye your dochters thus devoir?
For your vane fantaſies far moir,
  Nor onie gude reſpeck:
Is it not doittrie hes yow drevin,
Haiknayis to ſeik for haiſt to heavin?
I trow that all the warld evin,
  Sall at your guckrie geck.

Solace to ſeik them ſelves to ſla,
Ane myre to miſſe thay fall in ma;
Thay get bot greif quhen as thay ga,
  To get thair greiteſt game:
And wee young things tormentit to,
Thair daffing dois us ſwa undo,
Gif thay be wyſe, thair doings lo,
  Will ſignifie the ſame.

Philerno. It profeites not for to compleine,
Let us forſie ourſelves betwene,
How we this perrell may preveine,
  And ſaif us fra thair ſnairis:
Gif that the goddes, as thay weill can,
Wald me transforme intill ane man,
We twa our ſelves ſould marie than,
  And ſaif us fra thair cairis.

Briſilla. Mak yow a man, that is bot mowis,
To think thairon, your greif bot growis,
For that devyſe devill haid it dowis,
  Sen it can never be.
Philerno. Quhy not? gif that with faith we pray,
For oft the goddes, as I hard ſay,
Hes done the lyke, and yit thay may,
  Perchance till us agrie.

That Iphis was a mayd we reid,
And ſwa did for hir prayer ſpeid,

For verie reuth the goddes indeid,
  Transformde hir in ane man:
Pigmaleon's prayer purchaſt lyfe,
Unto his new eburneall wyfe,
Quhais handis had carvit hir with ane knyfe,
  With viſage paill and wan.

Quhy may not now als weill as than,
The goddes convert me in ane man?
The lyke gif that my prayer can,
  I ſurelie will aſſay:—
Maiſt ſecreit goddes celeſtiall!
Ye michtie muifers greit and ſmall,
And heavinlie powers ane and all!
  Maiſt humblie I yow pray.

Luke doun from your impyre abone,
And from your heich triumphant trone,
Till us puir ſaullis ſend ſuccour ſone,
  Of your maiſt ſpeciall grace;
Behald how we puir madynis murne,
For feir and luif how baith we burne,
Thairfoir intill ane man me turne,
  For till eſchew this cace.

Behald our parents hes oppreſt,
And by all dew thair dochters dreſt,
With unmeit matches to moleſt
  Us ſillie ſaullis, ye ſie:
Thairfoir, immortall Goddes of grace!
Grant that our prayeris may tak place,
Convert my kynde, this cairfull cace
  With ſolace to ſupplie.

[*Pleſant.* Ane faith perfumit with fyne folie,
And monie vane word alla-volie,
Thy prayer is not half ſa holie,
  Houſe-lurdane as it ſemis:

Bot all inventit for a wyle,
Thy bed-fallow for to begyle,
The bonie laſſe bot to defyle,
Na dowbilnes that demes.]

Briſilla. Maiſtris, quhat now? methink ye dreme,
Or than to be in ſowne ye ſeime:
Scho lyis als deid, quhat ſall I deime,
Of this unhappie chance?
Scho will not heir me for na cryis,
For plucking on ſcho will not ryis;
Sa lairbair-lyke lo as ſcho lyis,
As raveiſt in a trance.

Philerno. O bliſsfull deitie divyne,
Maiſt happie convent, court and tryne,
That dois your glorious eiris inclyne,
Our prayeris to adheir:
We rander thanks unto yow all,
For heiring us quhen that we call,
And ridding us from bondage thrall,
As plainlie dois appeir.

I am ane man Briſilla, lo!
And with all neceſſaries thairto,
May all that onie man may do,
I ſall gar yow conſidder:
Now ſen the goddis above hes brocht,
This wonderous wark, and hes it wrocht,
And grantit all evin as we ſocht,
Let us be glaid togidder.

Briſilla. Now ſen the gods hes ſuccour ſent,
And done even as we did invent,
My joy! I hartly am content
To do as ye devyſe:
Throw God's decreit my onlie choyſe,
In mutual lufe we ſall rejoyſe,

Our

Our furious fathers baith ſuppoſe,
Thay wald ſkip in the ſkyis.

Philotus. My dow, ſuppois I did delay,
Now cum is our ſweit nuptiall day;
Thairfoir mak haiſt ſwa that we may,
In tyme cum to the kirk.
Philerno. Ga quhen ye liſt, ſir, I am readie.
[Thair is ane gus-heid, for be our ladie,
I was your ſone, and ye my dadie,
[This morning in the mirk.
Miniſter. I dout not bot ye underſtand,
How God is author of this band,
And the actioun that we have in hand,
He did himſelf out ſet:
To that effect all men I meine,
Micht keip thair bodyes puir and cleine,
Fra fornication till abſteine,
And children to beget.
Bot ſen the mater cums athort,
Ilk uther day, I will be ſchort,
And dois the parties baith exhort,
To charitie and luif:
Tak heir this woman for your wyfe,
Keip, luif and cheriſch hir but ſtryfe,
All uther als, terme of your lyfe,
Saif hir ye ſall remuif.
Tak for your ſpous Philotus than,
Obey and luif him as ye can,
Forſaik for him all uther man,
Quhill deith do yow diſſever:
The Lord to ſanctifie and bleſſe yow,
His grace and favour als I wiſch yow,

Let

Let not his luif and mercie miſſe yow,
Bot be with yow for ever.

FLAVIUS' *conjuration.*

O mercie God, how may this be?
Yon is indeid richt Emilie!
In forme of hir a faith I ſie,
Sum devill hes me deſaifit:
I will in haiſt thairfoir gang hame,
Expell yon ſpreit for ſin and ſchame,
And to tell me thy awin richt name,
For God's caus I will craif it.

The croce of God, our Saviour ſweit,
To ſaif and ſave me fra that ſpreit,
That thow na hap have for to meit,
With me in all thy lyfe:
In God's behalf I charge the heir,
That thow ſtraik in my hart na feir,
Bot pas thy way and do na deir,
To neyther man nor wyfe.

Firſt I conjure thé be Sanct Marie,
Be alriſch king and quene of farie,
And be the Trinitie to tarie,
Quhill thow the treuth have taull:
Be Chriſt and his apoſtilles twell,
Be ſanctis of hevin and hewis of hell,
Be auld Sanct Auſtian him ſell,
Be Peter and be Paull.

Be Mathew, Mark, be Luik and Johne,
Be Lethe, Stix, and Acherone,
Be helliſche furies everie one,
Qnhair Pluto is the Prince:

That

That thow depart and do na wonder,
Be lichtning, quhirle wind, hayle nor thunder,
That beaſt nor bodie get na blunder,
Nor harme quhen thow gais hence.

Throw power I charge thé of the Paip,
Thow neyther girne, gowl, glowme, nor gaip,
Lyke anker ſaidell, lyke unſell aip,
Lyke owle nor alriſche elfe:
Lyke fyrie dragon full of feir,
Lyke warwolf, lyon, bull, nor beir,
Bot paſs yow hence as thow come heir,
In lykenes of thy ſelfe.

Emilie. Gude-man, quhat meine ye? ocht bot gude?
Quha hes yow put in ſik ane mude?
Befoir I never underſtude,
The forme of your conjuring.
Flavius. I charge thé yit as of befoir,
Pas hence and troubill me no moir,
Trowis thow to draw me ouir the ſcoir,
Fals feind with thy alluring?

Emilie. Gude-man, quhat miſteris all thir mowis?
As ye war cumbred with the cowis,
Ye ar, I think, lyke Johne of Lowis,
Or ane out of his minde.
Flavius. In God's behalfe I the beſeiche,
Impeſche me not with word nor ſpeiche,
Ill ſpreit, to God I me beteiche,
Fra the and al thy kynde.

Pleſant. Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
The feind reſave the lachters a.
Quhilk is the wyſeſt of us twa,
Man quhidder thow or I?
Flemit fuill, hes thow not tint thy feill,
That takis thy wyfe to be ane deill,

Thow

Thow is far vaineſt I wait weill,
Speir at the ſtanders by.

Flavius. I charge the yit as I have ellis,
Be halie relickis, beidis and bellis,
Be ermeitis that in deſertis dwellis,
Be limitoris and tarlochis:
Be ſweit Sanct Stevin ſtanit to the deid,
And be Sanct Johne his halie heid,
Be Merling, Rymour, and be Beid,
Be witchis and be warlochis.

Be Sanct Maloy, be Moyſes rod,
Be Mahomeit the Turkiſch God,
Be Julian and Sanct Elous nod,
Be Bernard and be Bryde:
Be Michaell that the dragon dang,
Be Gabriell and his auld ſang,
Be Raphaell in tyme of thrang,
That is to be as gyde.

Emilie. My luif, I think it verie lyke,
That ye war licht or lunatyke,
Ye feir, ye fray, ye fidge, ye fyke,
As with a ſpreit poſſeſt:
Quhat is the mater that ye mene?
Quhat garris yow braid? quhair have ye bene?
Quhat aillis yow joy? quhat have ye ſene?
To rage with ſik unreſt.

Flavius. Quhat have I ſene, fals hound of hell?
I trowit quhen I did with thé mell,
Thow was richt Emilie thy ſell,
Not ane incarnate devill:
Bot I richt now with my awin eine,
Richt Emilie have maryit ſeine;
Sa thow mon be ane ſpreit uncleine,
Lord ſaif me fra thy evill.

Be

Be vertew of the Halie Ghaiſt,
Depairt out of myne hous in haiſt,
And God quhais power and micht is maiſt,
Conſerve me fra thy cummer:
Gang hence to hell or to the farie,
With me thow ma na langer tarie,
For quhy? I ſweir thé be Sanct Marie,
Thou's be nane of my nummer.

Philerno. Gar wſche this hous, for it grows lait.
Huſband I have for to debait,
With yow a lytill of eſtait,
Befoir we go to bed:
Sen I am young, and ye ar auld,
My curage kene, and ye bot cauld,
The ane mon to the uther fauld,
A faith befoir we ſched.

Philotus. We wil not for the maiſtrie ſtryve,
We mon grie better and we thryve.
Philerno. Na be my ſaull we' is wit belyve,
Quha gets the upper hand:
Indeid thow ſall beir me a bevell,
For with my neives I ſall thé nevell;
Auld cuſtrone carle, tak thair a revell,
Than do as I command.

Philotus. I ſie it cummis to cuffis the man,
Ile end the play that thow began,
That victorie thow never wan,
That ſall be bocht ſa deir:—
Ha mercie, mercie Emilie,
Tak ye the maiſtrie all for me,
For I ſall at your bidding be,
And ſlay me not, I ſweir.

[*Pleſant.* Wel clappit burd, quhan wil ye kiſſe?
Auld fuill, the feind reſave the miſſe,

Ye

Ye trowit to get ane burd of bliſſe,
To have ane of thir maggies:
Quhat think ye now? how is the cace,
Now ye'ill do'it all, allace, allace,
Now grace and honour on that face,
Quod Robein to the haggies.]

Philerno. Than hecht in haiſt, thairfoir, that thow
Sall readie at my bidding bow,
Quhat ever I do thow ſall allow,
My fanſie to fulfill:
Sa gang I out, ſa cum I in,
Sa gif I waiſt, ſa gif I win,
Quhat ever I do mak ye na din,
Bot let me wirk my will.

Thou may not ſpeir the caus, and quhy,
Quhen that I liſt not with yow ly,
Quhat I thé bid, and thow deny,
We will not weill agrie:
Quhen that I pleis furth to repair,
Speir not the cumpanie, nor quhair:
Content thyſelf, and mak na mair,
I man thy maiſter be.

Philotus. I am content quhen and how ſone,
All till obey that ye injone,
That ye command it man be done,
Thair is nane uther buit.

Philerno. Quhat is your pryce dameſall fair?
Quhat tak ye for a nichtis lair?
Huir. Ye ſall a crown upon me ſpair,
Bot quhom with ſal I do it?
Philerno. Ile get a man, have heir a croun,
Bot be weill ſtrange quhen ye ly doun,

Mak

Mak nyce, and gar the larbair lowne
Beleve ye be a mayd.
Huir. The youngeſt las in all this citie,
Sall byde na mair requeiſt nor treitie,
Ile cry, as I war huirt, for pitie,
Quhen I am with him laid.

Emilie. Now ſen my huſband hes done ſa,
But caus for to put me him fra,
I will unto my father ga,
Befoir his feit to fald.
Father, ſa far I did offend,
That I may not my mis amend,
And am ouir pert for to pretend
Your dochter to be cald.

Alberto. Lament not, let that matter be,
Thy faltis ar buriet all with me.
Betwixt thy huſband now and thee,
Is onie new debait?
Emilie. I knaw of nane, bot he indeid
Hes put me fra him, quhat remeid?
And will na mair ſik foſteris feid,
He ſayis of myne eſtait,

Alberto to Philotus. Quhat is the mater that ye meine,
Againſt all ordour clair and cleine?
Schut hame your wyfe that hes not bene,
Yit fyve dayes in your aucht!
Is this ane pleſant godlie lyfe,
To be in barrace, ſturt and ſtryfe?
The feind ane wald, man, be your wyfe,
Can never ſit in ſaucht.

Philotus. Knew ye the treuth gude-man, I trow,
Hir labour ye ſould not allow.

Luke !—all my face,—behald my brow,
That is baith blak and bla.
Alberto. It may weill be, I can not tell,
That ſcho durſt with that mater mell;
Let hir mak anſwer for hir ſell,
To ſie gif it be ſa.

Dochter, gave I thé this command,
That thow thy huſband ſould ganeſtand,
How durſt thow, huir, him with thy hand,
Put to the point of felling.
Emilie. That war grit wrang ſir, gif ſa bee,
Bot he na huſband is to mee,
Than how could we twa diſagree,
That never had na melling.

Alberto. Na melling miſtris? wil ye than
Deny the mariage of that man,
In face of halie kirk quha can,
This open deid deny?
Emilie. Let reſoun, ſir, with yow prevaill,
Condemne me not firſt in the faill,
Befoir that ye have hard my taill,
The treuth ſyne may ye try.

Now this is all that I wald ſay,
That Flavius tuke me away,
About a moneth and a day,
Dreſt in a varlet's weid:
With quhome I have bene ever ſtill,
Ane uther Emilie ay and quhill,
He ſaw yow give Philotus till;
And than in verie deid,

Supponing me ane devill of hell,
With crewell conjuratiounes fell,
Did me out of his hous expell,
As with a bogill bazed:

As

As ane out of his mynde or marrit,
He hes me of his hous debarrit.
I can not tell quhat hes him ſkarrit,
Or hes the man amazed.

Alberto. This purpois, goſſe, appeirs to me
Sa wonder nyce and ſtrange to be,
That we to wit the veritie,
For Flavius man ſend;
Sir, gif ye could declair us now,
How lang this woman was with yow,
And all the maner quhen and how,
We wald richt glaidlie kend.

Flavius. Sa far, Alberto, as I knaw,
I ſall the ſuith unto you ſchaw.
Quhen I your douchters bewtie ſaw,
I offerit hir gude-will:
Accepting than the promiſe maid,
Cled lyke a boy, but mair abaid,
Fra yow diſſaitfullie ſcho ſlaid,
And come myne houſe untill;

Quhair I hir keipit as my wyfe,
Tret, luifit and chereiſt hir for lyfe,
Quhill efterward fell out ane ſtryfe,
Thir maters all amang:
For plainlie in the kirk I ſaw,
This man became your ſone in law;
I did thairfoir perfytly knaw,
My Emilie was wrang.

And that ſome ſpreit hir ſchaip had tane,
Sen Emilies thair was bot ane,
I thairfoir to that ghaiſt have gane,
Conjuring hir my ſell:
And fra my hous expellit hir to.
This woman ſeimis for to be ſcho,

Senſyne I had na mair ado,
With that fals feind of hell.

Philotus. Now, Flavius, I wait richt weill,
Sen ane of them man be a deill,
My maiglit face maks me to feill,
That myne man be the ſame:
For quhy richt Emilie is youris,
And that incarnate devill is ouris.
I gat, ye may ſie be my clouris,
A deill unto my dame.

Philerno. Heir I am cum to red the ſtryfe,
For I am neyther deill nor wyfe,
Bot am ane young man, be my lyfe,
Your ſone, ſir, and your air;
Quhome ye for Emilie haif tane,
And wald not, ſirs, let me alane,
Quhill ye ſaw quhat gait it is gane,
I can tell yow na mair.

Philotus. A man, allace! and harmiſay!
That with my only dochter lay,
Syne dang my ſell: quhat ſall I ſay
Of this unhappie chance?
Have I not maid a berrie block,
That hes for Jennie maryit Jock?
That movit my dochter for a mock.
The devill be at the dance.

Allace, I am for ever ſchamit,
To be thus in my eild defamit,
My dochter is not to be blamit,
For I had all the wyte:
Auld men is twyſe bairnis, I perſaif,
The wyſeſt will in wowing raif,
I for my labour with the laif,
Am drivin to this diſpyte.

Alberto.

Alberto. Gude goſſe, your wraith to pacifie,
Sen that thair may na better be,
I am content my ſone that he
Sall with your dochter marie.
Philerno. I am content with hart and will,
This mariage father to fulfill,
Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
Or yit his weird to warie.

Flavius. Be frolick Flavius and faine,
To get thy Emilie againe.
To deme, my dow, was I not vaine,
That thow had bene a ſpreit?
Now ſen I am fred fra that feir,
And vaine illuſioun did appeir,
Welcum, my darling, and my deir,
My ſucker and my ſweit.

Gude ſirs, quhat is thair mair ado!
Ilk youth his lufe hes gotten lo!
Let us thairfoir go quicklie to,
And marie with our maitis:
Let us foure lufers now rejoyſe,
Ilk ane for to injoy his choyſe;
Ane meiter matche nor ane of thoſe,
For tender young eſtaitis.

Let us all foure now with ane ſang,
With mirth and melodie amang,
Give gloir to God that in this thrang,
Hes bene all our releif:
That hes fra thraldome ſet us frie,
And hes us placit in ſik degrie,
Ilk ane as he wald wiſch to be,
With glaidnes for his greif.

Ane

Ane Sang of the Foure Lufearis.

Were Jacob's ſones mair joyfull for to ſe
The waltring wawes King Pharaoh's oiſt confound?
Was Iſrael mair glaid in hart to be,
Fred from all feir, befoir in bondage bound?
Quhen God them brocht from the Egiptian ground?
Was Mordocheus merier nor we,
Quhen Artaxerxes alterit his decrie?

Was greiter glaidnes in the land of Greice,
Quhen Jaſon come from Colchos hame agane,
And conqueiſt had the famous golden fleis,
With labour lang, with perrell and with pane?
The father Æzon was not half ſa faine,
To ſie his ſone returning with ſik gloir,
As we, quhais myndis ar ſatisfyit, and moir.

Gif onie joy into this earth belaw,
Or warldlie pleſour reput be perfyte,
Quhat greiter ſolace ſall ye to me ſhaw,
Nor till injoy your hartis all haill delyte?
To have your lufe and luſtie ladie quhyte,
In quhome ye may baith nicht and day rejoyſe:
In quhome ye may your pleſures all repoſe.

Let us, thairfoir, ſen evin as we wald wiſſe,
Reciprocklie with leill and mutuall lufe,
As fleitand in the ſludes of joy and bliſſe,
With ſolace ſing and ſorrowes all remufe.
Let us the fructes of preſent pleſour prufe,
In recompence of all our former pane,
And miſerie, quhairin we did remane.

Philotus. Bot now advert gude bretherin all about,
That of my labour hes the ſucces ſeine:
Ye that hes hard this haill diſcourſe throw out,
May knaw how far that I abuſit have bene.
I grant indeid thair will na man me meine,

For;

For I my ſelf am author of my greif,
That by my calling ſould be caryit cleine,
With youthlie toyis unto ſa greit miſcheif.

Gif I had weyit my gravitie and age,
Rememberit als my firſt and auncient ſait,
I had not ſowmit in ſik unkyndlie rage,
For to diſgrace mine honour and eſtait,
Quhat had I bocht bot to my ſelf debait,
Suppois the mater had cum than as I meinit:
Nay my repentance is not half ſa lait,
As I had gotin the thing quhairfoir I greinit.

For thocht my folie did the Lord offend,
Yit my gude God hes wrocht all for the beſt;
And this rebuik hes thairfoir to me ſend,
All ſik inordinate doings to deteſt.
Quhilk ſweit rebuik I reckin with the reſt,
From fatherlie affection to proceid,
That uthers with lyke paſſiouns poſſeſt,
May leirne be my exampill to tak heid.

Sen age, thairfoir, ſuld governit be with ſkill,
Let countenance accord with your gray hairis;
Ye auncients all, let reſoun rewll your will,
Subdew your ſenſis till eſchew thir ſnairis.
Gif ye wald not incombred be with cairis,
Be maiſter over your awin affections haill:
For hailillie the praiſe is onlie thairs,
That may againſt ſik paſſions prevaill.

The Meſſinger.

Gude ſirs, now have ye hard and ſene this ferſe,
Unworthie of your audience I grant,
Unformallie ſet out in vulgar verſe,
Of waillit out words and leirnit leid bot ſkant.
The courteours that princes hallis do hant,
I wait will never for my rudenes ruſe me:

Yit

Yit my gude-will for to ſupplie the want,
I hope ſall of your courteſies excuſe me.

For paſſing well I have imployit my panis
Swa that ye can be with the ſame content:
For dew regaird gude acceptiounis gaines,
And parties pleiſit dois mak the tyme wel ſpent.
Gif God had greiter leirning to me lent,
Iſuld have ſchawin the ſame with als gude will;
Wyte ignorance that I did not invent,
Ane ferſe that micht your fantaſies fulfill.

Laſt ſirs, now let us pray with ane accord;
For to preſerve the perſoun of our king:
Accounting ay this gift as of the Lord,
Ane prudent Prince above us for to ring.
Than gloir to God, and prayſis let us ſing,
The Father, Sone, and Halie Gaiſt our gyde,
Of his mercies us to conduct and bring,
To hevin for ay in pleſoures to abyde.

A BALLAT MADE ON JONET REID, JEAN VIOLET, AND ANNA WHYT, TAVERNERS.

By SEMPLE.

I.

Of collours cleir, quha lykes to weir,
Are ſindry ſorts into this toun;
Grene, yellow, blew, and mony hew,
Bayth Pareis blak, and Inglis broun;
Braw Londoun ſky, quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
And Dundé gray, this mony a day,
Is lichtlyt baith be lad and loun.

II.

But ſtanch my fyking, and ſtryd my lyking,
Are ſeimly hews for ſimmer play;
Din dipt in yallow for mony gude fallow,
As Will of Quhyt-hauch bad me ſay;
I will not deny it till nane that will by it,
For ſilver nane ſall be ſaid nay:
Ye neid not to plenyie, my claith will not ſtenyie,
Suppoſe ye weit it nycht and day.

III.

And I have Quhyt of great delyt,
And Violet quha lykes to weir,
Weil wearand Reid quhill ye be deid;
Quhilk ſall not failyie, tak ye no feir.
The Quhyt is gude, and richt weil lued,
But yit the Reid is twyiſs als deir:
The Violet ſyne, baith freſche and fyne,
Sall ſerve yow hoſeing for a yeir.

IV.

The Quhyt is teuch, and freſche aneuch,
Saft as the ſilk, as all men ſeis.
The Reid is bony, and ſocht of mony;
They hyve about the houſe lyke beis.
My Violet to, gif ye have ado,
It meitis lyk ſtemmyne to your theis;
Sure be my witting not brunt in the litting,
Suppois baith lads and limmers leis.

V.

Of thir thrie hews I haif left clews,
To be our court-men winter weid,
Weill twynt and ſmal, the beſt of them all
May weir the claith for woul and threid;
But in the wawk-mill, the wedder is ill;
Thir are nocht drying days indeid;—
And gif it be wat, I hecht for that,
It tuggs in holes, and gais abreid.

VI.

Yit its weil walkit, cardit and calkit,
As warm a weid as weir-the-deule,
Weil wrocht in the luimis, with wobſters guimis,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the ſpule;
Cottond and ſhorn, the mair it be worn,
Ye find your ſell the greater ſule;
But bony forſuith, cum byit in my buith,
To mak ye garmentis againe yule.

VII.

Thir mixt togither, your ſelf may conſider,
Quhat fyner cullour can be fund,
And namely for breikis, gif ony man ſeikis,
Sall haif the pair ay for a pund:
Howbeit it be ſkant, na wowars ſall want,
That to my bidding will be bund.
Weil may they bruik it, they neid not to luik it,
But grape it mirklyns be the grund.

VIII.

VIII.

Your court-men heir, has made my claith deir,
And raiſd it twell-pennies of the ell,
Yit is my claith ſouver, beſt ſadles to couver,
Suppoſe the Seſſion ryd themſell.
The Violet certain, was maid at Dumbertain;
The Reid was walkit at Dunkell:
The Quhyt has bein dicht in mony mirk nicht,
But tyme and place I cannot tell.

IX.

Now gif ye work wyſlie, and ſhape it precyſlie;
The ellwand wald be grit and lang,
Gif the byeſs be wyde, gar lay it on ſyde;
And ſa ye cannot weil gae wrang.
And for the lang leſt, it wald be ſchewd faſt,
And care not by how deip ye gang;
But want ye quhyt threid, ye can nocht cum ſpeid,
Black walloway maun be your ſang.

X.

And thocht it be auld, and twenty tymes ſawld,
Yit will the freprie mak ye fain,
With ulis to renew it, and mak it weil hewit,
And gar it glans lyk Dunmy grain;
Syne with the ſleik ſtanis that ſervis for the nanis,
They raiſe the pyle I mak yow plain:
With mony braid aith, we ſell this ſame claith,
To gar the buyers cum again.

XI.

Now is my wob wrocht, and arlit to be bocht,
Cum lay the payment in my hand;
And gif my claith felyie, ye pay not a melyie;
The wob ſall be at your command.
The market is thrang, and will not laſt lang;
They buy faſt in the Border land;
Abeit I haif tinſel, yit maun I tak hanſell,
To pay my buith-mail and my ſtand.

XII.

XII.

My claith wald be lude, be great men of gude,
Gif lads and lownis wald let me be;
Yit maun I excuſe them, how can I refuſe them,
Sen all mens penny maks him frie?
The beſt and the gay ot, my ſelf tuke a ſey ot,
A wylie-coat I will nocht lie,
Quhilk did me no harm, but held my coſt warm,
A ſymple merchant ye may ſee.

XIII.

This far to relieve me, that na man reprieve me,
In Jedbrugh at the Juſtice air,
This ſang of thrie laſſes was made abune glaſſes,
That tyme that they wer tapſters thair.
The firſt was ane Quhyte, a laſs of delyte;
The Violet baith gude and fair;
Keip the Reid frae ſkaith, ſcho is worth them baith;
Sa to be ſhort I ſay na mair.

This poem and the following are printed from the *Evergreen*, collated with the originals in the *Bannatyne MS.* and have the appearance of being the lateſt genuine productions in the hand-writing of Bannatyne which are to be found in that Collection. Probably there is not a year of difference between the period of their compoſition and that of *Philotus*; and I have not a doubt that the ſame Robert Semple was the author of all the three. They are not only extremely ſimilar to one another, but totally different from any other productions of that age.

THE

THE FLEMING BERGE.

By the Same.

I.

I HAIF a littil Fleming berge
Of cleanly wark, and ſcho is wicht.
Quhat pylot takis my ſchip in charge,
Maun hald her clynly, trim and ticht :
Sé that hir hatches be handlit richt,
With ſteir burd, baburd, luf and lie ;
Scho will ſail all the winter nicht,
And nevir tak a telyevie.

II.

With even keil afore the wind,
Scho is richt fairdy with a ſail,
But at a lufe ſcho lyis behind.
Gar heis her quhile her howbands ſkail ;
Draw weil the takle to her tail ;
Scho will not miſs to lay the maſt.
To pomp as oft as ye may ſail,
Yeill nevir hald her watter-faſt.

III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,
And talloun quhair the flude-mark flows ;
But gif ſcho lekks, get men of ſkill
To ſtop hir hoiles laich in the howis :
For faut of hemp, tak hary towis,
And ſtane-ballaſt withouten uddir ;
In moonleſs nichts it is na mowis,
Except ane ſtout man ſteir the rudder.

IV.

IV.

A fair veſſell abune the watter,
And is but laitly reikit too,
Quhairto till deave ye with tume clatter,
Are nane ſic in the flot as ſcho:
Plum weil the grund, quhat eir ye do,
Hail on the fok-ſheit and the blind;
Scho will tak in at cap and ko,
Without ſcho balaſt be behind.

V.

Nae pedders pak ſcho will refuſe,
Altho' her travel ſcho ſuld tyne;
Na cuckold carle or carlings pet,
That dois thair corn and cattle tryn.
Bot quhere ſcho finds a fallow fyne,
He will be fraught frie for a fowſe;
Scho carrys nocht but men and wyne,
And bulion to the cunyie-houſe.

VI.

For merchand men I may haif mony,
But nane ſic as I wald deſyre;
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my matter in the myre:
That man that wirks beſt for his hyre,
Its he ſall be my marriner,
But nicht and day maun he na tyre
That ſails my bonny ballenger.

VII.

For anker-hald nane can be fund;
I pray you caſt the leid-lyne out,
And gif ye cannot get the grund,
Steir be the compaſs, and keep her rout:
Syne treveis ſtill, and lay about,
And gar her top twiche wind and waw,
Quhair anker dryves, there is na dout
Thir tripand tyddes may tyne us a.

VIII.

Now is my pretty pinneys ready,
Abydand on ſum merchand block;
But be ſcho empty, be our lady,
Scho will be kitle of her dok:
Scho will reſſaif na landwart Jok,
Thocht he wald fraught her for a crown:
Thus fair ye weil, ſays gude John Cok,
Ane noble telyeour in this toun.

There is one poem more in the Evergreen (from the Bann. MS.) by *Semple*; but, being of a temporary nature, and rather indecorus, it is not adapted for republication. In expoſtulating with the Magiſtrates of Edinburgh on account of ſome harſh meaſures which they had adopted againſt a Mrs Griſſel Sandilands and her frail family, in whoſe company one of the Proteſtant Clergy had been diſcovered, Semple introduces the names of ſome diſtinguiſhed characters of the time:

Quhen finding no man in the houſe neir hand hir,
Except a clerk of godly converſation.
Quhat gif beſyde *John Duries* ſelf ye ſand hir,
Dar ye ſuſpect the haly CONGREGATION?
As for the reſt, I knaw not thair vocation,
Thair lyſe and manners; but I heir folk name them
Catholick virgins of the Congregation,
Synn were to tyne them, if ye could obtein them.
Micht they win to the girth, I tak nae feir,
Doun by the Canno-Croce I pray you ſend them,
Where *Bannatyn* has promiſt to compeir,
i th lawful reaſon ready to defend them.
Your partial Juge we may declyne him to,
But ſet me doun the parſon *Pennycuik*,
Or *Sanders Guthrie*—ſee quhat he can do:
He kens the law, and keips your ain court-buke.
For men of law, I wait not quhair to luke:
James Bannatyne was anes a man of skill;
And gif he comes not there, I wiſh we tuke,
To keip our dyet, Mes *David Makgill*.
The greateſt greif I find, ye haif defamed
Thir luvers leil, and done thair freinds but lack,
Becauſe thair bands were juſt to be proclaimed,
Partys had met, and made a fair contrack.

But now alas the men are loppen back,
For open ſklander callit a ſpeikand deil,
In grit affairs ye had not bein ſae ſnack,
About the ruling of the Common-weil.

No other poems of Semple have fallen in my way; but it is more than probable that he was the author of the following, mentioned by Ames:

The Regentis Tragedie, (17 nine-line ſtanzas,) Quod Robert Sempil 1570.

The Biſchopis Lyfe and Teſtament, Quod Sempil 1571 (four leaves.)

My Lord Methvenis Tragedie, (24 nine-line ſtanzas,) Quod Sempil 1572.

The Sege of the Caſtle of Edinburgh 1573, (7 leaves in nine-line ſtanzas,) Quod Sempil.

Here it may be remarked, that after the year 1570, the ſignature is changed from *Robert Sempil* to *Sempil* ſingly; i. e. The Head of the clan; or, *Lord Sempil*.

The account of *Semple* is given by Dempſter in the following words: "*Semple* claro nomine poeta, cui patrius ſermo tantum debet, ut nulli plus debere eruditi fateantur; felix in eo calor, temperatum judicium, rara inventio, dictio pura ac candida, quibus dotibus Regi Jacobo chariſſimus fuit. Scripſit *Carmina amatoria* ut Propertii ſanguinem, Tibulli lac, Ovidii mel, Callimachi ſudorem æquaſſe pleriſque doctis videatur. Obiit anno 1595." Douglas (Peerage) ſays Lord Semple, died in 1611. As Dempſter, when he publiſhed his book (1627) had for many years lived at a diſtance from his native country, it is very poſſible that he might be miſtaken as to the date.

Apparently, towards the end of this century was publiſhed, or at leaſt compoſed, a long poem (about 1000 lines) on the abſurdities of Popery, by Sir James Semple of Beltrees, couſin-german probably to Robert Lord Semple, the ſuppoſed author of Philotus. It is entitled, The *Packman's Pater-noſter*, or a conference between a Pedler and a Prieſt. To readers of polemical controverſy, this rare performance is well calculated to afford amuſement, the ſubject being diſcuſſed with a conſiderable ſhare of naiveté as well as force of argument; but it is by no means ſuitable to the plan of this compilation. Of this the reader will be fully ſatisfied by the following ſonnet, which the author introduces into the text as the production of a friend: (on the margin, *Alexander Semple.*)

Why ſhould prophane proud Papiſts thus preſume
To ſay their Pope to Peter doth ſucceed?
Read we that Peter (if he was at Rome)
Rode rob'd with triple crowns upon his head?
Pray'd ever Peter for the ſouls of dead?
Or granted pardon for the greateſt ſin?

How

How many Nunces note we he did need
Through all the nations that his name was in ?
How many Friers had Peter, can we find,
In ſundry ſorts ſo ſhaven, with a ſhame ?
Was ever Peter ſo blaſphemous blind,
As to take Holineſs unto his name ?
The Pope ſucceeds to Peter in no caſe,
But in denial, and in no divine place.

From a paſſage in the Dialogue ſuperſcribed R. S. (probably denoting Robert, the ſon of Sir James Semple,) we are enabled to aſcertain that the compoſition cannot be of higher antiquity than that which has been aſſigned to it ;

When this life ends, my ghoſt ſhall go to glory :
Pox on your pre-ſuppoſed Purgatory,
Infantum limbus, and your *Limbus Patrum*,
Where out none comes but by the *preces fratrum*.
To make your ſayings ſure, you cite the ſcripture,
But falſely formed with a ragged rupture ;
Of which, if ye would ſurely have a ſcent,
Read *Cartwright* againſt Rhemes New Teſtament ;
The which to prove, how little they prevail,
Read *Doctor Morton's* " Proteſtant Appeal."

Robert, the ſon (it is ſaid) of Sir James Semple, wrote " The Piper of Kilbarchan, or the Epitaph on Habbie Simſon." And Francis, the ſon of this Robert, compoſed ſeveral panegyrics on James II. while Duke of York and Albany, The Baniſhment of Poverty, with various other poems, which ſtill are extant in manuſcript.

NICOL BURNE.

In the year 1581 *was publiſhed at Paris,* "The Diſ-
"putation of Nicol Burne, *profeſſor of philoſophy in*
"*St. Leonard's college, St. Andrews, with certain mi-*
"*niſters of the reformed religion in Scotland,* 1580."—
From Burne's *preface to this work, we learn that he was educated according to the Proteſtant faith, but afterwards, from conviction, returned to the holy Catholic Church, and in the year* 1580 *gave no ſmall trouble to the proteſtant clergy, by repeatedly challenging them to public diſputation concerning their new tenets. To avoid this, they* "*proceidit againis me* (*ſays* Burne) *with excommunication, and procurit letters of caption, quhairby I was wairdit firſt in the caſtel of* St. *Androis, and nixt in the tolbuith of Edinburgh fra the* 14*th of October* 1580, *to the penult of Januar, when they procurit my unnatural baniſchment: and, to bring me in farder contempt, they have ſpred the brute throuch the popularis that, in ſome conferences quhilk I had with them in the preſane, they wer altogidder victorious. I haif thairfor breiflie collectit my hail diſcours with the miniſters,* (T. Smeton, Andrew Melvine, &c.) *and now publiſch the ſame, quhairby thair maiſt pernicious doctryne may planelie be perſavit to be the caus of the tynſal of monie thouſand ſaulis in his Majeſties realm."*

From this volume of theological diſputation is extracted the following performance; which, to thoſe who ſearch for curioſities rather than for poetry, may probably afford ſome gratification.

ANE

ANE ADMONITION TO THE ANTICHRISTIAN MINISTERS IN THE DEFORMIT KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus. 1581.

TO THE LOVING REIDER.

GIF pacience with confidence of God hes had rewaird,
Gif reverence, obedience, be giftis notabil,
With reason, but treason, humilitie be stabil,
To Catholic, Apostolik, the victor is declaird.

Gif perjurie and traitorie be vyces venemous,
Gif sclander can rander his maister recompence,
The Protestant sa molestant be all intelligence,
For hy-ire the fy-ire sal get of Cerberus.

ADIEU.

---

1. To you Ministers, and Prelattis of perdition,
This schedul schort I do direct in plane,
Sen violentlie ye have fruition,
Of that gude spous quhilk man cum hame agane.
My counsall is, ye think hir bot a lane,
I mean the Kirk of Christ, our Preist and King;
Quha for your theft I traist salbe your bane,
That Sathan for your saull may dergie sing,

2. Quha has sa mony saulis in error brocht,
To you convoy to Hel, that kindome dark,
Sen miserable slavis lyk you has ever socht,
To be accumpaneit in all thair evill wark.

Sa

Sa did our Lord the reprobat ay mark,
As members of ſedition and ſtryf,
That maiſters of ane evil ſteik of wark,
Sould ay deteſt the godlie upricht lyf.

3. For ſen the tyme that fals apoſtat preiſt,
Ennemie to Chriſt, and mannis ſalvation,
Your Maiſter KNOX, that wicked venemous beiſt,
Was chaiſſit from the Engliſh nation,
And com to you to preiche abhomination
In Scotland, ſum tyme realme of renoun,
Extreme hes bene that deſolation,
Ye have ſuſtenit in citie, tour, and toun.

4. The Lord behaldis your knaverie grit and ſmall,
Your doctrine and your lyvis vicious;
As of his ſanctuarie ye brak the wall
Lymmers violent, fals and ſeditious!
Sic peſtis war never ſend pernicious
Be God our Lord to Pharao the King,
As you, quhom damnit Sathan Cerberus
Hes placit ouer Chriſtianis to ring.

5. Sik man, ſik maiſter, as is ſaid,
Sik trie, ſik fructe al tyme we ſé;
And as your maiſter's grund is laid,
Lyk do the wallis and byging be:
Father of leyis, ſtryf and iniquitie,
Tentation, blaſphemie, thift, and all the lave,
Sik childrene hes he procreat to be
Duollaris into his Babilon Geneve.

6. That chyre of Antichriſt and deſolation,
That hure of Babylon, and Prince of Atheiſme,
That coup of poiſon for monie realme and nation,
Blaſphemand Chriſt, levand in Barbariſme;
Counſall that foſteris hereſie and ſciſme,
Witchecraft, adulterie, and may, gif ye will crave,

With

With all the properties of Sathannis dragoniſme,
Place for the Antichriſt in ſpeciall is Geneve.

7. Mony be foſterit under this huris band,
Divers in maners, doctrine and condition,
Warkmen to Nemrod, quha thocht to reich his hand
Heich to the heavins to have fruition.
Ane tour he beildit for tuition,
From the deluge of walter him to ſave:
Nemrod is Luther, ſone of perdition,
That Romane Antichriſt blaſphemous knave.

8. Thus did proceid pryd and preſumption,
This wark attemptit contrar the michtie Lord,
As Nemrod was ane man of gret ambition,
The halie writ expreslie makis record.
Bot quhen, as he in place to have adord
His God and makar quha ſtrenth unto him gave,
Began to big that tour, a thing abhord,
As may be callit the Babilon Geneve.

9. Then God, for juſt revenge of that thair pryd,
Diverſitie of tungis unto thame ſent,
And unto dyvers cuntreis pat aſyd
The warkmen of that monſtreous intent,
Quhilk the poſteritie juſtlie may repent.
The unitie of ſpeiche was then diſſolvit,
Nane underſtude quhat another ment,
With confuſion ſua was al thing involvit.

10. Sua quhen your maiſter Lucifer the Devil,
Be you his kingdome planelie had erectit,
Detractand Chriſt reddie to all evill,
Cofferit within you for feir to be ſuſpectit.
God has your tungis and myndis ſa far dejectit,
As now dois witnes your warkis and writtingis haill,
With contradictions and leſingis haill infectit;
Prophane Proteſtantis! lament, murne and bewail.

11. Eſtir

11. Eftir that Sathan his horne begoud to blaw
In divers nations of Chriſtianitie,
To rais his kingdome tentation did ſaw,
Into the hairtis of men in all degrie ;
Firſt to blaſpheme the name of God ſo hie,
Next of his Sone from death that did us ſave,
And then all ſanctis with his mother Marie,
As planelie teſtefeis that Babilon Geneve.

12. Bot yit, quha wald of Scotland knaw the ſtait,
Ay ſen the yeir of God three ſcore and ane,
In place of prayer, it did embrace debait,
So Sathan led men ſteidfaſt be the mane.
That nather Lord nor Knicht he lute alane,
Except his coup war wachtit out alway,
Seaſonit with blaſpheme, ſacrilige diſdayne,
All godlie lyf and cheritie to ſlay.

13. Attour that ſerpent of your Deformation,
In everie toun and citie he arryvit ;
Realme, kingdome, cuntrie and nation,
With all his micht and force ay ſtill he ſtryvit,
That lauchfull paſtors of the Kirk ſould be depryvit,
And ſacrifice of the altar eik aboleiſt.
This is your Antichriſt be St. Johne deſcryvit,
Blaſphemand Chriſt our king, prophet and preiſt.

14. Denyand ſcriptures plane, and places gude,
Buikis, volumes, and propheceis ſo trew,
Maiſt plane Evangellis quhilk ar our ſaulis fude,
Written in the auld, and eik the Teſtament new.
Thus Sathan in your knaviſh luggis blew,
Still to deny all treuth and veritie,
Sua that amang ye ſalbe fund richt few
Bot ar infectit with devliſh blaſphemie.

15. Quhairfore, ſen now thir thingis be manifeſt,
And tyme requyris amendment of miſſis,

Your

Your devliſh hereſie at all tyme can not leſt,
Bot as God lovis his flock, ſa he thame bliſſis.
Lykwyſe, the wiſdome of the Halie ſpreit ay wiſhes
That Chriſtianis of the Kirk ſould have remeid.
Ga hence then, lounis ! the laich way in Abyſſis,
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

16. Sen for loun *Willox* to be your crounal ſtrang,
Quhais heid and ſchoulders ar of bouk aneuch,
That was in Scotland vyreenin you amang,
Quhen as he drave, and *Knox* held ſteve the pleuch,
And *Methven* ſew adulterie ſa teuch,
Behind thair heillis in fornication yeid ;
Row cuſte the uſurie hard be the beuch :
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

17. *Gudman* his brother and ſecretar man be,
To regiſter his preichingis of ſedition ;
Practeces and propheceis of nicromancie.
Craig, that apoſtat, hes intuition ;
Venom and poiſon will furneis *Chryſteſon* ;
The laſs he reveiſt at Berne, I have not leid.
Makbrair, of wyvis fyve hes had fruition,
And *Blakwood* four, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

18. Sua that ane metar man, in my opinioun,
Cannot be fund œconomus to be ;
Na metar cuik, nor *Lurie* that fed loun,
Chryſteſon your trumpetour blawis loud and hie ;
His boſs bellie, ramforſit with creiſch and lie,
Will ſerve to be a gabion in neid ;
His heid a bullat with pouldre ſar to flie ;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

19. And, that ye want na paſtyme be the way,
Melvene can play the fule, as ye weil knaw.
Cairnis will rin wod, and *Brog* wil go aſtray ;
Kinnear, I geſs, to fling will ſtand na aw ;

Davidſon

Davidſon your poet, that ſkipper crous can craw,
Swa that he knaw the jurnay to ſucceid.
Leyn, the fals preiſt, wil ſing baſe to *Blakha* ;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

20. *Blak* and *Caboune*, I trow wald follow ſone,
Sincere vagabundis, and outlawis Suthorne ſworne,
With ſindrie uthers quha can not fal in tone,
Divers in maners, unhappy, fals, forlorne.
Thir may your ſchone and buittis mak clene at morne,
Thair ſleikit tungis ar ſwa weil creiſchit indeid,
Better gudgettis ar not of Scotland borne ;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

21. Bot, or ye fecht for offecis in band,
I man of force place ane afore another.
Amang the firſt I favour flattering *Brand*,
Nixt menn be *Craig* apoſtat, paillard brother,
I can not mark twa meater of the futher.
Brand ſalbe furriour to mark you be the heid ;
Craig, thow art clerk, I can not find another
To preache poiſon for the trew ſaulis remeid.

22. *Smeton*, the baner to thé I gif in gyding,
Thow hes the thunder ſubtile ſatanical,
To gar thame brek thair nekkis alreddie ſlyding,
Thow hes refuſit God, his Kirk and all ;
Tentation, licherie, libertie have maid thé fall.
Thow hes blaſphemit our prophet, preiſt and heid,
O filthie tegre Babylonical,
Diſplay thy baner, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

23. Under the ſchadow let *Louſon* fut it ſteve,
Scurgear of Chriſt, quhilk is ane odius thing ;
Tormenting and burning of the puir may preve,
For almous craving his cheritie gart ding.
Smeton, thow grantis the kirk this day to rigne ;
Louſon the ſame inviſible wil pleid,

He

He is thy fallow fals, veper maligné;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

24. *Watſon*, the monk, unthriftie campion,
And gif he tyre, *Weymis* may capitane be.
I wil not ſay bot braggard *Forguſon*,
With halflang ſword ſould clame to this degree.
The firſt is mutilat in the hand ye ſé;
The uther fed of bellie, erſs and heid.
The edge of ſword for commentar ſervis thé;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

25. Sen *Durie* cuikis, it may ſtouk thé ful weil,
The fyre to by and ſcudle diſchés clene.
Baith at a ſcule inſpyrit with the deil,
Your tungis ſedicious and fals hes ſcourit bene.
Your equal ſtoutnes is manifeſtlie ſene,
Furie with dag, and murrion on heid,
Thou with thy ſcripture callit halflang I wene,
The pepperit beif can tailye be the threid.

26. Syn for you vanitie in contradiction,
Sa man you advocattis and men of law be hyrit.
To pleid the caus and wecht of your opinion,
Tak *Schairp* and *Leſlie*, twa wyſe men weil inſpyrit.
Leſlie to cum from lawis to you he fyrit,
Scharp from you went to the lawis for neid;
As he was wyſe, the other planely ſkyrit,
Gar paint thair baigis; to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

27. And gif ye fear betraying of thame baith,
As may befal in mater of ſik cace,
Kilpont I traiſt will lat you tak na ſkaith,
Bot ſtrang and ſteidfaſt aganis the hill wald brace.
Unles his leggis war ſair, ſing ye Allace,
He has the lawis and ſcripture baith for neid.
Temporal Juge, and prechour double face,
Your meit ambaſſad for Sathan I conceid.

28. Tak *Paterſon* your victuallis hail to keip,
That lordlie loun and ſone of Italie:
Blakburne man have the pryd unles he weip;
Falſet I gif to *Glaſs* and *Thom Mak-ghé*.
Sould not the *Melvene*, firris, exaltit be?
Sa weil the way he kennis, and can you leid,
Scripture perqueir he hes ſiniſtrouſlie.
Follow your gyde, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

29. Bot yit ye want your trunſcheman be the way,
That man be wyſe and ſubtile lyk a tod.
The meiteſt man for this office, I ſay,
Is *Adamſon*, inconſtant heatar of God.
He is at hame, and hes bene ſua abrod;
Ye knaw his laſt confeſſion maid you anger,
Diſcord amang you to mak your evins od,
For gif ye ſuffer, he will grow daylie ſtranger.

30. I gif you als, to be the diſpenſature,
Of your unthriftie waiges as thay follow,
Cunninghame, Biſhop, that drunken blaſphemature,
For he ſubſcryvit ye knaw: he can not hallow
Except it be his cop, to ſup and ſwallow.
Gif ye proceid to excommunication,
Foryet not *Boyd* of Glaſgow was his fallow;
Thai thrie intendit to baneis you the nation.

31. *Vynrame*, the loun, he may not be forgottin,
Quha levis quhill God a vengeance on him ſend;
He knew the veritie menſworne, fals and forloppin.
Dunkeſon, the knave, wil neuer amend;
Bot yit, gude Lord, quha anis thy name hes kend,
May, or thay de, find for thair ſaulis remeid.
With thy elect *Arbuthnot* I commend,
Althocht the lave to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

32. *Balcanqual* ſalbe corporal firſt in place,
Denyand plane St. Peter was in Rome,

As

As he has ſaid into the Kingis face,
His Majeſtie be you had onlie kingdome,
Planelie denuncit the tinſel of his fredome,
Lyk as *Balquhannan* with his buke him fleid.
The ſecund place hes litil *David Home*.
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

33. The bangiſter *Hayis* ſalbe the uther tway,
Ane is the tyrane, the uther fals, I wis;
Dalgleiſh the cowart may ga behind and ſay,
He may cum on the bakwart band to blis.
Lyndeſay of Leith, tak thou thy pairt of this,
Bennet bot "manhude" may be the hand the leid,
Denyit plane the laſs that he could kiſs,
With *Michel* als quha wranguſlie haith leid.

34. *Symſon* of Dumbar, quhat ſall I ſay of thé!
I knaw thow waittis Lieutenentis place to have;
I grant thy wiſdome ſoleid for to be,
As *Kellochis* dreame bearis witnes ouer the lave.
Sa may thow baldlie ane hear place cum crave,
War not thow ſeis full ill the band to leid;
The leſs experience hes thow thy flock to ſave;
Kilt up thy connie, to Geneve haiſt with ſpeid.

35. The uther number of the Congregation,
Redaris, exhortaris, or quhatſumeuer thay be,
That levis this day into the Scottis nation,
Let thame prepare, and hie thame haiſtilie.
With bag and baggage pak up richt ſuddanlie,
Memoriallis, writtingis, letteris, neidil and threid,
For now thair glaſs is run, as ye may ſé,
Swa that of force to Geneve man thay ſpeid.

36. Now for your wage, that ye may byt and gnaw,
For every day I mak you aſſignation,
To tak the curſe and vengeance I can ſchaw,
Of infenit people into that nation

That

That cryis to heavin: Lord, for thy paſſion,
Deliver us from this bondage miſerable,
Quhair thy name is in abhomination,
That thé to ſerve thy ſervandis may be abill.

37. Curſe of the infantis gottin in adulterie,
Fornication, inceſt, filthie ſinnis all.
Curſe of the huſbandis that levis ſeparatlie
From lauchful wyf to the adulterers thrall.
Curſe of the people quha on the Lord do call
For Paſtoris and Sacramentis, the ſaulis remeid.
Curſe of the pure, in number gret and ſmall,
Quhom ye have ſcurgit and hungerit to the deid.

38. Curſe of the ſeik lying in paynis ſtrang,
And ſufferis dolor with torment unſenit,
To quhoum in ſaul and body ye do vrang,
Barring away that heavinlie benefeit,
And comfortable ſacrament baith of drink and meit,
As planelie teſtifeis the ſaxt chapter of Johne;
A neidfull meane into that kingdome ſweit,
As lykwyſe is that holie unction.

39. Curſe of the Kirk, our mother ſpiritual,
Quhom ye have robbit and ſpulyeit of hir richt.
Curſe of our Salviour, hir ſpous celeſtial,
Quhom ye deny to have powar or micht,
And callis him lear: O ennemeis of licht!
Curſe of the Biſchops and Doctors of his Kirk,
Quhom he hes ordanit as ey-is of hir ſicht.
Curſe of the ſaulis quhom ye keip in the mirk.

40. Curſe, for your breking of that Sacrament,
And haly band of facred matrimony,
Quhilk ye, rebellis to Chriſtis Teſtament,
Callis Baſtard: Double ſonnis of devilrie,
St. Paul hes curſit you in this point I ſé;
Moyſes forbad you to give the nichbouris wyf

To

To the unlauchful huſbandis cumpanie:
Curſit be ye in all your eage and lyf.

41. Curſit be ye be Chriſt your Salviour,
For breking of that godly ordonnance,
Neceſſar office in Kirk callit ordour,
Quhilk ye baſtard villanis of diffidence,
In plane contempt of his preheminence,
Lyke Turk and Jow, with Sathan do deteſt.
O vepers, forgit of malice and offence!
Judas ſall juge you, and God ſall ſcale your neſt.

42. Ye merit, ſurelie, for recompance and pane,
A thouſand curſis daylie at your ryſing.
Gif godlie Noe war levand anis agane,
He ſould accuſe your filthie, fals miſgyſing
Of Haly Kirk, your temerar diſpyſing:
Ye Sodometis diſcoverit hes hir members.
Curſit be ye for that your ill avyſing,
Traitors to God, and to your Prences lymmers.

43. Curſit be ye quhais tung did fleme our Quene.
Curſit be ye quha thoucht to ſell our King,
Traitors to God, to Ingliſh men I wene.
Your treaſon ſtrang your fyrie breiſt ſall ding;
Ye gat the purs, and waittit better thing;
To ſel the ſone, as ye did fleme the mother:
The ſchip is ſtrang quhen ye do ſteir the ruther.

44. Curſit be ye for templis caſting doun.
Curſit be ye for your conſentement
To ſlauchter of that freind unto the Croun.
Fructis of your faith, perverſit jugement,
Treaſon, Invy, ſlauchter ar your intent.
Sua that the godlie may not leve amang you,
I traiſt to ſé the day, ye ſall be ſchent,
That for thir faultis K. James the faxt ſall hang you.

45. And

45. And als, of liberalitie ſal ye have,
The maledi&tion of God omnipotent.
His name Angellis, San&tis, and all the lave,
Quhom ye blaſphemit hail, with willis bent.
Conjurit ſcurriors of the Antichriſt, repent,
Leve of in tyme Chriſtis people to deceave,
Unles ye wald incur the jugement,
In Hel to dwell with Pluto, leying knave.

" Reſtore thy glore, O Lord, I thé beſeik,
" Indeu with treu intelligence thy flock;
" Thou ſeis, they leis, thy ennemeis ſeik
" Thy name to blame, as thay have thy rock. S.P.
" Cum Lord, accord, renew thy yock
" That teichers and preichers had in thy Kirk.
" Avail, prevail, deſtroy the block
" That wurkis thir Turkis aganis thé in mirk,
" That we may ſing thy prayſe benigne,
" To thé condigne, our Lord and King."

AMEN.

In the circumſtantial annals of the firſt Scottiſh Preſbyterian Aſſemblies by *Petrie* and *Calderwood*, the whole of the gentlemen, whoſe names are here recorded, cut a conſpicuous figure about this period — To theſe, and to *Spotſwood's History*, the curious reader is referred for information relative to the appointment of committees, viſitations, ſuperintendencies, and other affairs of equal importance. Not to mention *Knox*, the names of *Willock*, *John Rough*, or *Row*, *Gudman*, *Craig*, and *Andrew Melvene*, are familiar to every one who is in the leaſt acquainted with the hiſtory of the Reformation. The deſignations of the others, or of perſons of the ſame name are:—

Paul Methven, Miniſter in Jedburgh; ſee Lord Hailes' Hiſtorical Memoirs.

William Chryſteſon of Dundee, Moderator of the 7th Aſſembly.

James Blackwood in 1577 having two benefices, the parſonage of Sauchar, and vicarage of Salen is ordained to dimit one of them.

John Durie, one of the Miniſters of Edinburgh, originally a Monk of Dunfermline.

John Davidſon, Miniſter of Liberton, afterwards of Salt-Preſton, perhaps the ſame who in 1573 publiſhed

published a tract on the preservation of *John Knox*.

William Davidson, of Rathen;—which of these two was the poet, I have not discovered.

David Black, of St. Andrews.

John Brand, first a Monk and afterwards Minister of Halyrudehouse.

Thomas Smeton, Minister of Paisley, and Principal of the College of Glasgow.

James Louson, Professor of Philosophy in the College of Aberdeen, succeeded *John Knox* in the Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh.

William Watson, a Minister in Edinburgh, and *Patrick Watson* of Dusdeer.

David Weymis, of Glasgow.

David Ferguson, of Dunfermline.

John Sharp, of Kelmeney.

George Leslie, of Stramigio.

George Paterson of, or adjoining to Garioch.

Peter Blackburne, afterwards styled Bishop of Aberdeen; see Dr. Mackenzie's Lives.

William Glass of, or in the vicinity of Dunkeld.

Thomas Mak-ghe, of Haddington or Dunbar.

Patrick Adamson, of Paisley, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews.

David Cunningham, styled Bishop of Aberdeen, is ordained in 1586 to be summoned by the Presbytery of Glasgow for adultery with Elizabeth Sutherland.

Andrew Boyd, of Glasgow.

Andrew Bennet, of Bonymail.

John Wynrame, of Portmoak, to whom was committed the visitation of Perthshire in 1573; superintendant of Fyse.

John Dunkeson, of Tranent; afterwards perhaps of Holyroodhouse, being styled the King's Minister.

In 1563 a *Thomas Dunkeson*, Reader in Stirling, is suspended for the foul fact of fornication.

Balcanqual, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh; see *Spotswood's History*.

Alexander Arbuthnot, Principal of the College of Aberdeen.

David Hume, somewhere in Berwickshire, perhaps Chirnside.

George Hay was Moderator of Assembly in 1571; *Andrew Hay* in 1574, and Commissioner of Clydsdale.

Nicol Dalgliesh, of St. Cuthberts.

Adam Mitchell, somewhere in Fyse.

James Betoun, in the Presbytery of Kelso.

David Kinneir, in the Presbytery of Dundee.

Andrew Blackhall, of ———

Among other scandalous stories of the Reformers, Burne informs us, that "Schir Johann Knnox (quasi *nox*, a *nocendo*) after the death of his first harlat, had the bauldness to interpryse the lute of mariage with the maist honorabil ladie *My Ladie Fleming*, my lord Duke's eldest dochter, to the end that his seid being of the blude Royal, and gydit be thair father's spirit, micht have aspyrit to the Croun. And becanse he resavit ane refusal, it is notoriousslie knawin how deidlie he haitit the hail hous of the Hamiltons, albeit being deceavit be him traitorousslie, it was the cheif upsettar of his hæresie: And this maist honest refusal could nather stench his lust nor ambition; bot a lytil efter, he did persew to have allyance with the honorabil hous of *Oxbiltrie* of the Kyngis M. awin blude; rydand thair with ane gret court, on ane trim gelding, nocht lyk ane prophet or ane auld decrept preist as he was, bot lyk as he had bene ane of the blude Royal, with his bendes of taffetie seschnit with goldin ringis and precious stanes: And, as is planelie reportit in the cuntrey, be sorcerie and witchcraft did sua allure that puir gentil woman, that scho could not leve wi.hout him.

JOHN

JOHN BUREL,

"Burgeſs in Edinburgh," (probably a goldſmith,) was the author of two poems which ſeem to have been firſt printed by James Watſon *in his "Choice Collection," 1709; viz. the following deſcription of the Queen's formal entry into Edinburgh, and another entitled "*The Paſſage of the Pilgremer," *a tedious allegory in the meaſure of the* Cherry and Slae, *and deſtitute of any claim to farther notice. There is ſomething in the manner of the firſt which bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the* Diary *of* Robert Birrel, *alſo deſigned "Burgeſs of Edinburgh." There cannot, however, be any miſtake in the name of the poet, his colophon appearing to be an anagram.*

Robert's *account of this* Entrè *is in theſe words :—"On the 19th day of May, 1590, the Queine made her entrey in Edinburghe with grate triumphe and joy, pageants being erected in every place, adorned with all things befitting : young boys, with artificial winges, at her entrey, did flee towards her, and preſented her two ſilver keyes of the city. The caſtell ſhott off all her ordinance five ſeveral tymes, and at night the toune wes put full of bonefyres."—His friend* John *is more diffuſe in his account of this memorable day.*

THE

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE QUEENS MAJESTIES MAIST HONORABLE ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF EDINBURGH, UPON THE 19*th* DAY OF MAY, 1590.

At Edinburgh, as mycht be ſein,
Apoun the nineteen day of May,
Our Prence's ſpous, and ſovragne quein,
Hir nobill enterie maid that day;
Maiſt honorabill was her convoy,
With gladnes gret, triumph and joy.

To recreate her hie renoun,
Of curious things thair was all ſort;
The ſtairs and houſes of the toun
With tapeſtries war ſpred athort;
Quhair *all* hiſtories men micht behald,
With images and anticks ald.

No man in mind culd weil conſave
The curious warks before his eis;
In tapeſtries ye micht perſave,
Young Ramel, wrocht like lawrell treis;
With ſindrie ſorts of chalandrie,
In curious form of carpentrie.

It written was, with ſtories mae,
How Venus, with a thundring thud,
Incloſd Achates and Enæ
Within a mekill miſtie clud;
And how fair Anna, wondrous wraith,
Deplors hir ſiſter Didos daith.

Io, with her goldin glitring hair,
Was portret wondrous properlie;
And Polipheme was pentit thair,
Quha in his foreheid had ane eie;
Beneth him but ane littill ſpace,
Was Ianus with the doubill face.

Of Romolus I ſaw the wonder,
How for his interpriſe prophane,
In counterfeiting of the thunder,
For his reward thairwith was ſlane:
And thair was wrocht, with goldin threid,
Meduſa, with the monſtrous heid.

Of hiſtories I ſaw anew,
That fragill wer and frivolus;
How Triton at the ſeaſide ſlew
Miſenus, ſone to Æolus:
Beſide that hiſtorie thair ſtands
Briarius, with his hundreth hands.

How Jove did with the giants do,
And how of thame he vaſſage wan;
Thair Phocomes was portrait to,
Quho þeirs baith ſchap of hors and man:
And how that he gat throw the hairt,
Throw ſchot of Mopſis deidlie dairt.

Ixion, that the quheill dois turne
In hell, that ugly hole ſo mirk,
And Eroſtratus quha did burne
The coſtly fair Epheſian kirk:
And Bliades, quha fals in ſoun
With drawing buckets up and doun.

As Mercurie with charmit rods,
The hundreth eis of Argus traps;
And how that Tiphon chaſt the gods,
Compelling thame to change thair ſchaps:

For Phebus was turned in a cat,
And Venus in a fiche maiſt flat.

'Thir things wer patent to the eis,
Of ſindry as ye knaw your ſell,
For thay wer into tapeſtreis,
Better deſcriv'd nor I can tell:
Thir I beheld quhair I did go,
With mony hundreth thouſand mo.

Brave nobil men of alkin ſorts,
Triumphantly beſyde her raid;
Than at her entrie at the ports,
Trim harangs till her Grace was maid;
Her ſalutatioun thair was ſung
In ornate ſtyle of the Latine tung.

Gif Ilionus had bene thair,
That oratour of eloquence,
I doubt gif he could have done mair,
For all his gret intelligence:
Declaring with a gret renown
How ſche was welcome to the town.

All curious paſtymes and conſaits
That culd imaginit be by man,
Was to be ſene on Edinburgh gaits,
Fra tyme that bravitie began;
Ye micht haif hard in everie ſtrete
Trim melodie and muſick ſuete.

Thocht Philamon his braith had blawin,
For muſick quho was countit king,
His trumpal tune had not bene knawin,
Sic ſugrit voycis thair did ſing;
For thair the daſcant did abound,
With the ſweit diapaſon ſound.

Tennour and trebill, with ſueit ſence,
Ilk ane with pairts gaif notis agane;

Fabourdon fell with decadence,
With prick-ſang, and the ſinging plane:
Thair infants ſang, and bairnlye brudis,
Quho had but new begun thair mudis.

Muſiciners thair pairts expond,
And als for joy the bells wer rung:
The inſtruments did corroſpond
Unto the muſick quhilk was ſung:
All ſorts of inſtruments wer thair,
As ſindry can the ſame declair.

Organs and regals thair did carpe,
With thair gay goldin glittring ſtrings,
Thair was the hautbois and the harpe,
Playing maiſt ſweit and pleaſant ſprings:
And ſum on lutis did play and ſing,
Of inſtruments the onely King.

Viols and virginals were heir,
With girthorns maiſt iucundious,
Trumpets and timbrels maid gret beir,
With inſtruments melodious:
The ſeiſtar and the ſumphion,
With clariche pipe and clarion.

Thocht Orpheus gat gret commend,
For melodie and gud ingine,
His cumly ſprings had not bene kend,
Howbeit that they were maiſt devine:
Nor Amphion quho did begin,
Na honour heir he culd have wyn.

Anna our weilbelovit Quene,
Sat in her goldin coche ſo brycht;
And after ſhe thir things had ſene,
Syne ſche beheld ane hevinly ſycht:
Of nymphs who ſuppit nectar cauld,
Quhois bravities can ſcairce be tauld.

Thir nymphs were plantit in this place,
As mony thouſands micht perſave,
Quho for thair bewties and gud grace,
Were choſin out amangſt the lave:
Dianas nymphs thay may be namd,
Be reſſoun thay were undefamd.

The circumſtance cannot be told,
So ſtraunge the mateir dois appeir—
Sum war cleid into claith of gold,
And ſum in ſilver ſchining cleir:
Thair gowns gaif glanſing in the merk,
Thay war ſo rocht with goltſmith werk.

Mair braver robs were never bocht
Quene Semeramus til array,
With brodrie werk thair bords were wrocht;
O God, gif that thair gouns wes gay:
With gubert werk wrocht wondrous ſure,
Purfild with gold and ſilver pure.

This far I may thir nymphs advance,
Not ſpeking raſhly by the richt,
Thair goldin robes gave not ſic glance,
As did their hevinly bewties bricht:
Nor yit their jewels in ſic greis,
As did thair cumly criſtall eis.

Thair propeı teis for to repeit,
My dull ingyne cannot diſcloſe;
Thair hair lyke threids of gold did gleit,
Thair faces fragrant and formoſe:
Quhyte wes thair hyde thoch it wes hid,
Thair coral lippis lyke roſis rid.

Sic parragons, but peir or maik,
I wait wes never ſene before;
Na properteis thir nymphs did laik,
Quhilk micht thair cumly corps decore:

All gifts quhilk creatures can clame,
Dame Nature in thair corps did frame.

Thir nobill nymphis maid reverence,
With geſtour lively and allairt;
And eftir thair obedience,
Her Grace paſſit to ane udder pairt:
Quhair ſche beheld ſum, to be ſhort,
Accoutrit in ane ſavadge ſort.

Into the ſervyce of our Quein,
Thay offerit thair maiſt willyng minds;
Thir are the Moirs of quhom I mene,
Quha dois inhabit in the Yndes;
Leiſing thair land and dwelling place
For to do honour to her Grace.

Thair pretious jowals till expreme,
And coiſtly claithings to deſcryve,
My ſemple wit can nocht eſteme:
Agains the ſtreme quhy ſuld I ſtryve?
Thocht I want langage, wit and lair,
Sum thing thairof I ſall declair.

Thir ſavadges, I yow aſſure,
Wer weil decoird, as ye may knaw;
For ſum war cled in ſilver pure,
And ſum in taffatie quhite as ſnaw;
Ay twa and twa in ordor ſtands,
With battons blank into thair hands.

The precious ſtains can not be pend,
With goldſmiths wark wes thame amang,
Thair bodies ſkantly culd be kend,
For cheins quhilk ouer thair ſhoulders hang:
Gold bracelets on thair chakils hings,
Thair fingers full of coſtly rings.

That ſicht wes pleaſant for to ſe,
And woundrous nobill to behold;

Thair

Thair heids wer garniſht gallandlie,
With coſtly crancis maid of gold :
Braid blancis hang above thair eis,
With jewels of all hiſtories.

Apoun thair forebrows thay did beir
Targats and tablits of trym werkis ;
Pendents and charkants ſchyning cleir,
With plumages of gitie ſperkis :
Apoun thair hyndheads ſet wes ſyne,
Buttons and brotchis brave and fyne.

And mairatour I call to mynd,
How everie ane had on thair front,
Ane carbuncle of rubie kynd,
Togither with ane diamont :
And doun thair haffats hang anew
Of rubies red and ſaphirs blew.

Into thair mouthis, as mycht be ſene,
Quha had bein tentif to behold,
Ane emerault of collour grene,
Set in ane pretie ryng of gold :
Syne thair wes hung at thair hals-bane,
The eſpinell, ane pretious ſtane.

Apoun thair breiſt, braveſt of all,
Were precious pearls of the eiſt,
The rubie pallet and th'opall,
Togither with the amatiſt :
Thair micht ye ſe, mangs monie mo,
The topas and the percudo.

Apoun thair richt pape, maiſt perfyte,
Thair I ſaw ſondrie ſtanis ſet ;
The garnet and the agate quhite,
With monie mo quhilk I foryet.
Beſide thir twa did hing alone,
The turcas and the triapone.

Apoun

Apoun the left war lykewiſe knit,
Twa proper ſtanis of valure hie;
The jacynth and the cheſſolite,
Jewels maiſt excellent to ſie:
Amangs the reſt I ſaw athort,
The rubie of the rareſt ſort.

Fornents thair navils everie on,
Bure pretious jowels, brave and deir,
The cornalene and calcedone,
Quhilk of itſelf is quhite and cleir;
Thay bure the orphyr in their back,
Bot and the onyx gray and black.

All pretious ſtanis mycht thair be ſene,
Quhilk in the warld had onie name,
Save that quhilk Cleopatra Quene,
Did ſwally owr into her wame;
The verritie for till expreſs,
That wes nocht thair, I maun confeſs.

In Indea that goldin ground,
Mair bravitie culd never be,
The belts quhairwith thair waiſts wer bound,
Wer goldin cheins as ye micht ſe:
Alſo with cheins both in and out,
Thair arms wer womplit round about.

Lat na man me eſteim to raill,
Nor think that raſchlie I report;
Thair theis war lykewis garneiſt haill,
With goldin cheynis of famous ſort;
Thair girtins war of gold beſtreik,
Thair leggis wer thairwith furneiſt eik.

Fra top to tae I you aſſure,
Thair corps with gold wes birniſt bricht,
Thay on thair feit quhite buſkins wure,
Of coſtly ſkins both trim and ticht:

To

To tell the truth and not to lie,
That ſicht wes pleſant for to ſie.

Ilk ane in ordor keipit place,
Als weil the foirmoſt as the laſt;
Thir moirs did mertch befoir her Grace,
Quhyll ſche intill her pallace paſt,
(Far bettir bakkit nor ane laird)
With burgeſſis to be thair guard.

I haif foryet how in a robe,
Of clenely criſpe, ſyde to his kneis,
Ane bonie boy out of the globe,
Gaif to her Grace the ſilver keis:
And how that he his harang maid,
With countenance that did nocht faid.

Als I foryet how wes declaird,
Our nobill Kyngis genyalogie.
And how the folkis quha wer in waird,
Wer freely ſet at libertie:
For to be ſchort, thay ſpent that day
In paſtime, daliance and deray.

Foryetting als the Burges tryne,
Without deſcriptioun of thair caſe,
Nor ſpeiking of the rich propine,
Quhilk thay did gif unto her Grace:
Nor how thay bure the vail abreid
Quhilk hang abuve her Graces heid.

Gif I in mind, ſuld nocht omit,
Bot intill ordour, all reſolve,
The vollume wald be woundrous grit,
And very tedious to revolve:
Leving the reſt for to declair,
Unto thair memors quho wer thair.

The burgiſſis maiſt honorablie,
Apoun hir Grace did ſtill attend,

To tyme the haill ſolemnitie,
And trim triumphe wes put to end:
Sum ſpecial men that wer imployd,
Into her palace her convoyd.

The number of thame that wer thair,
I ſall deſcrive thame as I can,
My Lord I mene the Maiſter Mair,
The Proveſt ane maiſt prudent man:
With the haill counſall of the toun,
Ilk ane cled in a velvet goun.

That company quha did eſpy,
The mater wes magnificall,
The other Burgiſſis forby,
Wer cled in thair pontificall:
Preſenting thame before her face,
Offring thair ſervice to her Grace.

Dout my dull ſenſis dois deſave,
With mair magnificens I mene,
Gif that the Perſians did reſave
King Darius wyfe, that nobill Queene,
Quhan ſche did enter with renoune
Ind Tipatra, that nobill toune.

O Edinburgh! now will I ſing
Thy prais quhilk thé pertains of rycht;
Thow hes bene ay trew to thy King,
In doing ſervyce day and nycht,
Quhan that his Grace did haif ado,
And in the feilds ay foirmoſt to.

Not ſparing for to ſpend thair blude,
Into thair breiſtis thay bure luve!
I ſay no moir: ſo I conclude,
But I beſeik the God abuve,
Gif that it be his godly will,
That thy eſtait may fluris ſtill.

Be honor I lev.

JAMES

JAMES VI.

In 1616, *John Biſhop of Winton* (*or Wincheſter*) *publiſhed* "The Works of the moſt high and mighty Prince James," *containing his* Baſilicon Doron, Dæmonologie, Counterblaſt to Tobacco, &c. *but, with the exception of two ſonnets, entirely omits his poetical compoſitions, altho' certainly of at leaſt equal merit. They made their appearance in two ſeparate publications; the firſt and moſt conſiderable in* 1584, *when the author was only eighteen years of age, under the modeſt title of* Eſſays of a Prentiſe in the divine art of Poeſie; *the other in* 1591, *entitled* His Majeſties Poetical Exerciſes at vacant houres. *By far the moſt curious article of the whole, is a poem in the firſt collection, called* the Phœnix. *Under the ſimilitude of that fabulous bird, if I miſtake not, the author attempts to exhibit a ſketch of the matchleſs beauty and ſufferings of his unfortunate mother, whom he repreſents as dead; but performs his taſk with ſo much caution, and with ſuch a timid trembling hand, that one can ſcarcely recogniſe the reſemblance. The poem is introduced with the following Acroſtick on his favourite and near kinſman* Eſme Stewart, *Duke of Lennox, by way of Invocation.*

Elr Echo! Help; that both together we,
Since cauſe thair be, may now lament with tearis
My murnefull yearis. Ye furies, als! with him
Even Philo grim, who dwells in dark, that he
Since cheif we ſee him to you all that bearis
The ſtyle men fearis of Diræ: I requeſt
Eiche greizlie gheſt, that dwells beneth the ſé,
With all you three, quhais hairis ar ſnaiks full blew,
And all your crew! aſſiſt me in thir twa,
Repeit and ſha my Tragedie full neir,
The chance fell heir. Than ſecoundlie is beſt,
Devils void of reſt, ye move all that it reid
With me indeid, lyke dolour thame to greif.
I then will live, in leſſer greif therebi,
Kythe heir and trie, your force ay bent and quick,
Excell in ſiklyke ill, and murne with me.
From Delphos ſyne, Apollo! cum with ſpeid,
Whoſe ſhining licht my cairs will dim indeid!

ANE

ANE METAPHORICALL INVENTION OF A TRAGEDIE CALLED PHOENIX.

THE dyvers falls that Fortune gevis to men
By turning ouer her quheill to their annoy,
When I do heare them grudge, although they ken
That old blind Dame, delytes to let the joy
Of all, ſuch is her uſe, which dois convoy
Her quheill by geſs: not looking to the right,
Bot ſtill turnis up that pairt quhilk is too light.

Thus quhen I hard ſo many did complaine,
Some for the loſs of worldly wealth and geir,
Some death of frends, quho cannot come againe;
Some loſſe of health, which unto all is deir;
Some loſſe of fame, which ſtill with it dois beir
Ane greif to them who mereits it indeid:
Yet for all thir appearis there ſome remeid.

For as to geir, lyke chance as made you want it,
Reſtore you may the ſame againe or mair.
For death of frends, although the ſame (I grant it)
Can noght returne, yet men are not ſo rair
Bot ye may get the lyke. For ſeiknes ſair
Your health may come: or to ane better place
Ye muſt. For fame, good deids will mend diſgrace.

Then, fra I ſaw (as I already told)
How men complaind for things whilk might amend;
How *David Lindſay* did complaine of old
His *Papingo*, her death and ſudden end,
Ane common foule, whoſe kinde be all is kend.

All

All theſe hes moved me preſently to tell
Ane Tragedie, in griefs thir to excell.

For I complaine not of ſic common cace,
Which diverſly by divers means dois fall :
But I lament my Phœnix rare, whoſe race,
Whoſe kynde, whoſe kin, whoſe offspring they be all
In her alone, whom I the Phœnix call :
That fowle which one at onis did live,
Not lives, alas ! though I her praiſe revive.

In Arabie cald Fælix was ſhe bredd
This fowle, excelling Iris far in hew.
Whoſe body whole with purpour was owercledd,
Whoſe taill of coulour was celeſtall blew,
With ſkarlat pennis that through it grew :
Her craig was like the yallowe burniſht gold,
And ſhe herſelf thré hundreth yeare was old.

She might have lived as long againe and mair,
If Fortune had not ſtayde Dame Nature's will :
Six hundreth yeares and fourtie was her ſcair,
Which Nature ordained her for to fulfill.
Her native ſoile ſhe hanted ever ſtill,
Except to Egypt whiles ſhe tooke her courſe,
Wherethrough great Nylus down runs from his ſourſe.

Like as an hors, when he is barded haile,
An fethered pannach ſet upon his heid,
Will make him ſeame more brave : or to aſſaile
The enemie, he that the troupis dois leid,
Ane pannache on his healme will ſet in deid :
Even ſo had Nature to decore her face,
Given her ane tap, for to augment her grace.

In quantitie ſhe dois reſemble neare
Unto the foule of mightie Jove, by name
The Aegle calld : oft in the time of yeare
She uſde to ſoir, and flie through divers realme,

Out

Out through the azure ſkyes, while ſhe did ſhame
The Sunne himſelf, her coulour was ſo bright
Till he abaſhit, beholding ſuch a light.

Thus while ſhe uſde to ſcum the ſkyes about,
At laſt ſhe chanced to ſore out ower the ſee
Calld Mare Rubrum: yet her courſe held out
While that ſhe paſt whole Aſie. Syne to flee
To Europe ſmall ſhe did reſolve. To drie
Her voyage out, at laſt ſhe came in end
Into this land, ane ſtranger heir unkend.

Ilk man did marvell at her forme moſt rare.
The winter came, and ſtorms cled all the feild:
Which ſtorms the land of fruit and corne made bare,
Then did ſhe flie into ane houſe for beild,
Which from the ſtormis might ſave her as ane ſheild.
There, in that houſe, ſhe firſt began to tame,
I cam, ſyne tooke her furth out of the ſame.

Fra her I gat, yet none could geſs what ſort
Of fowle ſhe was, nor from what countrey cum:
Nor I my ſelf: except that be her port,
And gliſtring hewes I knew that ſhe was ſum
Rare ſtranger fowle, which oft had uſde to ſcum
Through divers lands, delyting in her flight;
Which made us ſee ſo ſtrange and rare a ſight.

While at the laſt, I chanced to call to minde
How that her nature did reſemble neir
To that of Phœnix which I redd. Her kinde,
Her hewe, her ſhape, did mak it plaine appeir
She was the ſame, which now was lighted heir.
This made me to eſteme of her the more,
Her name and rarenes did her ſo decore.

Thus being tamed, and throughly weill acquent,
She toke delyte (as ſhe was wount before)
What time that Titan with his beames upſprent

To

To take her flight, amongs the ſkyes to ſoire.
Then came to her of fowllis, a woundrous ſtore
Of divers kinds, ſome ſimple fowlis, ſome ill
And ravening fowlis, whilks ſimple ones did kill.

And even as thay do ſwarme about thair king,
The hunnie bees that works into the hyve
Quhen he delytes furth of the ſkeppis to ſpring,
Then all the laive will follow him belyve,
Syne to be next him biſſelie thay ſtryve:
So all thir fowllis did follow her with beir,
For love of her, fowlis ravening did no deir.

Sic was the luve, and reverence they her bure
Ilk day quhill even, ay quhill thay ſchied at night.
Fra time it darkned, I was ever ſure
Of her returne, remaining quhill the light,
And Phœbus ryſing with his garland bright.
Sic was her trueth fra time that ſhe was tame,
She quho in brightneſs Titan's ſelf did ſchame!

By uſe of this, and hanting it at laſt,
She made the fowlis fra time that I went out,
Above my head to flie, and follow faſt
Her, quho was cheif and leidar of the rout.
Quhen it grew lait, ſhe made them flie, but dout,
Or fear, even in the cloſſe with her of will,
Syne ſhe herſelf perkt in my chalmer ſtill.

Quhen as the countreys round about did heare
Of this her byding in this countrey cold,
Quhilk nocht but hillis, and darknes ay dois beare
(And for this cauſe was Scotia call'd of old)
Her lyking heir, quhen it was to them told,
And how ſcho greind not to ga back againe,
The love thay bure her turnit into diſdaine.

Lo! here the fruicts, quhilks of invy dois breid,
To harme them all, quha vertew dois imbrace.

Lo!

Lo! here the fruicts, from her quhilks dois proceid,
To harme them all, that be in better cace
Than others be. So followit thay the trace
Of proud Invy, thir countreis lying neir,
That sic ane fowle suld lyke to tary heir.

Quhill Fortoun at the last, not onlie moved
Invy to this, quhilk culd not her content,
Quhill that Invy did sease some foulis that loved
Her anis as semit: but yit thair ill intent
Kythit, quhan thay saw all uther foulis still bent
To follow her, misknowing them at all.
This made them worke her undeserved fall.

This were the ravening fowlis of quhome I spak,
Before the quhilks (as I already schew)
Was wount into her presence to hald bak
Thair crueltie, from simple ones that flew
With her, ay quhill Invy all fear withdrew.
Thir war the ravin, the stainchell and the gled,
With uther kyndis quhome in this malice bred.

Fra malice thus was rooted by Invy
In them as sone the awin effects did shaw;
Quhilk made them syne, upon ane day to spy
And wait till that, as she was wount, she flaw
Athort the skyes, syne did thay neir her draw
Among the uther fowlis of dyvers kyndis,
Althouch thay war far dissonant in myndis.

For quhairas thay war wount her to obey,
Thair mynd far contrair then did plaine appeir.
For thay maid her as ane commoun prey
To them of quhome she lookit for na deir.
Thay strak at her sa bitterlie quhill feir
Stayde uther fowlis to preis for to defend her
From thir ingrate, quhilks now had clene miskend her.

Quhen ſhe culd find nane uther ſaif refuge
From theſe thair bitter ſtraiks, ſhe fled at laſt
To me, (as if ſhe wold wiſhe me to judge
The wrong thay did her,) yit thay followit faſt,
Till ſhe betwix my leggis her ſelf did caſt;
For ſaving her from theſe, quhich her oppreſt,
Quhais hote purſute her ſuffrit not to reſt.

Bot yet at all that ſerv'd not for remeid,
For nochttheles thay ſpair'd her not a haire.
In ſtede of her, yea quhyles thay made to bleid
My leggs; (ſo grew thair malice mair and mair;)
Quhilk made her baith to rage and to diſpair,
Firſt that, but cauſe, thay did her ſic diſhort:
Nixt that ſhe laiked help in any ſort.

Then having tane ane dry and wethered ſtrae,
In deip deſpair, and in ane lofty rage,
She ſprang up heigh, outfléing every fae:
Syne to Panchaia came, to change her age
Upon Apollo's altar, to aſſwage
With outward fyre her inwart raging yre:
Quhilk then was all her cheif and haill deſyre.

Then being cairfull the event to knaw
Of her quha hamewart had returnd againe
Quhair ſhe was bred, quhair ſtormis dois never blaw,
Nor bitter blaſtis, nor winter ſnaws nor raine,
Bot ſommer ſtill: that countray doeth ſo ſtaine
All realmes in fairnes: There in haſte I ſent,
Of her to knaw the yſſew and event.

The meſſinger went thair into ſic haſte
As culd permit the farrnes of the way,
By croſſing ower ſo monie countreys waſte
Or he come thair. Syne with a lytle ſtay
Into that land, drew hamewart every day:
In his returne, lyke diligence he ſhew
As in his going thair, throw realmes anew.

Fra he returnit, then ſone without delay
I ſpeirit at him (the certain way to try)
Quhat word of Phœnix quhilk was flowen away?
And gif throw all the lands he culd her ſpy,
Quhairthrow he went, I bad him not deny,
But tell the trueth,—to wit it was my will.

He told me then how ſhe flew bak againe,
Quhairfra ſhe came, and als he did receit
How in Panchaia toun ſhe did remaine
On Phœbus altar, thair for to compleit
With Thus and Myrrh and other odours ſweit
Of flours of dyvers kyndes, and of incens
Her neſt.—With that he left me in ſuſpens:

Till that I chargit him no wayis for to ſpair,
Bot preſently to tell me out the reſt.
He tauld me than, how Titan's garland thair
Inflamde be heate, reflexing on her neſt
The withered ſtra, quhilk quhen ſhe was oppreſt
Here be yon fowlis, ſhe buir ay quhill ſhe came
There, ſyne abuve her neſt ſhe laid the ſame.

And ſyne he told how ſhe had ſic deſyre
To burne her ſelf, as ſhe ſat doune thairin.
Syne how the ſunne the withered ſtra did fyre,
Quhilk brunt her neſt, her fethers, bones and ſkin
All turnd in aſh: Quhais end dois now begin
My waes: her death maks lyfe to greif in me.
She, quhom I rew my eyes did ever ſee.

O devillis of darknes! contrair unto licht!
In Phœbus fowle, how culd ye get ſic place,
Since ye are hated ay be Phœbus bricht?
For ſtill is ſene, his licht dois darknes chace.
But yet ye went unto that fowle, quhais grace
As Phœbus fowle yet ward the ſunne him ſell.
Her licht his ſtaind, quhome in all licht dois dwell.

And thow, O Phœnix! quhy was thow ſo moved
Thow fowle of licht! by enemies to thee
For to foryet thy heavinly hewes, whilkis loved
Were baith by men and fowlis that did them ſee?
And ſyne in hewe of aſhe that thay ſuld be
Converted all: and that thy gudely ſhape
In Chaos ſould turn, and nocht the fyre eſcape?

And thow, O reuthles death! quhy ſould thow devore
Her? quho not only paſſed by all mens mynde
All uther fowlis in hewe and ſhape, but more
In rarenes (ſen thair was nane of her kynde
Bot ſhe alone) whome with thy ſtounds thow pynde:
And at the laſt, hath perced her throw the hart,
But reuth or petie, with thy mortall dart.

Yet worſt of all, ſhe lived not half her age.
Quhy ſtayde thow Tyme at leaſt, quhilk all dois teare
To work with her? O quhat a cruell rage
To cut her off, before her thread did weare!
Quhairin all planets keep thair courſe, that yeare
It was not be the half yet worne away
Quhilk ſuld with her have ended on a day!

Then fra thir newis, in ſorrows ſoped haill,
Had made us both a while to hald our peace,
Then he began and ſaid, Pairt of my taill
Is yet untolde, Lo, here one of her race,
Ane worme bred of her aſhe: Though ſhe, alace!
Said he, be brunt, this lacks but plumes and breath
To be lyke her, new gendred by her death.

L' ENVOY.

APOLLO then! quho brunt with thy reflex
Thine only fowle, through love that thow her bure;
Although thy fowle (quhais name doeth end in X)
Thy burning heat on nowayes could indure,

But

But brunt thairby: Yet will I thee procure,
Late fae to Phœnix, now her friend to be:
Reviving her by that quhilk made her die.

Draw far from here, mount heigh up throw the air,
To gar thy heat and beames be law and neir.
That in this countrey, quhilk is cald and bair,
Thy gliſtring beamis als ardent may appeir
As thay were oft in Arabie: ſo heir
Let them be now, to mak ane Phœnix new
Even of this worme of Phœnix aſhe quhilk grew.

This gif thow dois, as ſure I hope thow ſhall,
My Tragedie a comike end will have:
Thy work thow hath begun, to end it all:
Els made ane worme, to make herout the lave.
This Epitaphe, then beis on Phœnix grave:
Here lyeth whome to, even be her death and end,
Apollo hath a longer lyfe her ſend.

The meaning of the laſt five lines ſeems to be,—Thou, Apollo, haſt begun to form a new Phœnix: I pray thee to compleat thy work:—Thou haſt already produced a worm from the aſhes of the former: Let this worme undergo a perfect transformation: Then this Epitaph ſhall be engraved on my Mother's tomb: "*Here lies one who enjoys immortality even by her tragic death.*"

Sylveſter, in a dedicatory ſonnet addreſſed to James Stuart, (anagrammatiſed *A juſt maſter*,) tells him that "he ſeems of *Phœnix* race;" and in another,

From ſpicie aſhes of the ſacred urne,
A new true *Phœnix* lively flouriſheth.

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE ON LUÇAN,

By the Same.

Cæſaris an curſus veſtræ ſentire putatis
Damnum poſſe fugæ! Veluti ſi cuncta minentur
Flumina, quos miſcent pelago, ſubducere fontes:
Non magis ablatis unquam decreverit æquor,
Quam nunc creſcit aquis. An vos momenta putatis
Ulla dediſſe mihi?

If all the fludes amangis thame wald conclude
To ſtay thair courſe fra rynning in the ſee:
And by that meins wald think for to delude
The Ocean, quha ſuld impairit be,
As thay ſuppoſde, beleving if that he
Did lak thair fludes, he ſuld decreſs him ſell:
Yet if we like the veritie to wie,
It pairs him na thing: as I ſall yow tell.

For out of him thay ar *augmentit* all,
And maiſt pairt creat, as ye ſall perſave:
For quhen the ſunne doth ſouk the vapours ſmall
Furth of the ſeas, quhilks thame conteine and have
Ane part in winde, in wete and raine the lave
He render dois: quhilk doth augment thair ſtrandis.
Of Neptunes woll a coate ſyne they him weave,
By hurling to him faſt out ower the landis.

Quhen all is done do to him quhat thay can,
Nane can perſave that thay do ſwell him mair.
I put the caſe then that thay never ran:
Yet nocht the leſs, that culd him no ways pair:

Quhat

Quhat neids he then to count it, or to cair,
Except thair folies wald the mair be ſchawin?
Sen though thay ſtay, it harmis nocht ane hair
Quhat gain thay thoch thay had thair courſe withdrawin?

So even ſik lyke: Thouch ſubjects do conjure
For to rebell againſt thair prince and king:
By leaving him althoch thay hope to ſmure
That grace quhairwith God maks him for to ring;
Though by his giftis he ſhaw himſelf bening
To help thair neid, and mak them thairby gain:
Yet lak of thame no harme to him doth bring
Quhan thay to reiwe thair folie fall be faine.

L' Envoy.

Then ſludes runne on your wounted courſe of olde
Quhilk God by nature dewly hes provydit:
For though ye ſtay, as I before have tolde,
And caſt in dout quhilk God hath els decydit
To be conjoynde, by you to be devydit.
To kythe your ſpite, and do the depe na ſkaith,
Far better were in others ilk confydit;
Ye floodes, thow depe, quhilk are your dewties baith.

This poem, written perhaps in 1583, ſhews how early James began to diſregard the doctrines of Buchanan, and to entertain extravagant notions of the regal ſtate and power.

ANE

ANE POEME OF TYME.

By the Same.

As I was panſing in a morning, aire,
And could not ſleip, nor nawayis take me reſt,
Furth for to walk, the morning was ſa fair,
Athort the feildis, it ſemed to me the beſt.
The eaſt was cleare, quhairby belyve I geſt
That fyrie Titan cumming was in ſight,
Obſcuring chaſt Diana by his light.

Who by his ryſing in the azure ſkyes
Did dewlie helſe all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew throw burning drouth he dryis,
Quhilk made the ſoil to favour ſweit, and ſmell
By dewe that on the nicht before down fell,
Quhilk then was ſoukit by the Delphienns heit
Up in the air: it was ſa licht and weit.

Quhais hie aſcending in his purpour ſphere
Provoked all from Morpheus to flee:
As beiſts to feid, and birds to ſing with beir,
Men to thair labour, biſſie as the bee:
Yet ydle men devyſing did I ſee,
How for to dryve the tyme that did them irk,
By ſindrie paſtymes, quhill that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to ſee them ſeik a wyle
Sa willinglie the precious tyme to tyne:
And how thay did them ſelfs far ſo begyle,
To faſhe of tyme, quhilk of itſelf is fyne.
Fra tyme be paſt, to call it bakwart ſyne

Is bot in vaine: therefoir men ſould be warr
To ſleuth the tyme that flees fra them ſo farr.

For quhat hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Quhilk gives him dayis his God aright to knaw?
Quhairfore than ſuld we be at ſik a ſtryfe
So ſpedelie our ſelfis for to withdraw
Even from the tyme, quhilk is no wayis ſlaw
To flie from us, ſuppois we fled it nocht?
Mair wyſe we war, if we the tyme had ſocht.

Bot ſen that tyme is ſic a precious thing,
I wald we ſould beſtow it into that
Quhilk were maiſt pleſour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, quhilk is the greateſt lat.
Bot ſen that death to all is deſtinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath ſend us,
In doing weill, that gude men may commend us.

CONCLUDING SONNET. *By the Same.*

THE facound Greke, Demoſthenes by name,
His toung was ones into his youth ſo ſlow,
As evin that airt, quhilk flooriſh made his fame,
He ſcarce culd name it for a tyme, ye know.
So of ſmall ſeidis the Liban cedres grow:
So of ane egg the egle doeth proceid:
From fountains ſmall greit Nilus flude doith flow
Even ſo of rawnis do michty fiſches breid.
Thairfore, gude reider, quhen as thow dois reid
Theſe my firſt fruictis, diſpute them not at all:
Quho watts bot theſe may able be indeid
Of fyner poemis the beginning ſmall.
Then rather loaue my meaning and my panis
Than lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis.

The remaining contents of these two royal volumes are *Urania*, or the *Heavenly Muse*, a translation from the French of Du Bartas, (about 400 lines.)

The Furies, also translated from Du Bartas, being "a vive mirror of this last and most decreeped age," (about 1500 lines in genuine Sternholdian manner.)

The Lepanto, a description of the famous battle so named; (about 1000 lines in the same measure,) written, as the author says, in his "*verie young* and tender yeares," and verily none will doubt his assertion.

A translation of the 104th Psalm; various sonnets, &c.

Rewlls and Cautelis of Scottis Poesie.

This last having, more than once, been pronounced *curious*, the following extract will enable the reader to judge for himself.

"Tuiching the kyndes of versis quhilks are not cuttit or broken, bot alyke many feit in everie lyne of the verse, and how thay are commonly namit, with my opinioun for quhat subjectis ilke kynde of thir verse is meitest to be usit.

First, there is ryme quhilk servis onely for lang historeis, and yit are nocht verse. As for exemple,

In Maij when that the blissefull Phæbus bricht,
The lamp of joy, the heavens gem of licht,
The goldin cairt, and the etheriall King,
With purpour face in orient dois spring,
Maist angel-lyke ascending in his sphere,
And birds with all thair heavenlie voces cleare
Dois mak a sweit and heavinly harmony,
And fragrant flowrs dois spring up lustely:
Into this season sweitest of delyte,
To walk I had a lusty appetyte.

For the descriptiön of Heroique Actis, Martiall and knichtly faittis of armes, use this kynde of verse followand, callit *Heroicall*, as

Meik mundane mirrour, myrrie and modest,
Blyth, kynde and courtes, comelie, clene and chest,
To all exemple for thy honestie
As richest rose, or rubie, by the rest,
With gracis grave, and gesture maist digest,
Ay to thy honour alwayis having eye.
Were fassons fliemde, they micht be found in thé,
Of blessings all, be blyth, thow has the best,
With everie berne belovit for to be.

For

For onie heich and grave ſubjectis, ſpecially drawin out of learnit authoris, uſe this kynde of verſe following, callit *Ballat Royal*, as

That nicht he ceiſt, and went to bed, bot greind
Yit faſt for day, and thocht the nicht to lang:
At laſt Diana doun her head recleind
Into the ſea. Then Lucifer up ſprang
Aurora's poſt, whome ſcho did ſend amang
The jeittie cludds, for to fortell ane hour
Before ſcho ſtay her tears, quhilke Ovide ſang
Fell for her love, quhilk turnit in a flour.

For tragicall materis, complaints, or teſtamentis, uſe this kynde of verſe following, callit *Troilus verſe*,

To thee, Echo! and thow to me agane,
In the deſert, amangs the wods and wells
Quhair deſtinie hes bound them to remane,
But company, within the firths and fells,
Let us complein with wofull youtts and yells,
Of ſhaft, and ſhotter, that our harts hes ſlane:
To thé, Echo! and thow to me agane.

(See this poem compleat, p. 496.)

For flyting, or invectives, uſe this kynde of verſe following, callit *Rouncefallis*, or *Tumbling verſe*.

In the hinder end of harveſt, on All-hallow-e'ne, &c.

(See the Flyting of Montgomery and Polwart, p. 394.)

For compendious prayſing of any bukes, or the authoris thairof, or ony argumentis of hiſtoreis, uſe *Sonet Verſe*, of fourtene lynis, and ten fete in every line, as,

Ane rype ingyne, ane quick and walkned wit,
With ſommair reaſons, ſuddenlie applyit;
For every purpoſe uſing reaſons fit,
With ſkilfulnes, where learning may be ſpyit,
With pithie wordis, for to expres yow by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairof, weill hes he tryit:
With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid
With ſkilfulnes and figuris quhilks proceid
From Rhetorique with everlaſting fame,
With uthers woundring, preaſſing with all ſpeid
For to atteine to merite ſic a name.
All thir into the perfyte Poete be.
Goddis! Grant I may obteine the laurel-tree.

In materis of love, uſe this kynde of verſe, quhilk we call *Commoun verſe*, as

Quhais anſwer made thame nocht ſa glaid
That they ſuld thus the victors be,
As even the anſwer quhilk I haid
Did greatly joy and confort me:

Quhen

Quhen lo! this ſpak Apollo myne,
All that thow ſeikis, it ſall be thyne!

Lyke verſe of ten fet as this foirſaid is of aucht, ye may uſe lyke-wayis in love materis; as alſo all kyndis of cuttit and broken verſe, quhairof newe formes are daylie inventit according to the Poetis pleaſour, as

Quha wald have tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone,
Throw ſchouting of the Larkis?
Thay ſprang ſa heich into the skyis,
Quhill Cupid walknis with the cryis
Of Nature's chapell clarkis.
Then leaving all the Heavins above,
He lichtit on the eard.
Lo! how that lytill God of love
Before me then appeard
Sa myld-lyke—And chyld-lyke
With bow thrie quarters skant
Sa moylie, and coylie,
He lukit lyke ane Sant.—(*Cherrie and Slae.*)

And ſa furth."

James VI. alſo tranſlated into Engliſh metre a conſiderable number, if not the whole, of thoſe Pſalms which are commonly bound up with the Scottiſh Book of Common Prayer.

Prefixed to *The Furies* are the following verſes by M. W. Fouler, who about this time compoſed a variety of occaſional Sonnets, and alſo tranſlated ſome of thoſe of Petrarch.

Where ſhall the limits lye of all your fame?
Where ſhall the borders be of your renowne?
In Eaſt? or where the Sunne again goeth down?
Or ſhall the fixed Poles impale the fame?
Where ſhall the pillars which your praiſe proclame,
Or trophies ſtand, of that expected crowne?
The Monarch firſt of that triumphant towne
Revives in you, by you renewes his name.
For that which he performed in battels bold,
To us his books with wonders doth unfold.
So we of you far more conceave in minde,
As by your verſe we plainelie, Sir, may ſee
You ſhall the writer and the worker be
For to abſolve that Cæſar left behind.

Having

Having been favoured, ſince the preceding ſheets were printed off, with a ſight of a large MS. *collection of unpubliſhed poems by* Captain Alexander Montgomery, *author of the* Cherry and Slae, *it is not yet too late to inſert ſuch of them as appear worthy of preſervation. The following ſeems to allude to his Royal Maſter's Poem of* THE PHOENIX.

SONET TO HIS MAJESTIE.

As bright Apollo ſtaineth every ſtar
With golden rayis when he begins to ryſe,
Quhais glorious glance yit ſtoutly ſkaillis the ſkyis,
Quhen with a wink we wonder quhair they war,
Befor his face for feir they faid ſo far,
And vaniſhes away in ſuch a wayis,
That in thair ſpheirs thay dar not interpryſe
For to appeir lyk planeits as they ar.
Or as THE PHOENIX with hir fedrum fair
Excels all foulis in diverſe hevinly heuis,
Quhais natur contrair natur ſo reneuis,
As *onlie*, but companione or compair:
So, quinteſſenſt of Kings! quhen thou compyle,
Thou ſtanis my verſis with thy ſtaitly ſtyle.

TO HIS MAJESTIE. *From the ſame* MS.

SCHIR, clenge your cuntrie of thir cruell crymis,
Adultries, witchcraftis, inceſts, ſakeles bluid;
Delay not, bot as David did, betymes
Your company of ſuch men ſoon ſecluid.
Out with the wicked;—garde ye with the gude;

Of

Of mercy and of judgment ſey to ſing.
Quhen ye ſuld ſtryk, I wald ye underſtude;
Quhen ye ſuld ſpair, I wiſh ye war bening,
Chuſe godly counſell; leirn to be a King.
Beir not thir burthens longer on your bak;
Jump not with juſtice for no kind of thing;
To juſt complantis gar gude attendance tak;
Thir bluidy ſarks cryis alwayis in your eiris,
Prevent the plague that preſentlie appeiris.

TO MY LADY SEYTON, [*formerly* LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERY.] *From the ſame* MS.

O HAPPY ſtar at evening and at morne,
Quhais bright aſpect my maiſtres firſt outforne!
O happy credle, and O happy hand
Quhich rockit her the hour that ſcho wes borne.
O happy pape, ye rather nectar horne,
Firſt gaif her ſuck, in ſilver ſuedling band.
O happy wombe confafit had beforne
So trewe a beutie, honour of this land.
O happy bounds, quhair dayly yet ſcho duells,
Quhich Inde and Egypt's hapynes excells.
O happy bed quhairin ſcho fall be laid.
O happy babe in belly ſcho fall breid;
Bot happier he that hes that hap indeid
To mak both wyfe and mother of that maid.

TO THE FOR ME. *From the ſame* MS.

SUETE nichtingale! in holene grene that hants,
To ſport thy ſelf, and ſpeciall in the ſpring;
Thy chivring chirles whilks changinglie thou chants,

Maks

Maks all the roches round about thé ring,
Whilk ſlaiks my ſorow ſo to heir thé ſing,
And lights my loving langour at the leiſt;
Yit thoght thou ſeis not, ſillie ſaikles thing!
The peircing pykis brod at thy bony breiſt.
Even ſo am I by pleſur lykwyis preiſt,
In griteſt danger quhair I moſt delyte.
Bot ſince thy ſong for ſhoring hes not ceiſt,
Sould feble I for feir my conqueis quyt?
Na, na—I love thé, freſheſt Phœnix fair,
In beuty, birth, in bounty but compair.

Love lent me wings of hope and high deſyre,
Syn bad me flie, and feir not for ane fall.
Yit tedious travell tyſtit me to tyre,
Quhyll curage come and could me couart call,
" As Icarus with wanton waxit wings,
Ayme at the only *A per ſe* of all;"
Quhilk ſtains the ſun, that ſacred thing of things,
And ſpurris my ſpreit, that to the hevins it ſprings,
Quyte raviſht throw the region of the air,
Quhair yit my hairt in hoping hazard brings,
At poynt to ſpeid, or quickly to deſpair.
Yet ſhrink not, hairt! as ſimple as thou ſemes,
If thou be brunt, it is with beuties bemes.

Go, pen and paper! publiſh my complantis,
Waill weghtie words, becaus ye cannot weep;
For pitthie poemis prettilie out-paintis
My ſecreit ſighis as ſorowis griteſt heep,
Bred in my breiſt—yea rather dungeon deep,
As priſoners perpetuallie in pane,
Quhilk hes the credit of my hairt to keep,
In martyrdome, but mercy to remane.
Anatomeze my privie paſſions plane,
That ſcho my ſmart by ſympathie may ſie

If thay deſerve to get ſome grace agane.
Quhilk if thay dó not, I deſyr to die.
Go, Sonat, ſoon unto my Soveran ſay,
Redeme your man, or dam him but delay.

ECHO. *From the ſame* MS.

To thé, Echo! and thou to me agane,
In the deſerts among the wods and wells,
Quhair deſtinie hes bound "us" to remane,
But company, within the firths and fells,
Let us complein with wofull youts and yells,
Of ſhaft, and ſhotter, that our harts hes ſlane:
To thé, Echo! and thow to me againe.

Thy pairt to mine may juſtly be compaird
In mony points, quhilk both we may repent.
Thow hes no hope, and I am clene deſpaird;
Thow tholis but caus, I ſuffer innocent;
Thow does bewaill, and I do ſtill lament;
Thow murnis for nocht, I ſhed my tears in vane;
To thé, Echo! and thow to me agane.

Thow pleins, Narciſſus, I my love alſo;
He did thé hurt, but I am kill'd by mine;
He fled from thé, myne is my mortal fo,
Without offence, and crueller nor thyne.
The weirds us baith predeſtinat to pyne,
Continually to others to complane;
To thé, Echo! and thow to me agane.

Thow hyds thyſelf, I liſt not to be ſene;
Thow baneiſt art, and I am in exyle;
By Juno thow, and I by Venus Quene;
Thy love wes fals, and myn did me begyle;
Thow hoped once, ſo wes I glaid a quhyle;

Yet

Yet loſt our tyme in love, I will not lane;
To thé, Echo! and thow to me agane.

Thy elriſh ſkirlis do penetrat the roks,
The roches rings, and renders me my cryis;
Our ſaikles plaints to pitie thame provoks,
Quhill they compell our ſounds to peirce the ſkyis.
All thing bot love to pleſur us applyis,
Quhais end, alace! I ſay is bot diſdane;
To thé, Echo! and thow to me agane:

Some thing, Echo! thow hes for to rejoſe,
Suppoſe Narciſſus ſome tyme thé forſook.
Firſt he is dead, ſyne changed in a roſe,
Quhom thow nor nane hes power for to brook.
Bot be contrair evirie day I look,
To ſie my love attraptit in a trane
From me, Echo! and nevir come agane.

Now welcome, Echo! patience perforce,
Anes evirie day with murning let us meet;
Thy love nor myne in mynds haif no remorſe,
We taiſt the ſour, that nevir felt the ſueet.
As I demand, then anſwer and repeit,
Let teirs aboundant ou'r our viſage rane;
To thé, Echo! and thow to me agane.

Quhat lovers, Echo! maks ſik querimony? Mony.
Quhat kynd of fyre doth kindle thair curagé? Rage.
Quhat medicine, O Echo! knowis thow ony On ay.
Is beſt to ſtay this Love of his paſſage? Age.
Quhat merit thay that culd our ſighs aſſuage? Wage.
Quhat wer we firſt in this our love profane? Fain.
Quhair is our joy, O Echo! tell agane. Gane.

ANE INVECTIONE AGAINST FORTUN; CONTAINING AN ADMONITION TO HIS FRIENDS AT COURT.

From the ſame MS.

NOT Clio nor Calliope I chuſe:
Alleggra! thou muſt be my mirthles Muſe,
For to inſpyre my ſpreit with thy deſpyte,
And with thy fervent furie me infuſe.
Quhat epithets or arguments to uſe
With fals and feinyed FORTUNE for to flyte.
Both wey my words, and waill my verſe to wryte,
That curſt inconſtant cative till accuſe,
Quhais variance of all my wois I wyte.

Sho is mair mobile mekle nor the mone;
It keips a courſe, and changis not ſo ſone;
But in ane ordour waxis ay and wanis,
As *Bacre lau* and *B moll* far abone.
In meſur not a moment ſho remanes,
Sho gives by geſs, ſho weyis no gold by granes;
Her doings all ar undiſcreitly done
Without reſpect of perſons or of panes.

For men of merit ſho no matter maks;
Bot when a toy intill hir heid ſho taks,
Beit ryme or reſon, or reſpect to richt,
The worthieſt and valianteſt ſho ſoraks,
And honours out-waills for unworthie acts,
As of a kitchen knaive to mak a knicht.
That witch! that warlok! that unworthie wicht
Turns ay the beſt men titteſt on thair bakis,
Syn ſettis up ſik as ſom tym war bot ſlycht.

Quhen with a quhiſk ſho quhirlis about her quheil,
Rude is that rattil running with a reill,
Quhill top-ouer tail goes honeſt men atains,

Then

Then ſpurgald ſporters thay begin to ſpeill.
The cadger clims, new cleikit from the creill,
And ladds uploips to Lordſhips all thair lains.
Doun goes the braveſt, brecking all thair bains.
Sho works her will, God wot if it be weill;
Sho ſtottis at ſtrais, ſyn ſtumbillis not at ſtanis.

How ſho ſuld hurt or help, ſho nevir huiks:
Luk as it lyks, ſho laughis and never luiks,
Bot wavers lyk the weddercok in wind.
Sho counts not Kings nor Cazards maſr nor cuiks;
Reid bot how ſho hes bleckit Bocas buiks;
Thairin the fall of Princes ſall ye find
That bloodie bitch! that buſkit belly-blind!
Dings dounwards ay the duchtieſt lyk duiks:
Quho hopped higheſt oft tyms comes behind.

I neid not now to nominat thair names,
Quhom ſho hes ſhent and dayly ſhifts and ſhames.
That longſome labour wold be ou'r prolixt.
Your ſelfis may ſie, I think a thouſand ſhames,
Quhilks Poets, as her purſevants, proclames.
Her fickle freindſhip is not firmely fixt;
Quhair ane is now, his nichtbour may be nixt.
Sho cauſles culzies, and but falt defames;
Hir mirrines with miſcheif ay is mixt.

Thairfor, my freinds! quha nevir feirs to fall,
Reſaiv my eirneſt admonition all.
Quhills ye ar weill, I wiſh you to be war;
Remember, ſhirs, that ſomtym ye war ſmall,
And may be yit, I will not ſay ye fall;
For, I confes, that war a fut too far.
Howbeit ye think my harrand ſome thing har;
Quhen ye leiſt wein, your baks may to the wall,
Things byds not ay in ordour as they ar.

Tak tyme in tyme, and to my taill tak tent;
Let ye it pas, perhaps, ye may repent,

And

And with it war quhen ye may want your will,
Had Cæſar ſene the cedule that was ſent,
Ye wat he had not with the wicked went,
Quha war concludit cauſles him to kill,
Bot in his boſome he put up that bill,
The quhilk at laſt, thocht lait, maid him repent
His unadvertence only did him ill.

Judge of your ſelf by Julius, my joyes!
Quhais fenyeid freinds wer worſe than open faes.
If that ye ſtand not in a ſtagring ſtait,
Think ye that ſho will thole you more than thoſe,
Quha war your auin companyons I ſuppoſe,
Quhom ſho gart ſlyde or ye ſat on thair ſeat,
Some got a blind, who thoght they war not bleat.
Chuſe or refuſe my counſel,—tak your choſe.
Fairweill, my freinds! I bot with FORTUN fleat.

TO R. HUDSONE. *From the ſame* MS.

My beſt belovit brother of the band!
I grein to ſie thy ſillie ſmiddy ſmeik.
This is no lyfe that I leid up-a-land
On raw rid herring reiſtit in the reik.
Syn I am ſubject ſom tyme to be ſeik,
And daylie dèing of my auld diſeis;
Ait bread, ill aill, and all things ar ane eik;
This barme and blaidry buiſts up all my bees;
Ye knaw ill guyding genders mony gees,
And ſpecially in poets for example.
Ye can pen out twa cuple and ye pleis,
Yourſelf and I, old Scot and Robert Semple.
Quhen we ar deid, that all our dayis but daffis,
Let Chriſtan Lyndeſay wryt our epitaphis.

With mightie maters mynd I not to mell,
As copping Courts, or Comonwelthis, or Kings.
Quhais craig yoiks faſteſt, let them ſay thame ſell,
My mind could never think upon ſik things,
I wantonly wryte under Venus wings.
In Cupid's court ye knaw I haif bene kend,
Quhair Muſes yet ſom of my ſonets ſings,
And ſhall do always to the warld's end.
Men hes no caus my cunning to commend,
That it ſould merit ſik a memorie;
Yet ye haif ſene his Grace oft for me ſend
Quhen he tuke pleſure into poeſie.
Quhill tyme may ſerve, perforce I muſt refrane,
That pleis his Grace I come to Court agane.

I feid affectione quhen I ſie his Grace,
To look on that quhairin I moſt delyte;
I am a lizard fameiſt of his face,
And not a ſnaik with poyſon him to byte,
Quhais ſhapes alyk, thocht faſhonis differ quyt,
The one doth love, the other hateth ſtill.
Quhair ſome taks pleſur, others tak deſpyte;
One ſhap, one ſubject, wiſhes weill and ill,
Even ſo will men, but no man judge I will,
Baith love and loth, and only bot ane thing.
I can not ſkan theſe things above my ſkill,
Love quhom thay lyk, for me I love the King,
Quhois Highnes laughed ſom tym for to look
How I chaiſt *Polwart* from the chimney nook.

Remembers thow in Æſop of a taill?
A loving dog was of his maiſter fane;
To faun on him wes all his paſtym haill.
His courteous maiſter clappit him agane.
By ſtood an aſs, a beiſt of blunter brane,
Perceiving this, but looking to no freet,
To pleis his maiſter with the counterpane,

Sho

Sho clamb on him with her foull clubbit feet,
To play the meſſan thocht ſho was not meet,
Sho meinit weill, I grant, her mynd was guid;
But quhair ſho troude her maiſter ſould her treit,
They battoun'd her quhill that thay ſaw her bluid,
So ſtands with me quho loves with all my hairt
My maiſter beſt,—ſome taks it in ill pairt.

Bot ſen I ſie this proverbe to be true,
"Far better hap to Court nor ſervice good,"
Fairweill, my brother Hudſone l—fairweill you
Quho firſt fand out of Pegaſe fat the flood,
And ſacred hight of Parnaſs mytred hood,
From whence ſom tyme the ſon of Delos ſent
Twa ſeverall ſhaftis quher he of Delphos ſtood,
With Penneus dochter hoping to acquent
Thy Homer's ſtyle, the Petrarks high invent
Sall vanquiſh death, and live eternally;
Quhais boaſting bow, thocht it be always bent,
Sall never hurt the ſone of memorie.
Thow only brother of the Siſters nyne,
Shaw to the King this poor Complaint of mine.

THE POET'S COMPLANTE AGAINST THE UNKINDNES OF HIS COMPANIONS QUHEN HE WAS IN PRISONE.

From the ſame MS.

No wonder thoght I waill and weip,
That womplit am in woes.
I ſigh, I ſobbe, quhen I ſuld ſleip,
My ſpreit can not repoſe.
My perſone is in priſone pynit,
And my companions ſo unkind,
Melancholie miſcheivis my mind,
That I can not rejoſe.

So

So long I lookit for releif,
Quhill trewlie now I tyre;
My guttis ar grippit ſo with greif,
It eitis me up in yre.
The fremmitnes that I haif felt,
For ſyte and ſorrow garris me ſwelt,
And maks my hairt within me melt
Lyk wax before the fyre.

Quhen men or women veſites me,
My dolour I diſguyſe,
By outward ſight that nane may ſie
Quhair inward languor lyis.
Als patient as my pairt appeirs,
With hevy hairt quhen no man heirs,
For baill then burit I out in teirs,
Alane with cairfull cryis.

All day I wot not quhat to do,
I loth to ſie the licht;
At evin then I am trublit to;
So noyſum is the nicht.
Quhen natur moſt requyrs to reſt,
With panſing ſo I am oppreſt,
So mony things my mind moleſt,
My ſleiping is bot ſlicht.

Remembring me quhair I haif bene,
Both lykit and belov't,
And now ſen ſyne quhat I haif ſene,
My mynd may be commov't.
If any of my dolour dout,
Let ilkane ſey thair time about:
Perhaps quhoſe ſtomok is moſt ſtout,
Its patience may be prov't.

I ſie, and namely now a dayis,
All is not gold that gleitis;

Nor to be ſeald that ilkane ſayis,
Nor water all that weitis.
Sen friſted goods ar not forgivin,
Quhen cup is full, then hold it evin;
For man may meit at unſetſtevin,
Thocht mountanis never meits.

Then do as ye wald be done to,
Belovit brethren all;
For, out of dout, quhat ſo ye do,
Reſaif the lyk ye ſall.
And with quhat meſur ye do mett,
Prepair again the lyk to gett.
Your feit ar not ſo ſicker ſett,
Bot fortun ye may fall.

CHRISTEN LYNDESAY TO ROBERT HUDSONE.

From the ſame MS.

Oft have I hard, but efter fund it trew,
That Courteours kyndnes laſts bot for a quhyle.
Fra once your turnes be ſped, quhy then adew!
Your promeiſt freindſhip paſſis in exyle.
But, Robene, faith ye did me not beguyle,
I hopit ay of you as of the lave.
If thow had wit, thow wald haif mony a wyle
To mak thy ſelf be knawin for a knaive.
Montgomrie, that ſik hope did once conceave
Of thy guid-will, now finds all is forgottin.
Thocht nocht but kindneſs he did at thé craive,
He finds thy friendſhip as it rypis is rotten;
The ſmeikie ſmeiths cairs not his paſſit travel,
Bot leivis him lingring déing of the gravel.

TO MR DAVID DRUMMOND. *From the ſame* MS.

As curious Dido Ænee did demand
To underſtand quha vrakt his toun, and how
Himſelf got throw and come to Lybia land,
To quhom fra hand his body he did bow.
With bendit brow, and twinkling teirs, I trow,
He ſaid, if thou, O Quene! wald knaw the cace,
Of Troy, allace! it garris my body grow,
To tell it now ſo far to our diſgrace.
How in ſhort ſpace that ſom tyme peirles place,
Before my face in furious flammis did burne;
Compeld to murne, and than to tak the chace,
I ran this race, but nevir to returne:
So thou lyk Dido, Maiſter David Drummond,
Hes me to anſwer by thy Sonet ſummond.

The hevinly furie that inſpyrd my ſpreit,
Quhen ſacred beughis war wont my brouis to bind,
With froſtis of faſhrie frozen is that heit,
My garland grein is withrit with the wind.
Ye knaw *Occaſio* hes no hair behind;
The braveſt ſpreits hes tryde it treu, I trow,
The long forſpokin proverb true I find,
"No man is man," and man is nothing now.
The cuccow fleis before the turtle dow;
The pratling pyet matches with the Muſis;
Pan with Apollo playis, I wot not how;
The attircops Minerva's office uſis.
Theſe be the greifs that garris Montgomrie grudge,
That Mydas, not Mecænas, is our judge.

A LADYIS LAMENTATION. *From the ſame* MS.

QUHOM ſuld I warie bot my wicked weard,
Quha ſpan my thriftles thraward fatall threed!
I wes bot ſkantlie entrit in this eard,
Nor had offendit quhill I felt hir feed.
In hir unhappy hands ſho held my heid,
And ſtraikit bakward woderſhins my hair,
Syne prophecyed I ſould aſpyre and ſpeid;
Quhilk double ſentence wes baith ſuith and ſair,
For I wes matchit with my match and mair.
No worldly woman nevir wes ſo weill,
I wes accountit Counteſs but compair,
Quhill fickle Fortune whirld me from her wheel;
Rank and renoun in littil roum ſho rang'd,
And Lady Lucrece in a Creſſeid chang'd.

Melpomene, my mirthles murning Muſe!
Wouchſaif to help a wretchit woman weep,
Quhoſe chance is caſſin that ſho cannot chuſe,
Bot ſigh and ſobbe, and ſoun quhen ſho ſould ſleep.
More hevynes within my hairt I keep,
Nor cative Creſſeid quhair ſho lippar lay.
Diſpair hes dround my hopeles hope ſo deep,
My ſorie ſong is Oh and Welladay!
Even as the oul that dar not ſee the day,
For feir of foulis *that then about do proul*,
So am I nou exyld from honour ay,
Compaird to Creſſide and the ugly oul.
Fy lothſome lyfe! Fy death that dou not ſerve me!
Bot quik and dead a byſm thow muſt preſerve me.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, OF MENSTRIE, EARL OF STIRLING,

Was born in 1580; *received the honour of knighthood from* JAMES VI. *in* 1614; *and by* CHARLES I. *was created Earl of Stirling, upon his being appointed Secretary of State in* 1626. *The whole of his works, excepting a collection of love-ſonnets entitled* Aurora, *are contained in a Folio volume printed at London in* 1637, *under the general title of Recreations with the Muſes; conſiſting of* Four Monarchic Tragedies, *or rather "Elegiac Dialogues for the inſtruction of the great;" originally publiſhed in* 1603 *and* 1604.—Dooms day, *a holy poem,* 1614; Jonathan, *an heroic poem; and a* Paræneſis *to* Prince Henry;—"*a noble poem,* (*ſays* MR PINKERTON,) *being his maſterpiece; and a work that does the patron and the poet great credit.*" *As a ſpecimen of* LORD STIRLING'S *poetry, the reader is here preſented with an*

EXTRACT FROM A PARÆNESIS, OR EXHORTATION ON GOVERNMENT, ADDRESSED TO PRINCE HENRY.

I.

Loe here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,
I labour (though in vaine) to finde ſome gift,
Both worthy of thy place, and of my love.
But whilſt my ſelfe above my ſelfe I lift,
And would the beſt of my inventions prove,
I ſtand to ſtudy what ſhould be my drift;
Yet this the greateſt approbation brings,
Still to a Prince to ſpeake of Princely things.

II.

II.

When thoſe of the firſt age that earſt did live
In ſhadowie woods, or in a humid cave,
And taking that which th' earth not forc'd did give,
Would onely pay what Nature's need did crave;
Then beaſts of breath ſuch numbers did deprive,
That (following *Amphion*) they did defarts leave:
Who with ſweet ſounds did leade them by the ears,
Where mutuall force might baniſh common fears.

III.

Then building walles, they barbarous rites diſdain'd,
The ſweetneſſe of ſociety to finde,
And to attayne what unity maintain'd,
As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde;
That ſo they might have reſtleſſe humours rayn'd,
They ſtraight with lawes their liberty confin'd:
And of the better ſort the beſt preferr'd,
To chaſtiſe them againſt the lawes that err'd.

IV.

I wot not if proud mindes who firſt aſpir'd
O're many realmes to make themſelves a right;
Or if the world's diſorders ſo requir'd,
That then had put *Aſtræa* to the flight;
Or elſe if ſome whoſe vertues were admir'd,
And eminent in all the peoples ſight,
Did move peace-lovers firſt to reare a throne,
And give the keyes of life and death to one.

V.

That dignity, when firſt it did begin,
Did grace each province and each little towne.
Forth when ſhe firſt doth from Benlowmond rinne,
Is poore of waters, naked of renowne;
But Carron, Allon, Teath, and Doven in,
Doth grow the greater ſtill, the further downe:
Till that abounding both in power and fame,
She long doth ſtrive to give the ſea her name.

VI.

VI.

Even ſo thoſe Soveraignties which once were ſmall,
Still ſwallowing up the neareſt neighbouring ſtate,
With a deluge of men did realmes appall;
And thus th' Egyptian Pharoes firſt grew great.
Thus did th' Aſſyrians make ſo many thrall;
Thus rear'd the Romans their imperiall ſeat:
And thus all thoſe great ſtates to worke have gone,
Whoſe limits and the worlds were all but one.

VII.

But I'll not plunge in ſuch a ſtormy deepe,
Which hath no bottome, nor can have no ſhore;
But in the duſt will let thoſe aſhes ſleepe,
Which (cloath'd with purple) once th' earth did adore.
Of them ſcarce now a monument we keepe,
Who (thund'ring terrour) curb'd the world before;
Their ſtates which by a numbers ruin ſtood,
Were founded, and confounded, both with bloud.

VIII.

If I would call antiquity to minde,
I, for an endleſſe taſke might then prepare.
But what? ambition that was ever blinde,
Did get with toyle that which was kept with care;
And thoſe great States 'gainſt which the world repin'd,
Had falls, as famous, as their riſings rare:
And in all ages it was ever ſeen,
What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

IX.

Yet regiſters of memorable things
Would help (great Prince) to make thy judgment
Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings, [found,
Where all ſhould glaſſe themſelves who would be crown'd.
Read theſe rare parts that acted were by Kings,
The ſtraines heroick, and the end renown'd;
Which (whilſt thou in thy Cabinet do'ſt ſit)
Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

X.

X.

And doe not, doe not (thou) the meanes omit,
Times match'd with times, what they beget to ſpy,
Since hiſtory may lead thee unto it,
A pillar whereupon good ſprites rely,
Of time the table, and the nurſe of wit,
The ſquare of reaſon, and the minde's clear eye:
Which leads the curious reader thro' huge harms,
Who ſtands ſecure whilſt looking on alarms. . . .

XI.

O! heavenly *Knowledge* which the beſt ſort loves,
Life of the ſoule, reformer of the will,
Clear light, which from the mind each cloud removes,
Pure ſpring of vertue, phyſick for each ill,
Which in proſperity a bridle proves,
And in adverſity a pillar ſtill;
Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,
And think, the more they get, the leſſe they have.

XII.

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
What ſhould they do this treaſure to obtaine,
Whom in a throne time travels to enſtall,
Where they by it of all things muſt ordaine!
If it make them who by their birth were thrall,
As little Kings, whilſt o'er themſelves they raigne,
Then it muſt make, when it hath thro'ly grac'd them,
Kings more then kings, & like to him who plac'd them.

XIII.

This is a grief which all the world bemones,
When thoſe lack judgement who are borne to judge,
And like to painted tombes, or guilded ſtones,
To troubled ſouls cannot afford refuge.
Kings are their kingdomes hearts, which tainted once,
The bodies ſtraight corrupt in which they lodge:
And thoſe, by whoſe example many fall,
Are guilty of the murther of them all.

XIV.

XIV.

The meanes which beſt make Majeſtie to ſtand,
Are laws obſerv'd, whilſt practice doth direct:
The crown, the head, the ſcepter decks the hand,
But only knowledge doth the thoughts erect.
Kings ſhould excell all them whom they command,
In all the parts which do procure reſpect:
And this, a way to what they would, prepares,
Not only as thought good, but as known theirs.

XV.

Seek not due reverence only to procure,
With ſhows of ſoveraignty, and guards oft lewd.
So *Nero* did, yet could not ſo aſſure
The hated Diademe with bloud imbru'd;
Nor as the *Perſian* Kings, who liv'd obſcure,
And of their ſubjects rarely would be view'd;
So one of them was ſecretly o'er-thrown,
And in his place the murtherer raign'd unknown.

XVI.

No, only goodneſſe doth beget regard,
And equity doth greateſt glory win;
To plague for vice, and vertue to reward,
What they intend, that, bravely to begin.
This is to ſoveraigntie a powerful guard,
And makes a Prince's praiſe o'er all come in:
Whoſe life (his ſubjects law) clear'd by his deeds,
More than *Juſtinian's* toyls, good order breeds. . . .

XVII.

O happy *Henrie!* who art highly borne,
Yet beautifi'ſt thy birth with ſignes of worth;
And (though a child) all childiſh toys doſt ſcorne,
To ſhew the world thy vertues budding forth,
Which may by time this glorious Isle adorne,
And bring eternal trophees to the North,
While as thou do'ſt thy father's forces lead,
And art the hand, whileas he is the head. . . . .

XVIII.

XVIII.

Magnanimous, now, with heroick parts,
Shew to the world what thou doſt ayme to be,
The more to print in all the peoples hearts,
That which thou wouldſt they ſhould expect of thee:
That ſo (pre-occupied with ſuch deſarts)
They after may applaud the heavens decree
When that day comes; which if it come too ſoon,
Then thou and all this Isle would be undone. . . .

XIX.

I grant in this thy fortune to be good,
That art t'inherit ſuch a glorious crown,
As one deſcended from that ſacred bloud,
Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renown:
The which ſtill on the top of glory ſtood,
And not ſo much as once ſeem'd to look down:
For who thy branches to remembrance brings,
Count what he liſt, he cannot count but Kings. . . .

XX.

And though our nations, long I muſt confeſſe,
Did roughly woo before that they could wed;
That but endeers the union we poſſeſſe,
Whom *Neptune* both combines within one bed:
All ancient injuries this doth redreſſe,
And buries that which many a battell bred:
" Brave diſcords reconcil'd (if wrath expire)
" Do breed the greateſt love, and moſt intire."

XXI.

What fury o'er my judgement doth prevaile!
Me thinks I ſee all th' earth glance with our armes,
And groning *Neptune* charg'd with many a ſaile;—
I hear the thundring trumpet ſound th' alarmes,
Whilſt all the neighbouring nations do look pale,
Such ſudden fear each panting heart diſarmes,
To ſee thoſe martial mindes together gone,
The Lion and the Leopard in one.

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